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MACREADY'S REMINISCENCES,

AND SELECTIONS FROM

HIS DIARIES AND LETTERS.

EDITED

By SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart.

ONE OF HIS EXECUTORS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LONDON

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1875.

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In the character of Virginius

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(Continued.)

1836.

"Too much rest is rust;
There's ever cheer in changing;
We tine by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging."

Old Ballad.

"Qui sis, non unde natus sis, reputa."*

Elstree, January 5th.—Read first part of 'Conquest of Granada,' found very little in the mass of rubbish and conceit beyond the great lines of the "noble savage." The following I thought worth transcribing:

"Prayers are the alms of churchmen to the poor,
They send to Heaven's, but drive us from their door."

January 10th.—Lay for some time revolving in my mind my condition and my prospects, and debating on them as to the best course to pursue, for my dear children's sake, in my future life. The plan most advisable seemed, to do the best I can with my profession for the next five years, the term remaining of our lease, and then to try America—God willing.

London, January 11th.—Went up with *Billing's*, Letty accompanying me, on a most cheerless morning, the snow thick

* Think on thyself, and not thine ancestry.—Ed. Trans.

on the ground. Madame de Staël engaged, interested, delighted, and instructed me on my way; her criticism on the German actors and on Talma was of service to me. What would I not give, and what point of excellence might I not reach, if I had critics like her to my performances!

In reading Madame de Staël's lectures on the play by Klinger of 'Les Jumeaux'—the declaration of her own sentiments on the subject of the dramatic art—its exercise by distinguished actors—her description of the various merits of Ifland, Schroeder, Eckhoff, and Talma—my opinion of the end and exercise of this art is greatly raised, my general feeling for it heightened, and my views of the pains and method requisite for its study much improved. Most valuable suggestions on the death of Lear are made by her description of Schroeder's performance.

Elstree, January 14th.—Dined at luncheon, and walked round the garden, bringing out the dogs for a few minutes. Read Voltaire's account of the battle of Fontenoy, which I have heard or read is quite fanciful. Read Horace's fifth Satire, second book, with much attention. Was struck with the truth, even beyond the author's meaning, of Cicero's observation: "Juris ignoratio potius litigiosa est quam scientia." *

Began to read over Macbeth. Like Maclise over his pictures, I exclaim, "Why cannot I make it the very thing, the reality?" The storm is most violent. God help all the poor creatures obliged to bide its pelting.

The night was so very tempestuous that we could not sleep, nor was it until near the morning, when the torrents of rain succeeded to the fury of the wind, that we could get any rest.

January 15th.—Rose late, overworn and distressed by last night's watching. Continued the reading of Macbeth, which employed me through all the morning that I had; took a very little dinner at luncheon time, and ran with Nina and Willie in the garden, where we also fed the dogs. Read with attention the Satire of Horace on his own pursuits, the dialogue between himself and Trebatius. Finished Molière's 'Amphitryon,' which is as broad as pantomime when the dialogue is comic, indeed, Sosie and Mercure resemble two clowns in a harlequinade more

* Ignorance of the law tends more to promote litigation than does the knowledge of it.—Ed. Trans.

than anything else; there is neat language occasionally, but it is not entitled, I think, to very high praise.

Bristol, January 17th.—Healey was with me betimes, and I dressed with much comfort, reaching the office, after paying him, as the coach was standing there. The morning was very raw and cold, and for the first stage or more I was making up for the deficiency of my night's sleep. Read a chapter in Locke on Partiality, afterwards continued 'L'Allemagne,' which never wearies me. On whatever subject the delightful authoress touches, she utters opinions that engage your respect even though you are opposed to her views; her enthusiasm is so genuine that, even if she delivers judgment not particularly profound, the sincerity of her convictions is impressed on you by the tone in which they are given. Her enthusiasm for music is beyond what I could have supposed a person, capable of deriving pleasure from thought, could have felt; the mere gratification of the sense, the pleasure of the sound, seems to transport her. I cannot understand this.

January 18th.—Mr. Denvil, who was my Macduff with a pair of well-grown mustaches, told me of his having pitched Mr. Elliot, a pantomimist, from a height of eighteen feet, in which the pitched, Elliot, gloried to that degree that he even suffered pain from the surmise that some of the audience might suppose it was a "*dummy*" that was thrown! Now, what is ambition in the pleasure its success conveys? Was the Duke of Wellington more inwardly gratified after a victory than this man would be if three or four rounds of applause were to follow him into the black hole, into which Mr. Denvil or any other person might pitch him? *Gloria mundi!*

Acted Hamlet. Oh, how unlike my London performances! The best thing in the play was the grave scene; I played it well, the rest was effort and not good. Still worse, I was morose and ill-tempered. Fie! fie! shall I never outlive my folly and my vice? I fear not.

January 23rd.—Dow knocked at my bedroom door to my great astonishment, and told me that he had much to talk with me about. I dressed and, after reading a letter from dear Catherine, in which she mentions that Mr. Cooper has sent a note to me requesting me to get ready in 'Marino Faliero, Dow took breakfast, and informed me that a friend of his,

whose name he did not give nor I require, had, in various interviews with Mr. Robertson, mentioned my dissatisfaction at the treatment I had received in Drury Lane, and my disposition to leave the theatre if an alternative presented itself; that, in consequence, communication had taken place between them, and at last it was requisite to know on what terms I should be induced to remove to Covent Garden. We talked much on the subject.

January 24th.—Rose, after a very good night's rest, rather late, and immediately wrote to Mr. Cooper, to be sent from Elstree, with the part of Marino Faliero retained until some decisive arrangement was made with regard to 'The Bridal.' Read the note to Dow, and inclosed it in a hasty letter to Catherine, with directions to transmit it.

London, January 28th.—Mr. Cooper came to say that they had rehearsed 'The Bridal' that day, and that Mr. Bunn was ready, in compliance with my agreement, to act it on Tuesday next; that he himself thought it a shocking play; that Mr. ——, the pure-minded, highly cultivated critic, thought it monstrous; this I endured, and waived, by observing it was nothing to the purpose, the agreement was violated. I then asked who had been cast Aspatia?—Miss Tree. Who then is to do Evadne? I declare I pause as I write the name: Mrs. ——! To her, whom they would not permit to play the easy part of Emilia at my suggestion, as being so bad, they give a character that only Mrs. Siddons could realise! I said "That is enough; if you were to pay me one or two thousand pounds for it, I would not suffer it to be so acted; but I confine myself to the legal objection, and on the violated contract I demand compensation." Mr. Cooper said, "I am instructed to offer £33 6*s.* 8*d.* and to withdraw the play." I observed that the same offer had been made by Mr. Yates, which I had treated with the same indignant contempt. "Well then," said Mr. Cooper, "I am now desired to ask you upon whose authority you went to Bristol." I now lost all temper. I answered, "Upon my own!" and that the question was a gross impertinence. Mr. Cooper proceeded to state that he thought it was not justifiable on former usage, and I replied it was. Dow entered, and he observed that I was ready to perform, if required, in London, and that my Bristol engagement was made dependent on and subject to that of Drury Lane.

Elstree, January 29th.—The mid-day post brought a letter from Cooper, wishing to know when I could be ready in 'The Provost of Bruges'? I answered that I had long since applied for subjects of study and had received no answer, that I had laid aside 'The Provost of Bruges,' and could not immediately state when I should be ready, in two or three days I might be able to do so. I added that, having found that my last week's salary had not been paid, I desired it might be immediately.

After dinner Dow arrived, having come through one continued storm of sleet and rain and snow from London; he came to inform me, that he had no doubt whatever upon the agreement, but that to confirm his own opinion he had gone down to Westminster and submitted it to Talfourd, who quite concurred with him that Mr. Bunn was not justified upon that agreement in refusing to pay my part of my year's salary. Dow is certainly one of those men who would go through fire and water to serve me; he has made his way through the latter almost this evening, and is certainly entitled to my grateful remembrance.

January 30th.—Received a call for the rehearsal of 'The Provost of Bruges' on Monday next. Resolved not to attend the rehearsal unless my salary was duly paid. Read over the part of 'Bertulphe,' of which I do not entertain very sanguine hopes, it is too sketchy and skeleton like; there is a want of substance and strength in the thoughts, which are thin and poor; its situation is all its actual power. If it be successful it will owe much to the acting.

London, February 1st.—On my arrival at chambers I found a note from Cooper informing me that "I had violated my engagement in going to Bristol, and, in consequence, Mr. Bunn had stopped a week and a half of my salary; but that if I chose to give my best services to the theatre in a more harmonious way than of late, Mr. Bunn would be very happy to remit the stoppage." To which I immediately answered—receiving a note from good old Dow, with a play-bill containing an announcement of myself for Othello and Werner, that instantly decided me—that "My engagement, in the opinion of an eminent special pleader and a leading barrister, did not allow of Mr. Bunn's deduction; that if he did not intimate to me that my demands were paid, I should at once close the correspondence;

that I should wait in town till 3 o'clock." Dow came in, I told him what I had done, and of my resolution to quit the theatre if not paid. He agreed in the propriety of the step and would have gone further, but as I told him, in Bacon's words, "A man who has a wife and children, has given hostages to fortune."

Mr. Cooper called. He said, it seemed the dispute was only about terms of speech; that he had signified Mr. Bunn's willingness to pay the money due; and that he supposed, of course, I should give my best services. I distinctly stated that it was merely a question of whether my salary, according to my engagement, was or was not paid, without any other consideration; if paid I should go to the theatre, if not, I should end my engagement.

February 3rd.—Mr. C. Buller called and sat for some time; we talked of the theatre and the House of Commons. I promised to give him my best assistance in mastering a weakness in his voice; I like him very much. Lay down in bed, and thought to the best of my power on my night's character. I began Othello with resolution, which was confirmed by the kind reception of the audience; but I found myself a little disconcerted by the strangeness of the theatre during the apology to the Senate, in which my back is turned to the audience. I recovered myself, and threw myself more into the character than I think I had previously done. I was called for by the audience, but this, if a compliment, was certainly much reduced in value by Mr. —— receiving the same for playing Iago like a great, creeping, cunning cat. Grimalkin would be a better name for his part than the "honest fellow," the "bold Iago."

February 6th.—At my chambers I found Palmer, to whom I gave orders for my dress, which is to be of cotton velvet and not to exceed in cost £5. Read through the part of Bertulphe.

February 7th.—My spirits and health are in a much better state than yesterday. Angry and vain thoughts have been passing over my mind, which occasionally my reason arrests and dissipates; but they too frequently recur, and interfere with my desire to establish that equanimity, from which alone true magnanimity can spring. I am not what I would be—God! how far removed from the height of my desires; I would live a life of benevolence, blessing and blest. But still in my

contracted sphere I have much to do and much to enjoy; and if I could only tranquillise my mind, subdue my impatience, and regard the actual effects of things, not fret myself with guessing or imputing intentions, I might reap as much of this life's happiness as most men. I will strive to do so. May the blessing of God be with me.

Sent a note to Mr. Lovell,* who returned me his MS. with a note and the payment for it. Wrote answers to Jerdan, Fanny Twiss, Fred Reynolds, and wrote to my dear Catherine. After this I went over the part of Othello, and took occasional exercise. As a sort of diversion to my thoughts previous to entering on Bertulphe, I read in Byron the 'Ode to Venice,' which contains some beautiful thoughts, powerful descriptions, and the grandest sentiments. The gradual coming in of Death is fearfully accurate, nor could the transition to another state be expressed better, more vaguely in the ultimate condition, or more certain in the immediate effect, than is done in the line,

——"and the earth,
That which it was the moment ere our birth."

Shall we never profit by the lesson, which all history teaches us, or are we doomed by the base appetites of our nature to eternal thraldom, physically and intellectually?

"Ye men who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return?
A heritage of servitude and woes,
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
All that your sires have left you, all that time
Bequeaths of free, and history of sublime,
Springs from a different theme."

Read many stanzas in fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' carried along from deep musings of great events to beautiful descriptions which made the earth and air pass before me, and rested among the ruins of Rome where everything is again visible and distinct as I read. Thrasymene, Clitumnus, Terni, Cicero, Cæsar, Brutus, Horace; the columns and the arches; the Capitol and the Palatine: alternately occupy and employ my thoughts while reading this splendid poem.

February 9th.—Went over the part of Bertulphe, trying some parts, but feeling the scandalous conduct of Mr. Bunn in

* Author of 'The Provost of Bruges.'—Ed.

allowing so few rehearsals to a play which may be perhaps lost by his behaviour. I am quite uncertain of the play, and am certain of my own very crude and unpractised conception of my own character.

February 10*th*.—Went to rehearsal ('Provost of Bruges'), sparing myself as much as I could. In the wardrobe was told that Mr. Bunn would not find me pantaloons, and I was resolved to purchase none; was very angry and therefore very blamable. Received a note from Sally Booth, requesting orders; but seeing Bunn in the theatre I could not permit myself to ask for any. Wrote a note to Sally Booth and to Pemberton excusing myself from giving the admissions requested. Lay down after looking out what was needed for the evening, and thought carefully over the latter scenes of the play. Went to the theatre very tranquil in spirits, but was slightly disconcerted by the very culpable negligence of my dresser. Resolved to take no wine before I went on and to trust to my spirits to bear me up until fatigue came on. Misjudged in doing so; my nervousness, from want of due preparation, was so great as to mar my efforts in the first scene, which, in spite of my best attempts at self-possession, was hurried and characterless. Gulped down a draught of wine, and, growing more steady from scene to scene, increased in power and effect; but it was a hasty, unprepared performance, the power of which was mainly derived from the moment's inspiration. The applause was enthusiastic, and I was obliged, after long delay, to go before the audience. Dow, Cattermole, Forster, Browning, and Talfourd, came into my room, and expressed themselves greatly pleased with my performance, but did not highly estimate the play.

February 16*th*.—Forster and Browning called, and talked over the plot of a tragedy, which Browning had begun to think of: the subject, Narses. He said that I had *bit* him by my performance of Othello, and I told him I hoped I should make the blood come. It would indeed be some recompense for the miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts which I have endured in my profession if, by its exercise, I had awakened a spirit of poetry whose influence would elevate, ennoble, and adorn our degraded drama. May it be!

Acted Bertulphe better than the two preceding nights.

Looked through the leaves of the play, in a book wet from the press. The author has said all in his power to express his gratitude to me. I did more for Mr. —— and nearly as much for Miss ——. The first requited me by slight and avoidance; the latter by libel and serious injury.

Read Joanna Baillie's play of 'Basil,' which I think can scarcely be made pathetic enough for representation; there is a stiffness in her style, a want of appropriateness and peculiarity of expression distinguishing each person, that I cannot overcome in reading her plays: it is a sort of brocaded style, a thick kind of silk, that has no fall or play—it is not the flexibility of nature.

London, February 19th.—Mr. C. Buller called, and sat for about an hour and a half, talking and reading. I hope I shall be able to improve him in his mode of speaking.

February 20th.—Note from Bunn, stating his inability to continue the performance of the 'Provost' if the terms were not moderated. Note to Cooper, and inclosed Bunn's letter to Mr. Lovell.

February 22nd.—Found a note from Mr. Lovell, and one to Bunn relinquishing half his stipulated payment, that to me is a *carte blanche*, but urging, at any pecuniary sacrifice, the continuance of the play's performance. Went out and, calling at the theatre, saw Bunn and, without showing Mr. Lovell's note, inquired what he would wish taken off the stipulated payment. He ended by proposing £10, to which I very gladly agreed. Returning to chambers, wrote to Mr. Lovell an account of what had passed with Bunn.

February 23rd.—C. Buller called, very much beyond his time, and excused himself by stating that he had been detained in cramming O'Connell for a speech on the Orange Society question. He stayed with me above an hour and a half, during which I gave him what ought to prove valuable instruction. Appointed to dine with and accompany him to the House on Thursday. Called on Bulwer, whom I found in very handsome chambers in the Albany. He told me, after talking about 'The Provost of Bruges,' and recalling our conversation in Dublin, that he had written a play; that he did not know whether I might think the part intended for me worthy of my powers, for that inevitably the weight of the action fell upon the woman; that the subject was La Vallière. He handed me a paper in which

I read that it was dedicated to myself. It almost affected me to tears. I could not read it. He wished me to read the play, give my opinion, and that he would make any alterations I might suggest. I appointed to see him to-morrow.

February 24th.—Read very attentively over the play of 'La Vallière,' and made my notes upon what I thought it needed.

February 25th.—Called on Bulwer; we talked over the play, and I mentioned my objections, at the same time suggesting some remedies. He yielded to all readily except the fifth act; upon that he seemed inclined to do battle, but at length I understood him to yield. We talked over terms. He was not satisfied with Bunn's proposal, but added to that £200 down, and to be paid through the two following seasons £5 per night, after which the copyright to revert to him. This is rather a hard bargain; I do not think Bunn will concede so much.

March 3rd.—My birthday. Lifting up my heart in grateful prayer to God for a continuance of His mercies vouchsafed to me, I begin this day, the forty-third anniversary of my birth. Humbly and earnestly do I supplicate His goodness for the health and peace and virtue of my beloved family, and that He will be graciously pleased to sustain me in all righteous intentions, and to purify my mind from all low and debasing thoughts and inclinations, that by His gracious help I may live through what He allots to me of further life in peace of heart and increasing wisdom, educating my dear, dear family in His faith, fear, and pure love, and being myself a blessing in my affection and assistance to my dearest wife and also my dear family. Amen.

A very painful rheumatism with which I awoke, became more distressing as I proceeded with my toilet. Particular moments in our lives, even in spite of ourselves, produce in us that uncertain guessing at the future, that balancing of the mind between hope and fear, which induces us to lean to any shadowing of the hereafter in anything of external nature that the disposition of the moment may convert into a presage of good or ill: we cannot help, under certain influences, the domination of superstition. I could not believe a man, strong as wisdom is to combat the absurdity, who would vouch that he never had yielded to such momentary weakness. A very

unusual visitor, indeed one I never before saw, a white pigeon or dove, perched itself on the apple-tree opposite my window, and was seated there when I rose and during some time while I was dressing. I could not help receiving a soothing influence from its appearance as the first object to greet my sight on this day. Went to my beloved Catherine's bedroom, found her and her dear babe well, and received her gratulations with tearful eyes (I know not why), and I was touched by the little voices of my children wishing me "many happy returns" of the day.

Acted Virginius, not at all in my best style; had to contend against noise made behind the scenes louder than our voices on the stage. Still I strove and was partially effective; called for at the end and was very enthusiastically received by the audience.

While preparing to go to the theatre I was struck with the splendour of the sun that, setting, burst from a mass of clouds that had dimmed his brightness through the day, and in the afternoon quite obscured it. It seemed a presaging type to me that my own life, chequered and darkened as it has been, should be serene and bright at its close.

March 6th.—To Bath. — (In the stage-coach.) Captain Bouchier, as I soon learned his name to be, talked much; among other subjects mentioned young Kean's success at Bath, told me that he knew him, and that his dresses cost him £300 per annum, that he was very pleasant and related many amusing stories about the theatre. One of Macready, who is a good actor, but he can never play without applause. He went on one night to play and no notice was taken of him, on which he said to the manager, "I cannot get on, if they do not applaud me." Upon which the manager went round and told the audience that Mr. Macready could not act if they did not applaud him. When Macready reappeared, the applause was so incessant as to disconcert him, and he observed, "Why, now I cannot act, there is so much applause." I told him I rather discredited the story. "In short," I observed, "perhaps, I ought to apologise to you for allowing you to tell it without first giving you my name—my name is Macready." He was very much confused, and I as courteous in apologizing as I could be.

March 7th.—Werner. *8th.*—Virginius. *10th.*—'Provost of Bruges.'

March 12th.—Received letters from my beloved wife, from dear Letitia, and Mr. Bartley, communicating to me Mr. Bunn's intimation to the Drury Lane Company, through Mr. Cooper, of his inability to carry on the theatre beyond Lent unless the company consented to a reduction of their salaries! I am not included in this precious business by the terms of my engagement. It is right that I should well ponder the issues, before I decide to become a party to any movement. Once I stood forward for the art, and the actors, Mr. B—— at their head, deserted me. 'Provost of Bruges.'

Bristol, March 14th.—Went to the theatre. There was a good house, good old Bristol. I acted Bertulphe particularly well to an audience who came to be delighted. Was loudly called for by the audience, and longly and loudly cheered when I went forward. I told them how happy I was to receive their applause, and hoped next season to have another new play to submit to their judgment.

Exeter, March 16th.—Othello. *17th.*—Werner.

March 18th.—Went to the theatre, where I had the satisfaction to have a very numerous audience. As I dare not strip my rheumatic arm, I was obliged to act Virginius in my shirt sleeves. What would a French critic have said or done? The extreme carelessness of the actors very much distressed and disabled me. It was inexcusable; I tried to overcome it, but I could not lose myself, so perpetually was I recalled to the painful reality of the unfit state of things about me. Between the third and fourth acts the manager came into my room to apologize for a delay of some minutes, while Mr. H. Hughes stripped the toga and decemviral insignia from Appius Claudius, a Mr. B——, and invested himself with them to finish the character, Mr. B—— having been so excessively drunk as to tumble from the *sella curulis* in the forum. Oh, Rome! if the man had been acting Cato, it might have been taken for a point of character. This is the profession which the vulgar envy, and the proud seem justified in despising! I come from each night's performance wearied and incapacitated in body, and sunk and languid in mind; compelled to be a party to the blunders, the ignorance, and wanton buffoonery, which,

as to-night, degrades the poor art I am labouring in, and from which I draw an income that scarcely promises me, with a moderate scale of expenditure, a comfortable provision for my old age and a bequest for my children.

March 19th.—A letter from Mr. Mude informed me that my terms at Plymouth were acceded to, which, much as I long to return home, I was very much pleased to learn. Seeing that there was a prospect of making something out of the week, I wrote to Mr. Woulds, offering to play at Bath on Saturday. I would not, on ordinary occasions, for trifling gains harass myself, but here is a prospect of adding to my invested money, and such an occasion is not idly to be neglected. Wrote to Mr. Mude. Buller called and sat for about an hour; he was very agreeable, seems very candid, and has, I think, a quick insight into character. Wrote me some franks.* At the theatre the manager came in, with an elongated visage, to say that "the rascal" of a prompter had sent him a note that moment to the effect that he had "never been so insulted as he was that morning, and that he should in consequence not come to the theatre this evening." (This prompter had given away the prompt-book during rehearsal, for which the rehearsal was, of course, obliged to wait, and he was censured for doing so—this is the head and front of the offending against this vagabond.) These are players. Some willing hearts set to work to "double, double toil and trouble," and doubled accordingly their own parts with his. I sent my dresser, also a sort of actor, for my bag, and to call about a warm bath—I waited his return until it became necessary to think of time; I proceeded to do all I could—at last my mind misgave me that the arch rebel had perhaps "drawn after him" some of Hay's power. I sent for my clothes, which were brought by a strange messenger, and the fatal truth came out that the dresser could not get by a public-house, had been sucked in by the maelstrom, and sunk its victim. I had recommended Mr. Hay to send after the other vagabond, but his answer was, "God bless you, sir! he's dead drunk by this time, that's it! He has written this letter *on the beer*—he's pot-valiant. He'll never be found to-night." Well, with the abdication of one and the desertion of the other we got

* Charles Buller was then M.P. for Liskeard, and the privilege of parliamentary franking was still in existence.—Ed.

through very tolerably; though never did the assumer of royalty justify the act of regicide more truly than the Earl of Flanders this evening.

March 21*st.*—William Tell. 22*nd.*—Macbeth. 23*rd.*—Werner.

March 24*th.*—Tried to act well to a very good house; was disconcerted at first by fancying that some persons in the stage box were uncivil, when I found they were warmly admiring. Still more thrown off my balance by a letter from Mr. Cooper, giving me notice of 'Richard III.' for Easter Monday. Oh, Mr. Bunn—I was distressed at first, and, as usual, angry, but soon reasoned myself into complacency, or at least resolution not to let it be any advantage to the man who thinks to annoy me and perhaps to make me relinquish my engagement—but it is a night's uncomfortable feeling and then an end! It cannot kill my reputation, for my reputation does not rest upon the past; I will, however, do my best with it. Acted as well as I could to a very prepossessed audience, who would make me go forward at the end, which, after much delay, I did.

Plymouth, March 25*th.*—In the *Examiner* newspaper I see a paragraph stating that the King has appointed "Alfred Bunn, Esq.," one of his honourable gentlemen at arms! "Oh, thou world! thou art indeed a melancholy jest."

Elstree, March 29*th.*—Answered by acceptance, the invitation of the Literary Fund Committee to be steward at their festival.

April 4*th.*—Letter from Talfourd, proposing to be here on Friday. Read over 'Ion,' in order to get a general idea of its arrangement.

April 8*th.*—On Talfourd's arrival about 3 o'clock, we went over the play, he not offering an objection to all my omissions. After dinner we settled the terms of the announcement; Letitia returned from town. Talfourd and myself went together in his carriage to town. On our way, in speaking of the heartburnings and littlenesses practised in the theatrical profession, and observing that, though lawyers said that, in their vocation, they were exposed to equal annoyances, yet there was the restraint which the character of gentlemen laid on them; Talfourd surprised me by replying that he did not think there were any unworthy feelings displayed from rivalry or envy at the bar. I did not acquiesce in his opinion, but it served to

convince me of the happier life they lead who do not stop in their life's journey to remove every impediment from their path and kick every bramble out of their way—how much more easily and more readily the traveller, who steps over the dirt, goes out of the way of obstinate hindrances, and leaves the thorns through which he picks his path, attains the goal of his desires! Talfourd's easiness of disposition, his general indulgence for others' faults, and good-natured aversion to dispute, has proved, in the happiness that has resulted from such amiability, the best wisdom.

April 10*th.*—'The Iron Chest' seemed to me an alternative, if 'Ion' be out of the question, for my benefit, should I feel myself capable of studying the character in time, which is doubtful.

April 11*th.*—Read over the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, to see if I could adopt it for my benefit. Found I could not do justice to myself in it.

London, April 14*th.*—Mr. Kenneth called from Mr. Osbaldiston, to learn whether I would make an engagement at Covent Garden; after much disjointed chat, I said that I had no wish to go to that theatre, but that for money I would, viz., for £20 per night for twenty nights. He is not likely to give it, and nothing but the want of money could induce me to ask it.

Took all the pains I could with Macbeth, but had not made due preparation; acted pretty well, but did not finish off some of my effects so well as I should have done with a little more preparation. The audience persisted in calling for me, and cheered me most enthusiastically.

Talfourd came in from the House, where he had been speaking on flogging in the army. He said that he was nervous and rapid, but listened to with great indulgence. Showed him a letter from Ellen Tree which I had just received, in which she mentioned her intention of being in town 22nd May, and her willingness to study Clemanthe for me. Neither Cooper nor Bunn were in the theatre, so that nothing could be settled.

April 15*th.*—Wrote to Ellen Tree in answer to hers received last night. Called at the theatre to speak about my night, and my dress for King John. Speaking to Mr. Cooper, I saw in the play-bill that I was announced for to-morrow night in 'William Tell' as the after-piece. I directly told Mr. Cooper that

I would not do it; that it was utterly unjustifiable. He said it was, but I had better write a letter, disclaiming Mr. Bunn's right, and do it on that occasion. I refused. He then said, "What shall I do?" wanting me to play King Henry IV. (Second Part) as an after-piece on his night. He talked about my unkindness in not doing it for him, but I cut the conversation as short as I could. Palmer had left the wardrobe and I went on, calling at the Garrick Club, where I read the list of the celebrators of Shakespeare's birthday.

April 16*th.*—Rose, after revolving all modes of meeting and treating this business, with the purpose of endeavouring to obtain an engagement that there should be no recurrence of this half-price work, and so far to concede. Sent a note to Dow, after having seen the announcement in the bills, requesting him to call here, and a note to Cooper to the same effect. Dow called and we talked over the affair; he was very averse to my appearing in 'William Tell' this evening, but, like myself, had a dread of giving offence to the public. Whilst he went on an embassy to Cooper to state my consent to perform the part this night, provided an engagement was given that nothing of the sort should recur during my engagement, and, in the event of Mr. Bunn refusing to give such pledge, that I should hold Cooper personally responsible for anything he might say derogatory to my interests this evening (all of which he did in a very direct and spirited manner), I wrote out a copy of a handbill, to be delivered at the doors of the theatre, giving notice of my non-appearance. It was then agreed finally between us that I should stand on the guarantee (having been required to appear in two plays as after-pieces) and, if it were refused, that I should not act.

A note came in a yielding tone, but declining to give the undertaking against recurrence of the matter, and I wrote shortly back that on no other condition would I consent to appear.

Spoke to Mr. Cooper about my benefit night, to which I required an answer, and asked him if he was authorized to send the note he did? He said No, for Mr. Bunn was not in the theatre, but that subsequently he, Bunn, had sanctioned it. This I believe to be an equivocation. He dared not have given the guarantee in Mr. Bunn's name unless Bunn had left him a

discretionary power to that effect. There seemed to be a very general feeling of disgust at Mr. Bunn's behaviour among the people connected with the theatres.

Had not been able to read 'William Tell,' but took all the pains in my power with its performance, and rendered it very effective, particularly when the lateness of the hour is taken into account. The audience did not move till the very last, and, after going to my room, I was obliged to return at the call of the remaining audience, who would not depart, and who cheered me most enthusiastically. Talfourd and Forster had come into my room, and stayed with me whilst I undressed.

So ended a day, and thus was passed over a threatening danger, which might have had an evil influence, with a different issue, on my whole future life. As it is, the events of to-day are more likely to make friends for me than enemies.

The thought of my children several times to-day served to retard and to impel me, as I grew into passion or sunk into despondency.

Elstree, Sunday April 17th.—Took Billing's coach to Elstree; slept a little of the way, and thought upon and read 'Ion' for the remainder. The fog was quite a November one; lights in all the open shops, and in many of the breakfast-rooms. I could not see to read in town. Found on my arrival all well, thank God. A note from Power accepting our invitation for Saturday next. Settled my accounts. Could not help feeling how much I had to be thankful for in the enjoyment of so much quiet, when I reflected on the tumult of care and apprehension into which a false step yesterday might have thrown me.

In going to afternoon church, called at the Chalk's to write an order for Tuesday which they had sent to request.

London, April 18th.—Wrote to Mr. Cooper, sending him the prompt-book of 'Ion,' and the cast of the characters as I should advise; at the same time, to save any pain to his feelings, I wrote a note to Mr. Brindal asking him, as an indulgence to myself, to play the part of Crythes, which I had assigned to him.

Wrote a letter to Ellen Tree, apprising her of the night fixed for the performance of 'Ion,' and thanking her.

Returning to dinner, wrote notes to Farren, Harley, and Bartley, requiring them to meet here on Wednesday,

to consider our condition, and its chances and means of amendment.

April 19th.—Went to rehearsal, when I arranged my dress, there being nothing in the theatre that could be worn. Notes of orders and promise of attendance to-morrow from Farren and from Kenneth, conveying to me Mr. Osbaldiston's refusal to accede to the terms I had mentioned. I feel no regret at it; for it is money purchased at a heavy cost of feeling to go into that theatre. Saw Bartley, who promised to call to-morrow. Went to the Garrick Club, where I saw the papers and dined. Wrote notes with orders to Dyer and Wallace, which, when I reached chambers, I sent by Harding. Note from Harley with promise of attendance to-morrow. Wrote to dear Catherine about house affairs. Rested for a short time. Paid account—the carpet and rug which were bought. Read part of 'King John'—laid out my clothes and went to the theatre. An anonymous admirer wishes me to play Hotspur and Caius Gracchus. Acted King John in a way that assured me that I could play it excellently; it seemed to make an impression on the house, but I had not made it sure, finished, and perfectly individualised. Some fools set up a monstrous hubbub at the passage of defiance to the Pope, and Mr. Charles Dance told me afterwards in the green-room that the Catholics would "cut our throats." Is it a sin—or ought it not to be—to have the faculty of reason and the power of cultivating it by examination, and yet remain so low in the intellectual scale?

Mrs. —— was very ineffective in the effective part of Constance. What a character! But it is because every line is so effective, that common minds cannot rise from one level, and have not the skill by contrast and variety to give relish and effect without great effort.

April 20th.—Mr. Bartley came to his appointment, and we fell into a general conversation upon the condition of the theatres, and the means of restoring the art to a better state. He spoke of my situation as at the very head of my profession, and his readiness to go onward in any path that I might point out as likely to lead to success; he also corrected the statement of his letter to me in Bath about the advance of money, saying that he would not render himself liable to unknown

responsibilities, but that as as far as one, two, three, or even more hundred pounds would go, he would not hesitate. I told him, that was all I could expect, and all that I myself intended to venture; that I believed I was a poorer man than any of the parties summoned, with heavier claims upon me; and that nothing could induce me to incur an uncertain responsibility. Messrs. Harley and Farren came, and I told them that I had summoned them to learn their opinion and dispositions in the acknowledged depressed and oppressed state of an art, as to making some effort towards its re-establishment. It was difficult to confine Messrs. Harley and Farren to the question; they would ramble to their individual wrongs and insults. I brought them back, and requested their separate declarations of their resolutions to co-operate or no. I addressed myself first to Bartley as the eldest present. He, with every appearance of frankness, gave his entire assent to any plan that wore a face of likelihood for the drama's regeneration, and that as far as £500 would go, he would venture. I replied, "That was all any one could ask." Harley seemed disposed to go further, but rested upon a similar declaration, giving in his hearty adhesion. Farren at last gave his full consent to go the full length that the others had agreed to, and, unless our union were previously dissolved by mutual consent, to hold himself bound to its resolutions if acted upon unanimously; but that if nothing effectual were accomplished by the end of July, he, as the rest of us, should then be free to pursue his own separate interest. This point settled I asked if any one had any plan to propose? Bartley had; namely, to call a meeting and try and prevail on 300 persons to lend £100 each towards the purchase or erection of a theatre for the drama, without interest or free admission, but with the security of the building for the repayment of their principal. This I immediately objected to as visionary and impracticable.

After some discussion, we agreed to meet at 1 o'clock on Monday, and consider on the subject of a memorial to the Lord Chamberlain or to the King, exposing our grievances, and supported by the names and recommendations of all the literary and influential men we could procure to sign it. It was also agreed that, previous to its presentation, we should, as I counselled, meet the D. L. Committee and confer with them on an offer

started by Bartley, namely, to risk with them the chances of full or partial rent and salaries. On this we parted.

Elstree, April 21st.—The man came to bottle the cider and, taking Phillips as his *aide de bouteilles*, began his work, which I from time to time looked in upon. Gave the dear children their dinners and afterwards walked with them to Mrs. Haworth's, where I left a card; thence returning, we went with the dogs to the reservoir.

April 23rd.—Resumed that extraordinary poem of 'Paracelsus' after dinner, and, on coming from tea, began to prepare the projected memorial for a licence to exercise our calling and disenthral ourselves from Bunn.

London, April 25th.—On my way to the theatre saw myself announced for Richard III. Friday next. Here was the climax of spite; I laughed out in the street at it. It actually amused me.

Rehearsed 'Stranger,' hastily and without care, which I ought not to have done. Harley came to his appointment; Bartley was subpœnaed at a trial in Westminster; and Farren did not arrive until an hour after his time; he was at rehearsal. We adjourned to Saturday.

April 27th.—At Garrick Club, where I dined and saw the papers. Met Thackeray, who has spent all his fortune and is now about to settle at Paris, I believe, as an artist. Returning to chambers, in Prince's Street, Drury Lane, I heard the exclamation, "Sir, you're robbed!" and saw a lad about nineteen rush by, pursued by a tradesman-looking person. I pursued my course a little faster to see the issue; the lad threw down a handkerchief which, as I approached, I thought looked like mine. I soon saw it was, and received it from a boy who picked it up. The pursuer brought back the thief and asked me what I would do. After some hesitation I sacrificed my reluctance to punish the culprit to a sense of duty, and consented to go to Bow Street. An officer of the police told me that the magistrate would proceed in a summary way, and commit him as a rogue and a vagabond. I accordingly went over and waited some time in the justice-room with the prisoner and captor, and at last we were taken before a clerk to whom we gave our depositions. The captor's name was Arthur, an upholsterer in Albany Street, Regent's Park. The magistrate

came in, and instead of the "summary mode" promised, bound me over to prosecute at the sessions. I think it is a duty to society, constituted as it is, to do so, though I should forgive the poor wretch if I had the power.

Read over King Henry IV., went to the theatre, and acted the part in my very good style. I was satisfied with much that I did.

Met Dow, and we set out, he intending to accompany me to the theatre; as we passed along, he stopped to read the play-bill and exclaimed "What's that?—'The three first acts of Richard III.'" So it was announced in the play-bill. He observed "You will not do it?" and recommended me to go and declare before a witness to Mr. Cooper that I would go on and ask the audience whether they would have the play in its mutilated state or complete? I parted with him at the stage door, and taking the prompter into Mr. Cooper's room, I said as much, not at all angrily, but rather amused. Mr. Cooper said he would communicate the message to Mr. Bunn.

Dined at the Garrick Club, where I saw newspapers and looked over 'Sketches by Boz.' Saw Duruset, Durrant, and Winston, who were surprised at the "three acts." Lay down in bed for an hour and a half. Acted Macbeth very fairly; I had to goad my mind into the character, for my thoughts wandered to the feverish state of things about me. Mrs. —— was the Lady Macbeth; she should take some of the blame for my occasional inefficiency; she was so bad, so monotonous, so devoid of all thought or feeling of character, so artificial, and yet, as it were, elaborating nothing. There was no misconception, because there was no conception, no attempt at assumption, it was Mrs. ——. I gave Mr. Warde a hard knock on the head inadvertently, or rather through his own awkwardness, for which I was sorry, but had I laid it open he could not have displayed more agony. I was called for and obliged to go forward and was very warmly received. Talfourd came to my room.

April 28th.—Went to the theatre and rehearsed in the saloon "*the three first acts of 'King Richard III.*" Every actor expressing his indignation at the proceedings.

Wrote a sort of protest on *the three acts* to Cooper, but on consideration felt that the thing was not worth it.

Tried in chambers to read—in vain; tried to compose myself by sleep, still I was depressed and unable to think on my character for to-morrow night; I tried and could not. Wrote a letter, a short one, to Edward. Took tea, did what I could to compose and soothe my spirits—it would not be; my inability to prepare myself in the part of Richard, which I have not acted for more than four years, by to-morrow night, quite weighed me down; I tried the part, the consciousness of not having time to duly consider and practise it quite rendered unavailing all attempts. Passion and angry thoughts, angry to a degree of savageness and desperation, agitated me long and painfully.

If I were prepared in the character, I should laugh; I am tormented by painful doubts and misgivings. Sometimes I think of resigning my engagement, which is at least £250. I cannot do it; let what may happen I must trust in God, for God knows I have very few friends here. I am very unhappy.

April 29th.—Rose with uneasy thoughts and in a very disturbed state of mind, which I reasoned into more placidity as I proceeded with my toilet, but I had difficulty in controlling my mind, labouring under the alternate sensations of exasperation and depression. Wrote to Dow, that I had settled on doing the three acts to-night, although it was against my engagement. Called on Forster on my way to rehearsal, who told me of Kemble's expression of his indignation at Mr. Bunn's behaviour. At rehearsal I spoke to Cooper on the stage, to the effect that it was not worth my while to record any protest, but that I would not do such a thing again as act in a mutilated play, my engagement not warranting the fact. Went to Garrick Club; saw Bartley and Meadows; dined and looked at papers. Spoke to Winston about the patents and licences under which the theatres are now conducted. He promised to send me copies, &c. Charles Kemble and Power were in the coffee-room, and speaking of this scandalous and insulting proceeding. On coming to chambers, I wrote a letter to Lovell on the subject of Bunn's debt to him, but thinking that it might seem an underhand revenge, I threw the letter in the fire.

My spirits were so very much depressed, so overweighed by the situation in which I was placed, that I lay down to compose myself, and thought over the part of Richard as well as I could.

Went to the theatre; was tetchy and unhappy, but pushed through the part in a sort of desperate way as well I could. It is not easy to describe the state of pent-up feeling of anger, shame, and desperate passion that I endured. As I came off the stage, ending the third act of 'Richard,' in passing by Bunn's door I opened it, and unfortunately he was there. I could not contain myself; I exclaimed "You damned scoundrel! How dare you use me in this manner?" And going up to him as he sat on the other side of the table, I struck him as he rose a backhanded slap across the face. I did not hear what he said, but I dug my fist into him as effectively as I could; he caught hold of me, and got at one time the little finger of my left hand in his mouth, and bit it. I exclaimed "You rascal! Would you bite?" He shouted out "Murder! Murder!" and, after some little time, several persons came into the room. I was then upon the sofa, the struggle having brought us right round the table. Willmott, the prompter, said to me, "Sir, you had better go to your room, you had better go to your room." I got up accordingly, and walked away, whilst he, I believe, for I did not distinctly hear him, was speaking in abuse of me. Dow came into my room, then Forster and young Longman. Wallace soon after, evidently deeply grieved at the occurrence. They talked and I dressed, and we left the theatre together. Wallace and Forster, on Dow leaving us, went home with me and, taking tea, discussed the probable consequences of this most indiscreet, most imprudent, most blameable action. Forster was strongly for attempting to throw Mr. Bunn overboard, on the score of character; but Wallace manifestly felt, as I felt, that I had descended to his level by raising my hand against him, and that I was personally responsible for so doing. I feel that I am, and, serious and painful as it is, I will do my duty.

As I read the above lines I am still more struck with my own intemperate and unfortunate rashness. I would have gone through my engagement in forbearance and peace, still enduring wrong on wrong, as for six years I have been doing, but my passions mastered me and I sought to wreak them.

No one can more severely condemn my precipitation than myself. No enemy can censure me more harshly, no friend lament more deeply my forgetfulness of all I ought to have

thought upon. My character will suffer for descending so low, and the newspapers will make themselves profit of my folly. Words cannot express the contrition I feel, the shame I endure. In my own village I shall not know what I am thought of; my own family know what I have suffered, and will pity me; but I have committed a great error. God Almighty forgive me my forgetfulness of the principles I have laid down for myself, and grant that I may not suffer as I deserve from the reflections which I dread my friends will pass upon me.

April 30th.—Read for about an hour in bed last night, and though at first restless and dreaming of being in the custody of an officer, my sleep was sweet and refreshing. In opening Johnson's 'Lives' in bed I began upon the narration of Savage's unfortunate rencontre with Sinclair; the idea of murder presented itself so painfully and strongly to my mind that I turned directly for relief to another subject. My thoughts have been scorpions to me; the estimation I have lost in society, the uncertainty and shame with which, if I am again invited by those who respected me, I shall meet their looks, is a punishment which has anguish in it.

Henry Smith called; it was evident the disastrous report of last night had brought him. I asked him if there was anything in the paper? He said "Yes;" that he was surprised at the paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, and had come to ask if anything could be done. Wallace, Forster, and afterwards Dow, came and consulted on what was best to be done; looked at the *Morning Chronicle*, and Wallace declining to be a party to any draught of a counter-statement, the others adjourned to Forster's chambers and soon after returned, having come to the conclusion that it was better to let the thing pass. Wallace thought differently, and so did I, agreeing that it would be better a proper statement should appear in preference to an improper one. Forster, therefore, was to call on Collier, &c. Harley, Farren, and Bartley called, first speaking on this unhappy occurrence, and then passing on to the business of our meeting. Mathews called to see me.

Felt ashamed to walk through the streets, and took a coach; ashamed even to meet the look of the people in the street. Dined with Power.

Letters from Dunn, saying that Mr. Bunn was ill at Bromp-

ton; and from Mr. Fox, kindly offering to do anything to set the matter right with the public. Drove home in Dow's cab. Told dearest Catherine and Letty of the unfortunate rashness I had been guilty of. They were deeply distressed.

May 1st.—Called on Wallace, whose opinions of the necessity of going out if called were now unequivocally declared, and in which I, as before, most unreservedly concurred. Forster called, and gave me some account of the newspapers, bringing with him the *Observer* and *Examiner*, which had plain statements of my degrading act of intemperance. My shame has been endured with agony of heart, and wept with bitter tears. The fair fame of a life has been sullied by a moment's want of self-command. I cannot shelter myself from the glaring fact. But what have my sufferings not been? I can never, never, during my life, forgive myself.

Went to dine with Talfourd. Saw on the placard of the *Age*, "Great Fight. B—nn and M——y." It makes me sick to think of it. Felt occasionally uncomfortable at Talfourd's, but on the whole was more comfortable than I had anticipated. Met the Bullers; I thought C. Buller rather cold, and that he was desirous of avoiding a more intimate acquaintance—I have brought all such aversions on myself. I have no right to fortify myself in my pride against the feeling of regret at these consequences of my folly. Met Kenyon, whom I liked, Chisholm, young Ramohun Roy, and many other agreeable men. I was much relieved by the conversation. Returning to chambers, tried to write, but was overcome by sleep.

May 2nd.—On my way to the Garrick Club saw a face in a carriage I thought I knew, and immediately, as I had passed, Malibran put her head out of the window, and waved her hand to me. She seemed bridally attired. How different her lot from mine! She with fame, affluence, idolatry on every side: I, poor, struggling to maintain a doubtful reputation, which my own rashness endangers, and looking, as my greatest good, to an independence which may be just large enough to educate my children liberally and raise them above want; even this is now very doubtful. What would there be in this world for me to live upon it, if I had not my wife and children?

May 5th.—Dear Catherine had brought a letter from Kenneth

with an offer of £200 for twelve nights from Mr. Osbaldiston, and an invitation from Calcraft. I wrote to Kenneth wishing to see him.

Kenneth called; we talked on the matter, and he took down my modification of Mr. Osbaldiston's offer. I observed that I did not wish to trade upon, or raise my terms on, this unfortunate occurrence; but that I could not, under the circumstances of the season, take less than had been offered to other actors; that I did not wish him to say £240 for twelve nights, but would he say £200 for ten nights, or £120 for six? For 'Ion' I also stipulated.

May 6th.—Shall I ever know peace of heart again? The very thought of meeting such men as Young, so prudent, so discreet, and therefore so respected, of knowing that high-minded men like Colonel D'Aguilar read in the newspapers my wretched self-degradation, tortures and agonises me. I close my eyes with the hated idea, and it awakens me with the earliest morning. I know what misery is, that misery which cannot be escaped: it is "myself" that am the "Hell" that is consuming me.

Kenneth returned with the terms of Mr. Osbaldiston, which I accepted, viz., £200 for ten nights, and a benefit divided, after £20, beginning Wednesday, May 11th, and ending Saturday, June 11th. I gave my promise to act two nights in addition gratuitously. Kenneth then went for Mr. Osbaldiston, and, returning with him, we interchanged agreements, which I pray God may prosper.

May 7th.—Found at my chambers a note from Talfourd, with the books of 'Ion' for Covent Garden.

Walked out to call on Henry Smith; in the Covent Garden play-bills my name was blazing in large red letters at the head of the announcement.

Went to the Garrick Club. Kemble came in as I was going out. I told the waiter to ask him to step into the stranger's room, which he did. I said that it had gratified me much to hear of the liberal way in which he had spoken of me before and subsequently to this unfortunate affair; that I had commissioned my friend Talfourd to say as much to him, but, seeing him there, I chose to anticipate his intention and to express myself the sense I entertained of his liberal manner

of mentioning my name, having so long been in a state of hostility with him. He replied that he had never cherished any hostile feeling towards me, and that his language had always been in the same tone; that every one must feel indignant at the infamous conduct of this Bunn towards me, and that he had ever entertained the best feelings for me. I drew off my glove, and said that I had much pleasure in acknowledging the liberality of his conduct. He shook hands very cordially, saying that it had been always a matter of regret to him that our acquaintance had been interrupted, and I replied, that I regretted this reconcilement had been forced from me by the generous and liberal behaviour which he had shown, and had not rather proceeded spontaneously from me. We then talked a little of the circumstance, he observing, that he was glad Bunn had not challenged me, as my name would be so much more mixed up with him; and I added, that I was not quite sure how far it would have been better or no, as I had made arrangements for receiving his message, to which he observed, "If you were challenged of course you must go out; every man must go out, when challenged." We parted in the hall; my feelings were excited and won over on this occasion; but I cannot help pausing to remark how very much I yield to impulse, instead of guiding my course through life on a stern, undeviating principle of justice. I call charity only justice. I fear I am often weak on this account, and seem vacillating where I ought to be unmoving. I certainly feel no ill-will to Kemble; on the contrary, feel kindly disposed to him on account of his language, &c., at this juncture, which, it is manifest, he wished me to be acquainted with.

Elstree, Sunday, May 8th.—Walked round the garden, enjoying the beauty of the morning. Lost some time in talking over this eternal subject, which haunts and disqualifies me from giving myself to good employment. After my accounts, I read over Werner. In the afternoon I went with Letty to church, which I had to nerve myself to do, but from which I felt much comfort. The first Psalm struck me as applicable to my own condition. Walked down to the reservoir with Catherine, Letitia, and the children, taking the dogs with us. Sat with the children after dinner, listening to their hymns and

hearing their prayers. God bless them. Felt overpowered with drowsiness; recovering, considered and wrote down what I thought it proper to say, if requisite to speak, to the audience on the night of my reappearance. Read prayers to the family. I pray Almighty God to forgive my transgressions and extend His merciful protection to me for the sake of those so justly dear to me.

London, May 9th.—Came to town by *Billing's*, reading 'Ion' by the way; alighted at Cambridge Terrace, and called on Wallace, who told me that the Sunday papers had not extended their comments on this wretched affair, which I was glad to hear. I submitted to him the address I thought of delivering on Wednesday, which he considered as too lofty, and as attacking Mr. Bunn. Knowing that I am not a proper and dispassionate judge of my own condition, I so far yielded to his observations as to leave the paper with him, which he is to return with his own views of the style of defence.

Called at Covent Garden Theatre. Saw Mr. Osbaldiston. Settled the night of 'Ion,' 26th instant. Spoke about orders, dressing-room, &c, in all of which Mr. O. seemed desirous of accommodating me. Was introduced to Mr. Fitzball (!) the Victor Hugo, as he terms himself, of England—the "Victor No-go" in Mr. Keeley's nomenclature.

May 10th.—I cannot retire to my bed to-night without registering the humble and fervent prayer of my heart to Almighty God that, forgiving my unwise, unchristian and frenzied conduct, He will of His infinite mercy preserve me from the many ills which my conduct may have provoked, and restore me to the quiet approval of my own conscience, to the love and respect of my friends, and above all to His heavenly care and protection, through the blessed Spirit of Jesus Christ. Amen.

May 11th.—A short but most kind letter from Ellen Tree; it quite affected me. A clerk brought a note from G. Barker, as I was going out, informing me that Evans had inquired of him if he was not my solicitor, as he wished to serve a process on me, he (B.) offering him friendly assistance towards settling the matter, which he thought should not come before the public. I answered it, that I had placed myself in my counsel's hands, who had disposed of me, thanking him kindly for his offer.

Went to the theatre and, in dressing, still felt my nerves were untrue to me; looked over the early part of the play, and just before I went on I screwed up to care for nothing, and went boldly and resolutely forward. On my entrance in Macbeth, the pit—indeed, the house—rose, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, cheering in the most fervent and enthusiastic manner. It lasted so long that it rather overcame me; but I entered on my own task determined to do my best, and, I think, I never acted Macbeth more really or altogether better. The applause was tumultuous at the fall of the curtain, and the person who went on was driven back with cries of "No," and I went before them. When silence was gained, I spoke an address as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Under ordinary circumstances I should receive the manifestation of your kindness with silent acknowledgment; but I cannot disguise from myself the fact that the circumstances which have led to my engagement at this theatre, after an absence of many years, are uppermost in your minds.

"Into those circumstances I will not enter further than by two general observations: first, that I was subjected in cold blood, from motives which I will not characterise, to a series of studied and annoying and mortifying provocations, personal and professional. The second, that, suffering under these accumulated provocations, I was betrayed, in a moment of unguarded passion, into an intemperate and imprudent act, for which I feel, and shall never cease to feel, the deepest and most poignant self-reproach and regret.

"It is to you, ladies and gentlemen, and to myself, that I owe this declaration, and I make it with unaffected sincerity.

"To liberal and generous minds, I think, I need say no more.

"I cannot resist thanking you."

This seemed to affect many and engage the sympathies of all. Talfourd, Dow, Smith, Forster, Wallace, Maclise, and the editors of the *Post* and *Herald*, who wished a report of the speech, came into my room, but I was too nervous to have pleasure from their presence. All were delighted, and I felt greatly relieved and truly grateful.

May 13th.—O'Hanlon sent a kind, congratulatory note for orders, which I sent him. Chilton called, which I thought kind.

He told me that I could not set off my loss against Bunn, but that I must proceed by a cross-action, on which I resolved, if attacked.

Went to the theatre and acted Virginius in a splendid manner, quite bearing the house along with me. My reception was most enthusiastic on my entrance, and when I appeared at last in obedience to the call of the audience.

May 14*th.*—Called at the offices of Messrs. White and Whitmore. Found there, that the process had been served by Evans, Bunn's attorney, and that they, W. and W., had entered an appearance for me, so the battle is begun.

Wrote to Calcraft, inquiring of him what would be his evidence on 'The Bridal.' Mr. Gray called, and we talked over the matter of the cross-action, which he thought should be proceeded on immediately, I, of course, concurring; he seemed to think, I might go for the whole of my engagement, and it seems to me only fair; but who can divine the scope of law?

Elstree, Sunday, May 15*th.*—Walked round the garden, where the sweetness and freshness of everything about me might have had a tranquillising power over any mind but one oppressed by a consciousness of error. Read and learned some of the scenes of 'Ion.' Went to afternoon church, and never thought of the eclipse* (I have the eclipse of my own character to think of) until Mr. Chalk mentioned it; we had thought the deep gloom was a forerunner of rain. Mr. Chalk had given out the afternoon service to begin at 4 o'clock, expecting the day to be quite darkened.

London, May 16*th.*—Trial of pickpocket at Clerkenwell. Sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

May 18*th.*—Rehearsed 'Stranger.' Talfourd and White came. Talfourd read 'Ion' in the green-room, and was evidently happy in his employment. Who would not be?

I was called for by the audience, but would not go on without Miss H. Faucit, whom I led forward. Went afterwards to Mrs. Baker's, where I saw Palmer, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Marcet (not introduced), Talfourd, and White, with whom I adjourned to Garrick Club.

May 19*th.*—Rehearsed 'Ion,' which seems to me to come out

* An annular eclipse of the sun, this day; began 1 h. 51 m. P.M., middle 3 h. 19 m., ended 4 h. 39 m., P.M.—ED.

in the acting—we shall see. Spoke about my name being put in the bills by Mr. Osbaldiston after Mr. Kemble's. This is to me of no importance, but I have no right to be placed out of my own rank before the public. They, as a body, know nothing of the art and only take their opinions from what they are told, therefore I have no right to let them be told what is not true and against my interest.

A note from Heraud for tickets, which I answered, addressing him, "My dear Sir." When my note had gone I perceived his style to me was "My dear Macready." I therefore wrote another note to despatch in the morning, that he may not think me repulsive or proud.

May 20th.—Henry Earle called as I was dining, and he lunched with me. He told me that none who knew me would think worse of me for the late occurrence. It may be so, but it is their indulgence that leads them to such lenient judgment. I have forgotten the dues of a gentleman, it cannot be cloaked or denied. It is very true that I am not sought for by persons of rank, as they are termed, by persons of distinction, but heretofore I could repel this indifference with indifference. I feel my title to rank with any man as a gentleman unquestionable: how can I now answer the objections that may be made against me?

London, May 23rd.—Went to the theatre. The audience were so noisy that some scenes—the dagger soliloquy, that with the murderers and Lady Macbeth—could not be heard; but where I could be heard I did not act badly, and the house was very warm in its testimonies of approbation. I was called for, and obliged to appear at the end of the play. Browning, Talfourd, and Forster came into my room and stayed some time.

I recollect the disgust with which I heard of a Mr. A——, a singer, fighting with a Mr. B——, thinking to myself how impossible it was that I could descend to lift my hand against any one. Is it then to be wondered at that I feel my degradation as I do?

May 26th.—Rehearsed 'Ion' with much care. Went to the theatre and acted the character as well as I have ever played any previous one, with more of inspiration, more complete abandonment, more infusion of myself into another being, than I

have been able to attain in my performances for some time, particularly in the devotion of Ion to the destruction of Adrastus, the parting with Clemanthe, and the last scene. Was called for very enthusiastically by the audience, and cheered on my appearance most heartily. I said, "It would be affectation to conceal the peculiar pleasure in receiving their congratulatory compliment on this occasion. It was indeed most gratifying to me; and only checked by the painful consideration that this might be perhaps the last new play I ever might have the honour of producing before them. (Loud cries of 'No! No!') However that might be, the grateful recollection of their kindness would never leave me." Miss Ellen Tree, I heard, was afterwards called forward. Talfourd came into my room and heartily shook hands with me and thanked me. He said something about Mr. Wallack wishing him to go on the stage, as they were calling, but it would not be right. I said, "On no account in the world." He shortly left me, and, as I heard, was made to go forward to the front of his box, and receive the enthusiastic tribute of the house's grateful delight. How happy he must have been! Smith, Dow, Browning, Forster, Richardson, &c., I cannot remember all, came into my room. I dressed, having sent to Catherine to request her not to wait for me, but to go at once to Talfourd's, and, taking Knowles in the carriage, went there. I felt tranquilly happy. Happy in the splendid assemblage that had graced the occasion, happy in the triumphant issue of this doubtful experiment, and happy in the sensation of relief that attended the consciousness of its being achieved. I was also happy in having been an agent in the pleasing work of making others happy. At Talfourd's I met Wordsworth, who pinned me, Walter Savage Landor, to whom I was introduced, and whom I very much liked, Stanfield, Browning, Price, Miss Mitford—I cannot remember all. Forster came to me after supper, which was served in a very elegant style, and insisted that it was expected in the room that I should propose Talfourd's health, whose birthday it was. After some contest, and on the understanding that no further speeches should be made, and briefly alluding to the day being the birthday of the poet, as well as to the beautiful play that night presented, I proposed Talfourd's health. He returned thanks and afterwards proposed my

health with much of eulogy, to which I replied as I best could.

Subsequently, Mrs. Talfourd's health was proposed by Douglas, and was very pleasantly and humorously acknowledged by Talfourd, who in a very lively vein ascribed to her the influence which had given birth to much that had been honoured with the praise of the company—that, in fact, the whole merit of the production was hers, &c. It became then a succession of personal toasts, Miss E. Tree, Miss Mitford, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Price, Mr. Poole, Browning, and who else I do not know. I was very happily placed between Wordsworth and Landor, with Browning opposite and Mrs. Talfourd next but one—Talfourd within two. I talked much with my two illustrious neighbours. Wordsworth seemed pleased when I pointed out the passage in 'Ion,' of a "devious fancy," &c., as having been suggested by the lines *he* had once quoted to me from a MS. tragedy of his; he smiled and said, "Yes, I noticed them," and then he went on—

> "Action is transitory—a step—a blow,
> The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
> 'Tis done; and in the after vacancy
> We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed." *

Landor, in talking of dramatic composition, said he had not the constructive faculty, that he could only set persons talking, all the rest was chance. He promised to send me his play of 'Count Julian,' and expressed himself desirous of improving his acquaintance with me. I spoke to Miss Mitford, observing in badinage that the present occasion should stimulate her to write a play; she quickly said, "Will you act it?" I was silent. Catherine, who sat near her and Harness, told me that he said "Aye, hold him to that."

We went home together; Catherine, Letitia, Miss Howarth, and myself in the carriage, talking of nothing but the evening's events—this happy evening. We reached home about two, and went to bed with the birds singing their morning song in our tired ears. Thank God!

May 28th.—On my way to London vainly strove to occupy

* This fine passage has been already quoted in the 'Reminiscences.' Vol. i. p. 285.—Ed.

my thoughts with the character of Cassius; deep and heavy sleep came on me—the effects of the past excitement and fatigue soon weighed me down. Found at my chambers notes and cards of congratulation on the success of 'Ion;' sent a card with message to Messrs. White and Whitmore. Called on Forster, who gave me the criticism of the newspapers for Catherine, of which that of the *Times* was the warmest, though all were enthusiastic. The *Chronicle* was most niggardly. Went to the theatre to rehearse 'Cassius,' and found the call-man had made a mistake of two hours in my call. Saw Knowles, who was vehement in his praise. A note from Arthur Buller; fervent in his congratulations, and confessing his surprise at the result. At the Garrick Club, where I dined, I saw the other papers—an equal tone held throughout. Saw Bentley, Meadows, Dow, Fladgate, &c.

I acted the 'Stranger' but indifferently—still was called for by the audience, and led on Miss H. Faucit.

May 30*th*.—Arriving at chambers I found a note from Browning. What can I say upon it? It was a tribute which remunerated me from the annoyances and cares of years: it was one of the very highest, may I not say the highest, honour I have through life received.

Went to the theatre; the audience were rather noisy through the early scenes, but I was not disposed to yield to them. I do not think that my reception was quite so long as Kemble's, or I did not use sufficient generalship with it; but I acted Cassius in my very best style, and made the audience feel it. I was good; I was the character; I felt it. The audience were rapid and vehement in their applause; I was first and most loudly called for at the end of the play. Knowles got through Brutus far better than I anticipated: he came into my room, and said that I was wonderful. I was certainly pleased with my own performance this evening: it was fresh, characteristic, and majestic. Talfourd came into my room and, among other things, reported the enthusiastic praise of Lady Blessington and D'Orsay of my performance of 'Ion.' The praises of Knowles, the barrister, pleased me still more. He told Talfourd he had laughed at the idea of my performing 'Ion;' that he hated me ten years since; and that he could not have believed that such an improvement could have taken place in any one. To Forster also he observed

how I must have studied. Went to Garrick Club, when Barham and Lincoln Stanhope came directly to chat with me. Supped with Talfourd, and an 'Ion' supper for Friday next was settled.

May 31st.—Went to rehearse Clemanthe's scenes of 'Ion;' and passed on to the Garrick Club, where I looked at the other newspapers; they contained nothing. Met Winston on my return, who told me that it had been given out that I had engaged for Covent Garden next season. Mr. Fitzball came up, and walked with me to Great Queen Street. Asking my terms, I said, I should not take less than £40 per week, on my late Drury Lane articles—and I would not say that I would take that. Called on Messrs. W. and W., gave them my case, and talked with them; it seems settled to let judgment go by default. Left a card at Mr. Norton's. Called on Miss Ellen Tree, and sat with her a short time.

June 2nd.—Forster called. Went with me to the Temple, where I met Talfourd, Whitmore, and Gray. The chances, &c., of the different measures were discussed. Talfourd said that Lord Denman had said, the damages ought to be a farthing; but my nature is not sanguine. It was all but concluded on to let judgment go by default. I cannot of course be a judge in such a case.*

June 3rd.—Called at Covent Garden, where I saw Mr. Fitzball; spoke about Talfourd's box, which he promised to take care of. He also spoke to me again from Mr. Osbaldiston, on the subject of an engagement for next year, offering me from him, first, £35 per week, and then £40 per week, and half a clear benefit, with six weeks' vacation. I said I would think about it. Acted 'Ion' pretty well.

I went to supper at the Garrick Club, where—Douglas, in the Chair, R. Price, Vice—Planché, Dance, Jerdan, Forster, Palmer, Lucena, Barham, Dowling, and others, whom I ought not to have forgotten, received Talfourd and self at supper. It was a pleasant evening. Talfourd replied to the encomiums

* The assessment of damages in Bunn v. Macready took place before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a Jury, at the Sheriff's Court, Red Lion Square, on 29th June, 1836. Mr. Thesiger (afterwards Lord Chelmsford) and Mr. Ogle were counsel for the Plaintiff; Serjeant Talfourd and Mr. Whitmore for the Defendant. No evidence was given for the Defendant. The damages were assessed at £150.—Ed.

passed on him with great animation, alluding to his early love for the drama, his interest for Miss Mitford, and his friendship for me, whom he eulogized very warmly. I acknowledged the compliment paid afterwards to myself without embarrassment, and alluded to the pure and benevolent spirit that gave life to Talfourd's work, and to the faith I had in the truth that breathed throughout it. Talfourd was obliged to go down to the house, a message having come that O'Connell had just finished, and that Peel was on his legs—the amendment of Stanley on the Irish tithes. I begged to propose the healths of Jerdan and Forster, as uniform and earnest supporters of the cause of the drama. I alluded in my speech to the want of fidelity to the cause of the art in the actors themselves. Broke up about 2 o'clock.

June 6th.—Mr. Gray called to inquire how far the necessity of prompt payment upon the assessment of damages, in the event of letting judgment go by default, would inconvenience me in a pecuniary point of view, as that was a matter to be considered in arriving at a conclusion upon their proceedings. I told him if the expense was not likely to exceed £1000 the blow might as well, or better, fall at once, as hang over my head. Talfourd wrote to me, wishing to see me on a very particular subject. I surmised it to be the same as Mr. Gray's communication, and sent to say that Mr. Gray would see him.

Elstree, June 8th.—Mr. Osbaldiston talked with me about my engagement, and agreed to give me £40 per week and half a clear benefit for twenty-two weeks. We are to sign, &c., on Saturday.

London, June 9th.—Went with Lardner to call on Jenny Vertpré in Albemarle Street. I found her a very piquante, engaging little creature, but I think profoundly deep. She wished me to act a scene of 'Virginius' on the occasion of her benefit; luckily, though I should have been very happy to have served her, I shall be engaged in the country when her night takes place. I promised to send her a private box for 'Ion' on Saturday.

June 11th.—Sent my travelling pillow to the upholsterers to be covered. Note of invitation to Mrs. Buller, which I answered; and, having written to Catherine and packed up my sword-box, I went to the theatre, where I saw Mr. Osbaldiston,

who would most gladly engage me for a succession of nights to continue the run of 'Ion.'

Went to Garrick Club dinner, where I met Buller, James Smith, Kenyon, Walker, Dowling, Murphy, Rushton, White, Douglas, Raymond, Talfourd, Jarvis, &c. Part of the evening was pleasant. D—— was extremely drunk, and Murphy grew extremely political, which began to be disagreeable; he was very kind in his expressions to me.

June 12th.—The principal, indeed the entire, occupation of my day was packing for my journey and my next Birmingham engagement. Forster called and remained some time, whilst I continued my employment, talking about all sorts of things. He seems to think that Talfourd is quite in earnest about getting up 'Ion' as "private theatricals," and acting Ion himself. He alluded to it at supper last night, but I humoured what I supposed the joke. It begins to look serious, for private actors are very awful personages.

Went to the Bell and Crown, paid my fare, and started for Downham in the Lynn mail. I felt relieved by the removal of all compulsion to think, and idled or slept away the night, catching occasional glimpses of the long stretch of flat, rich country, and having one delightful glance at the beautiful lanthorn of Ely Cathedral.

Wisbeach, June 13th.—Was awoke in passing through the street of Downham. Left the mail and set out in a chaise over the flat fenny tract under the dike of a river, sleeping until I reached the last milestone from Wisbeach. It was 7 o'clock when I got to the inn, made myself a little more comfortable, breakfasted, and began to make up arrears of journal, in which I occupied myself till preparing for rehearsal. Mr. Robertson called, having hunted me out, and gave me very cheering hopes of our houses here, where he says a great excitement is produced. I am not used to produce "excitements," but my penny trumpet has a sound of awe among Liliputians—is it not so? Went to rehearsal, where I very nearly fell asleep as I stood upon the stage in the scene with Osric. I very nearly fell, so completely was I worn down. Dr. Southwood Smith called and left his card, and I found also a note from Mrs. Hill inviting me to supper after the play. Mr. Leach, the Mayor, also called, and was liberal in his proffers of attention. I

answered Mrs. Hill's note, accepting her invitation, and gave Mr. Robertson a book of 'Ion.' I lay down after dinner to sleep on the sofa, and after an hour's sleep was obliged to bestir myself—oh, how reluctantly! Acted Hamlet with a load on every limb, sore feet, and my mind in a doze. I was dissatisfied with myself and every one about me. Went to supper with Mrs. Hill; met Dr. Southwood Smith, and his son and daughter, the latter I liked extremely; passed an agreeable evening.

June 14th.—Went to the theatre, and acted Virginius passably to a very good house. Dentatus had to play a fop in the farce, and he anticipated it in the tragedy, making the Roman Achilles a coxcomb.

June 15th.—Went to the theatre, and met the several checks to the abandonment of myself to Macbeth with tolerable evenness.

The thought of darling Catherine when a girl, as her face looked at me in this very play, arose and pleased my fancy for a short time. Mrs. Hill sent to invite me to supper; I could not go. I find it quite true, as Forster says, that the performance of a character is my day. I can do nothing else of any moment when I have an important part to act. I cannot do it.

Lincoln, June 18th.—It seems difficult to assent to the fact that twenty-one years have passed away since the battle of Waterloo was fought, my greatest interest in which event is derived from the remembrance of Edward's presence there, and the anxiety it occasioned me.

Made up some very heavy arrears of record, which occupied me long. Sauntered out to discover the theatre and see the cathedral; found the first very soon, and was directed to the cathedral, the towers of which rose directly before me. How much pleasure do objects of art afford, particularly when rich in associations as these monastic temples are, whether general as to the usages of past times, or preserving any individual recollections! The front of this beautiful pile held me in delight for some time, and the very observation of its imperfectness is an amusement to the mind. Acted Virginius.

Birmingham, June 20th.—Found a letter from Clarke of Liverpool which annoyed me. How often I am annoyed!

The last time I played at Manchester for nine nights I

received £175; at Liverpool, thirds, and half for six nights. Mr. Clarke now offers to insure me £150 for ten nights. I could scarcely write a civil answer, but at last I think I did, after four angry efforts. The manager called to represent to me that he was the messenger of very bad news; indeed, he did not know that we could play to-night, that the bailiffs were in the theatre! He had desired Mr. Armistead to apprise me of the circumstance, &c. What was to be done? Phipson called. I said that I was bound by law, and could not say I would not play, but would willingly give him a release from my engagement, if he would ask me for it. He said he would see if an arrangement could be made.

June 21st.—Bought an umbrella and went to the theatre, when I rehearsed; and was glad to receive £29 11s., the half of last night's receipts.

June 22nd to June 29th.—[Engagement at Birmingham continued.]

Elstree, July 4th.—To-day is the Anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence. I, as one of the great family of mankind that have profited by that event, thank God for it; how much has the great cause of liberty and improvement been advanced by it!

July 7th.—I turned back to the sad and undignified action, which has cost me so many days of keen and, indeed, agonized suffering. I find a record of imprudence, want of self-government, moroseness, precipitation, imperiousness, and tetchiness that grieves and shames me. The fact of my ill-temper cannot be concealed, nor extenuated when admitted. I am wholly unjustified—religion, philosophy, policy, all cry out against me. I feal weary of self-complaint from the little benefit I have derived from it; if I wish or expect to pass through the remainder of my life with respectability and honour, I must overcome it. I will try to do so, and I implore the blessing of God upon my efforts.

July 8th.—After dinner read a part of 'Northanger Abbey,' which I do not much like. Heavy, and too long a strain of irony on one topic.

July 9th.—Lay down on the sofa, reading Miss Austen's 'Mansfield Park,' in hopes of being sufficiently relieved to go with the children on the water. The novel, I think, has

the prevailing fault of the pleasant authoress's books; it deals too much in descriptions of the various states of mind, into which her characters are thrown, and amplifies into a page a search for motives which a stroke of the pen might give with greater power and interest. Is Richardson her model? She is an excellent portrait painter, she catches a manner to the life.

Sunday, July 10th.—Went with Letitia to afternoon church, when I read in the Greek Testament the second chapter, 1st Thessalonians and sixth John. Is it not strange that John should mention what no other Evangelist alludes to—our Saviour's withdrawal of himself from the multitude, who wished to make him King.

Finished 'Mansfield Park,' which hurries with a very inartificial and disagreeable rapidity to its conclusion, leaving some opportunities for most interesting and beautiful scenes, particularly the detailed expression of the "how and the when" Edward's love was turned from Miss Crawford to Fanny Price. The great merit of Miss Austen is in the finishing of her characters; the action and conduct of her stories I think frequently defective.

London, July 14th.—At Covent Garden Theatre met Mr. Osbaldiston, and, after urging him to engage Mr. Vandenhoff and Miss E. Tree, read my article of agreement to him, to which he assented, and also to my claim of flesh-coloured stockings and to the announcement of my name as first. We talked long, and I was to send him the dates of Lent and Easter.

Elstree, July 19th.—Considered seriously the expediency, the propriety, of giving up my house, and reducing my whole establishment; it presses strongly upon me, but I will not be rash. God grant that I may be wise and just in my resolve. My blessed children, it is for you that I think, and that I will with a cheerful heart resign the luxuries and comforts of my present abode.

July 20th.—The whole of this day, the morning, afternoon, and evening, was passed in examining my accounts, calculating and discussing the subject of my last night's thought. I retired to rest still undecided, unable to ascertain precisely the amount of difference between a town and country residence.

July 21st.—At last came to the decision that the small

difference between town and country would not overweigh the advantages of remaining here, which we accordingly resolved on doing.

London, July 25th.—Went to look at the exhibition of Michael Angelo's drawings; saw many of the studies of the great works I had seen at Rome and Florence. Raffaelle is called divine; Michael Angelo's name has no epithet prefixed, it would be difficult to find one to comprehend the character of his genius. Went to Cox and Co., saw there that Captain Poyntz had again returned himself for purchase, and that Major Tongue would very probably sell. This retards Edward's chance of promotion. I cannot but look on our army as the most unfair of all the unfair means of life which an aristocratic government affords; merit, without money or interest, has scarcely a chance. Look to Philip van Artevelde's first speech on the chances of mankind, and there is written the degree of hope with which courage, honour, and talent may trust themselves to the army for reward.

July 26th.—Met Calcraft at my chambers, who talked about Dublin, and walked with me to Covent Garden Theatre, where I discussed with Mr. Osbaldiston the various points of my engagements, to all of which he yielded, and returned me my copy to be transcribed and sent to him. Called at Garrick Club and waited half an hour for Calcraft by appointment, which he did not keep, and I went on my way to call on Mr. Lover. In my course I purchased at Richter's the 'Fridolin' and 'Romeo and Juliet' of Retzsh. Found Lover at home, and soon after Mrs. Lover and his two pretty children came in. He called with me on Briggs, the Academician, whose price Smith wished to know; I chatted some time with them, and after inviting Mr. and Mrs. Lover for the week after next, I passed on to my affairs. Called on Babbs and gave him orders. Met Mrs. Warren and chatted very cordially with her.

June 27th.—At chambers I found Calcraft, and agreed with him to act the last five weeks of Lent in Dublin, four nights per week, for the sum of £580.

Elstree, July 28th.—Walked round the garden and began to apply myself to my professional study. Chiefly as a general exercise this morning I went over two of the soliloquies of Hamlet. Worked in the garden, clearing and pruning trees

till dinner-time; after dinner was in the garden playing with the children. I then walked down with Catherine and Letitia to the reservoir, taking the dogs with us. Returned with sensations of extreme weariness, fell asleep several times. Received a very nice note with a small case of poems from Miss Howarth. Read two acts of Mr. Heraud's play of 'The Conspiracy.'

July 29th.—Walked in the garden and came in to resume my professional studies, but was detained by a calculation of the receipts and expenditure for the last year, which presented me with a very unsatisfactory surplus for the future. This led me into further consideration of the probable expense of a house in the suburbs of London, and my morning was consumed in the examination of the various plans by which the regulation of my expenses on a moderate scale could be best effected. A letter from Jeston, wishing me to write a sermon for him, to be preached in London. I could have done this once, but my abilities are weakened—my mind has lost much of the strength and activity of its youth. I was in the garden again after dinner; became very much depressed in thinking on my resignation of a country life. The sight of the fields and trees, the pure health of these open skies, the free expanse of the naked heavens, looking quiet, and cheerfulness, and hope to me have at various seasons of melancholy and weariness restored energy and alacrity to my mind and really exhilarated my spirits. I go into the feverish strife of the world, I give up all of pleasure that external things could impart to me in losing the enjoyment of the country, which has to me been truly "an appetite, a feeling, and a love."

London, August 1st.—Came up to town by *Billing's*, in company with Mr. and Miss Lane, Browning, Forster, and Mr. Ainsworth. Parted with my guests apparently well pleased with their excursion. On my way read very nearly the whole of Bulwer's play of 'Cromwell;' though containing some passages happy in thought and strong in expression, I do not think, either in respect to character, arrangement, or poetical beauty, that this play will quite reach the level of his existing reputation.

Cambridge, August 2nd.—Rose very early, and left town at six o'clock for Cambridge; took with me the *Literary Gazette;*

had intended not to purchase a newspaper of the day, but to wait till my return for the account of last night's performance of 'Ion,' on which I could not subdue a certain amount of anxiety. The degree was manifest from the weakness of my purpose. The *Morning Herald* was offered at the coach windows, and I purchased it. The notice upon the tragedy seemed, with the wish to be kind, a gentle letting down of the whole affair. I spelled over the papers and, with the help of a little sleep, thus passed the time of my short journey. After establishing myself in rooms at the Bull Inn, I made my way to Mr. Denman's lodgings, where his mother received me, and gave me the convoy of a little girl to the theatre; here I found Mr. Denman, and was, after a loss of nearly two hours, severally introduced to his "co-mates and brothers" in folly, with whom I began the rehearsal. I was as civil as I could be, and prudently ordered my portmanteau from the inn; dined in my dressing-room, and had only time to array myself for the character of Virginius, when the play began. It went off better than I could have expected, and I was called for at the end, but shirked the coming, being anxious to betake myself early to bed. Although I had prepared myself against any start of passion, and felt myself "king of me," to quote the absurd expression of Dryden, yet as several blunders and inaccuracies fell out, I fell out with them. I must struggle, but fear it is a hopeless conflict, God help me! Mr. Denman begged me to accept a noted copy of Egerton's 'Theatrical Remembrancer,' which I could not refuse; he accompanied me to my inn, and wished to refund the fare to London which I had paid. I used very few words, but very kind and decisive ones, to convince him that I could not accept his intended civility. I inquired of him the occupations of his actors. The president of the club is a solicitor, which seems the aristocratic order of the club, I heard of no grade above it; an artist, an apothecary, stage-coachman, innkeeper, &c., make up the society, for which I took a journey, gave up my time and labour, and very much inconvenienced myself. Spoke to Mr. Denman on the unprofitableness of pursuing such a course, as likely to draw animadversions on himself, and interfere with his professed purpose of taking up a profession.

London, August 3rd.—Forster told me that Browning had

fixed on Strafford for the subject of a tragedy; he could not have hit upon one that I could have more readily concurred in.

Elstree, August 5th.—Finished the perusal of 'Nina Sforza,' a play of very great merit with which I was very much pleased, though it cannot be successful in representation. Person called to tune the piano. Read Heraud's other play of the 'Death of Nero;' an impossible subject, not treated in a manner to give hope of its success.

London, August 8th.—Sent Heraud's two tragedies, 'Conspiracy' and 'Fate of Nero,' to Mr. Osbaldiston with a note wishing to see him. Wrote a short letter to Wightwick of Plymouth, and inclosed a book of 'Ion,' second edition, to him, reclaiming that which I left with him. Was very tired and overcome by faint and drowsy feeling. Looked over stage clothes that require repairs. Went to Garrick Club.

Went to the Haymarket to see 'Ion;' it was tiresome and sleepy to a degree; over at 10 o'clock. Miss Tree's performance of Ion is a very pretty effort, and a very creditable woman's effort, but it is no more like a young man than a coat and waistcoat are. Vandenhoff was frequently very false and very tiresome; some things he did very well. The play was very drowsy, very unreal.

August 9th.—Sent Harding to the theatrical shoemaker; made up three plays in a parcel, with a note to Mr. Osbaldiston, and wrote a note to Mr. Dyer about the retention of my chambers for an additional quarter. Gave orders to the shoemaker and thought a little on my affairs. I find the lesson of content is the happiest that can be taught, but is its existence compatible with that of ambition? I fear not. Saw the panorama of the Lago Maggiore, which called back the memory of sensations and feelings that made me melancholy in the conviction that they can never return; they were the delightful surprises of my youth. Saw also that of Lima, where I can almost fancy I have been; I have at least a clear idea of the kind of place it is.

Elstree, August 11th.—Walked round the garden before breakfast, my mind shaken as to the decision I had made to quit this place. If I intended or wished to continue on the stage for fifteen or twenty years more, there could not be a moment's doubt on the propriety and policy of my course. I ought to go to London, even at a temporary pecuniary sacrifice, but as I hope to achieve

my independence before that time, and give my energies to my children, I am perplexed in forming a decision. Wrote notes, after much deliberation and much discussion with my wife and sister, to Lardner and Wallace, to Sheil, Price, Bullers, and Warrens, inviting them to dine on Tuesday or Wednesday next; to Mr. Troughton, inquiring if he was the author to 'Nina Sforza.' Lay upon the grass and played with my children after dinner. A gentleman and lady called to see the house to-day, and seemed to think it might suit the friend for whom they looked over it. Wrote a letter of thanks to Dow for his two Yorkshire pigs. Heard the dear children their prayers, and showed them the 'Fridolin' of Retzsch. Marked for a country prompt-book 'The Provost of Bruges.

August 12*th.*—Thought upon my prospects, and decided on letting this house only on the rent I pay for it; if unlet when starting for America, to let it at a loss. Read over with great attention Bulwer's play of 'Cromwell.' Received letters from him and Osbaldiston, who declines engaging Miss Huddart; he is a man of no forethought. Played with the children in the field. Marked nearly one half of a book of 'The Provost of Bruges.' Bulwer arrived with Forster; after dinner we discussed the subject of 'Cromwell.' Bulwer listened to the objections with great equanimity, and finally decided on delaying the publication, considering our respective suggestions as to the alteration of the plot, and recasting it. Catherine went early to bed. Bulwer decided on remaining the night.

August 13*th.*—Note from Mr. Troughton, claiming the authorship of 'Nina Sforza.' Bulwer and Forster left us after breakfast.

August 14*th.*—Received notes from Mrs. Buller, on the plea of ill-health, excusing C. Buller, and leaving Arthur's answer in doubt, upon our invitation for Wednesday; from Price, deferring his acceptance till a later period; and from the Ellises, accepting the Tuesday's invitation.

August 15*th.*—Looked through Coleridge's translation of 'Wallenstein' to see if it were possible to turn it to account in representation, but, though abounding with noble passages and beautiful scenes, it is spread over too much space to be contracted within reasonable dimensions.

August 17*th.*—After breakfast we arranged our Luton

expedition, deciding, at their earnest request, on leaving Catherine and Letitia, and taking leave of the Ellises, we filled Mrs. Howarth's carriage and set out. I was indisposed to talk, but was amused with the company, the day, and the country. Visited the abbey of St. Alban's, and again admired its various specimens of architecture. Walked down to St. Michael's by a very pretty shaded path along the river's brink (which constantly recalled to us some shady scene in Lombardy or the south of France) and met the carriage at the church. I went in quest of the key, and, returning, looked again on that *vera effigies* of Bacon, which while we look at, we become possessed with a sort of dreamy notion that the man is not altogether strange to us. We passed on to Luton through the long village of Harpenden, and, noticing the beauty of the porteress at the lodge, we proceeded to the shelter of some large trees and there took our luncheon very merrily. Arrived at the house, we entered our names in the hall, in which are some beautiful cork models of the ruins at Rome, and went through the library and collection of pictures, with many of which I was extremely delighted.

Swansea, August 22nd.—Othello.

August 23rd.—Read, in the history of England, Cromwell's proceedings, in order to write to Bulwer about his play Virginius.

August 24th.—Went to the rehearsal of 'The Provost of Bruges,' where I showed some ill-humour. The fact is, I am angry with people for being very bad actors. It is very unreasonable in me, as they undoubtedly would be better if they only knew how—I must strive to get the better of this folly. After dinner pursued the history of Cromwell. It is only necessary to apply Hume's own principles and reasonings in one place to his sophisms in another to convict him of treason to truth—he could not be a good man, who strove to inculcate such false doctrines.

Went out to post my letters, and walked home in the "fair moonlight" by the Quay; the scene was very sweet and mild. Read in Homer, 'Thetis with Jupiter.' Continued Hume's History, and looked over 'Hamlet;' saw great scope for improvement.

August 28th.—Endeavoured to come to some decision with

regard to the plot of Bulwer's play, but find it more difficult than I had supposed; on one point I am clear, that to make a play of Cromwell, he must begin *de novo* and be content to lose all he has already done; patch-work never is of value.

August 29th.—'Ion.' Began to read, with the hope of finding it adaptable, 'Marino Faliero.'

Tintern, August 30th.—Went to Tintern. Such visits do the mind positive good. Scenery like that which leads to this rare specimen of monastical architecture delights and entrances me; the inability to express our delight, the ever-changing effects of position or of light, make a confused and overflowing sort of pleasure in the mind, that is exhilarating—I was going to say, inebriating: it is very lovely, so sweet and rich, approaching to grandeur, but not reaching the sublime. The entrance to the abbey produces a complete change of emotion. I felt subdued, saddened, and softened by the surpassing beauty of the building, the bewildering and dazzling effect of the sort of tremulous light which glances in and up through the bay windows of the building upon the columns and arches. The sight of this edifice was as a talisman to evoke thoughts; speculative reflections on the tenants and founders of the pile; its actual connection with religion; fancies of the future; the use and end of life—what is it all worth?

Cheltenham, August 31st.—Came in coach to Cheltenham, which I reached comfortably and cheaply enough, and depositing my luggage at the Royal Hotel, went to the theatre. Whilst rehearsing 'Virginius,' the dresser who used to attend me at Bristol, accosted me, and asked if he might wait upon me this evening. I, of course, said "Yes," and desired him to be at the theatre at 5 o'clock; asked him if he had settled here, he said "Yes;" that he did writing for attorneys, &c. Having finished the rehearsal, I went back to the Royal Hotel and dined.

Arranged to go in a fly to Tewkesbury after the play, and ordered my luggage to be taken to the theatre. My dresser was there, and he assisted the porter to bring the things up; in dressing I sent him out with my letters to post, and for some soap. While attending to me he mentioned, that the theatre was a sad place, that Mr. Goldsmid had lost a handkerchief, whilst Mr. Goldsmid and himself were out of the room

for one minute. I gave him my purse and observed that my watch would be safe. He said, Oh, he would not go out of the room all night. The play went on, and I observed he was absent. To my surprise I found the small keys out of my purse on the table. I felt uncomfortable. He had got my watch, purse, ring, &c. I sent for him. Search was made everywhere. He was not to be found or heard of. I sent for Mr. Anderson, and begged him to send a policeman after him; a sort of bustle was made, a messenger sent to his lodgings —all in vain. It now came out that he was a very bad character, living with a common street-walker, and not earning his bread as he stated. He was gone. Policemen sent after him. No tidings. It quite sunk my spirits to lose these gifts and my money, which I valued least; still I rallied against it, and acted Virginius well, but I was quite moved, when I came to miss my ring in dressing. Agreed to act Hamlet on Friday.

Bristol, September 3rd.—The inspector of police came to me about the things I had lost, and it seems the thief is in Bristol.

September 5th.—Thought upon my state of mind, correcting my angry passions and tempering my mind to a cheerful and rational state. Looked over 'Bertulphe,' in which occupation I was interrupted by the visit of a police officer, No. 9, who came to make inquiries respecting my stolen property. From him I learned that the thief had left Bristol; that he was a thief, known; that the property was in the city, and it was manifest that the police officer knew more about it than he chose to admit. He said that had Stevens entered in the police-book the letter he had received from Cheltenham, the thief would have been taken on Saturday morning. Thus is justice done! if I ever recover my property I must buy it back.

September 6th.—Employed my mind in thinking on Othello and endeavouring to fix in my thoughts the manly and chivalrous character of the Moor. Read part of it as I sat at breakfast.

The policeman called again, and consumed some precious moments in dwelling on the duties of his office, but he recompensed my patience by telling me, if I made an appointment with the jeweller before the magistrate, I should have my ring again. I appointed a quarter before two and went to

the rehearsal of Othello, which I went through in a very superior style, most manly, fervid, and measured. Went to the police office, and, after waiting some time, the purchaser of the ring arrived. We went, police with us, before the magistrates. The attention shown me was very particular; I was asked within the rails, and accommodated with a chair by the magistrates. The purchaser was called forward and gave his account (a lame one) of the thief's statement to him, and of his purchase. I stated the impossibility of my being at the sessions to prosecute (19th of October), and agreed to give the jeweller the price he gave for the ring, viz., 4*s*. I went out, saw the man, paid the money, and, telling the police that I would give a reward for the watch and seals, I very joyfully returned to my lodgings with the ring.

September 15*th*.—Read the sweet and tender parting of Hector and Andromache and the departure of Hector and Paris to the field in Homer. I remember, in Pope's translation, I received the impression that Hector chid Andromache for her sorrow, but in Homer it is to me all tenderness. Felt tired and lay down; slept longer than I wished. Read over Wolsey. Went to theatre and acted Cardinal Wolsey tolerably well, in parts very well. Looked at a little of the entertainment, and cannot wonder that people should prefer the repose, instruction, or amusement to be found around their own hearths to the ill-performed trash they too often listen to in our theatres.

September 16*th*.—Received a letter from Bulwer thanking me for my observation on Cromwell, and explaining his engagements with regard to 'La Vallière.' I answered him at once. Dined exceedingly moderately, on one mutton-chop, still felt very drowsy afterwards. Rested and read over 'Ion,' which I acted better than on either of the previous nights. Was rather disconcerted and very slightly dispirited on finding the house bad; but I resolved to use the occasion for study of my art and temper. In the first subject of my discipline I was not unsuccessful as regards 'Ion,' but my temper was overturned, destroyed, and lost by the apparent conspiracy of every one engaged in 'William Tell,' which was played as a second piece, to forget their duty. If not so very provoking it would have been curious to see the general system of blunder

from the prompter to the carpenters. I quite lost all command of myself, and suffered torture in doing so.

September 17*th.*—Going to the theatre, found nothing prepared for the rehearsal, and would not proceed with it until some means were used to possess the performers with a slight knowledge of what they were to do. We waited an hour for the property man and for the leader of the band; then one of the actors went away, who was also sent for. At last I rehearsed the part of Melantius, which is too monotonous in its character to be a great part. Here is £150 lost, paid for three of its scenes to Mr. S. Knowles, besides my own time.

Shrewsbury, September 26*th.*—Ion. 27*th.*—Virginius.

September 28*th.*—William Tell. Went over with care the dagger soliloquy of Macbeth, which I think I can improve, and I feel I must (as this is the only profession by which I have a chance of earning my own independence and my children's education) give my mind diligently to it.

Went to rehearsal. How exceedingly distasteful to me is the character of William Tell, I cannot throw myself into it now.

Acted William Tell to an indifferent house but indifferently. How much I wish that all tyrants were like the Gesler of this evening, and then mankind would rise *en masse* and smother them. I never saw his fellow—Termagaunt and Herod were fools and innocents to him—and he enjoyed it. I envied him the relish he had for his own grimacings and intonations. Happy being!

In thinking upon the very little I do in life beyond attending to my profession, and to that I cannot give much attention out of the theatre, I was surprised to find that, in these country engagements where I have usually a daily rehearsal, the time that is consumed in the theatre, rehearsing and acting, is very rarely, if ever, less than eight hours! This does not leave much time or spirits for other labours.

September 29*th.*—Macbeth.

Worcester, October 1*st.*—Ion.

Elstree, October 2*nd.*—Anticipated the call of the servant, and was down to breakfast, and took my departure by the six o'clock coach; found Mr. Anfossi, the double-bass player, my companion; we talked over music meetings; Malibran, her predecessors in opera; Tramezzani, who went mad from

his failure in Paris—something for very harsh critics to pause upon; and Ambrogetti, who has become a Trappist! I slept occasionally, and went over to myself the character of Werner, endeavouring to guard against monotony and tameness, and above all to set myself above impatience and ill-temper.

London (*Covent Garden*), *October* 3*rd*.—Macbeth. 5*th*.—Werner.

October 6*th*.—Tried to read King John, but, if one has not made oneself master of a character before the day of performance, it is not then to be done; all is chance, and raw, and wild—not artistic-like.

Acted King John in a style very much beneath myself—no identity, no absorbing feeling of character; the house was great, and at the close (my dying scene was the best) there were calls for Kemble and myself; we went on together. I do not fancy these duets.

October 10*th*.—An application for relief from Mr. Y——, an indifferent actor and not a good man. He strove to run his sword into my father on the stage at Manchester, and when my father asked him why he was so violent, he said, "Because you struck me, sir!" which, in the character of Cassio, my father had to do. I gave him what I ought not to have given him.

Went to theatre. Acted Macbeth as badly as I acted well on Monday last. The gallery was noisy, but that is no excuse for me; I could not feel myself in the part. I was labouring to play Macbeth: on Monday last I was Macbeth.

Elstree, October 15*th*.—Rose late, and canvassed with my counsel of the Home Department the best mode of arrangement in inviting Mr. Forrest to our home. Wrote a note of invitation to him.

London, October 17*th*.—Note from Notter, the box-office keeper, informing me of what I saw in the *Times*, viz., that the *Doncaster*, from the Mauritius, had been lost off the reef of Cape Agulhas, and every soul on board perished. Among the various articles washed on shore with the dead bodies was the lid of a box directed to W. Macready, Esq., Elstree, Herts. Something from John Twiss. What a fate for those lost, and for those who have lost them!

Heraud called, and I was delayed by a son of poor Conway,

who called to ask me to make some inquiry after his father's property (I fear to no purpose), and also if I could assist him in his views of going on the stage, for which he was about to relinquish very good prospects—so infatuated was he. I read him a very long lecture, and tried to convince him of his folly. He left me, I fear, unpersuaded. Price told me he was in great alarm for the success of the 'Gladiator,' in which Mr. Forrest is to appear this evening. I told him that Bartley had said it would do.

Dow called, and brought me the news of the Drury Lane representation, viz., that Mr. Forrest had quite succeeded, and that the play had been as completely damned. His opinion was, that he was a very good actor, but he did not think him a great one. I cannot of course have, as yet, any opinion; but this I know, that when I saw him nine years ago, he had everything within himself to make a very great actor.

October 21*st*.—Went to rehearsal, where I was depressed by finding myself not possessed with the character of Othello, and annoyed by the carelessness of the people about the arrangement of the last scene. Oh, what a change has taken place in this theatre! I remember it offering accommodation to the actor in every particular, and now it is a dirty desert except before the curtain, which perhaps may be looked on as a reproof to my complaint.

October 25*th*.—At the theatre there was a violent disturbance from the overcrowded state of the pit; the audience demanded that the money should be returned, the play could not be heard. Charles Kemble went forward, addressed the audience, spoke to Mr. Wallack—but by merely temporising he effected nothing. The first scene ended in dumb show. Mr. H. Wallack went forward in the next scene, but his speech was shuffling, evasive—anything but an answer to the downright demand of "Return the money!" The audience would not allow the play to proceed and, at last, after speaking to Mr. Vandenhoff, I went forward. I said "Under the circumstances of peculiar inconvenience from which so many seemed to be suffering, I scarcely know what to say, and that if I should say anything that might appear to give offence either to them or the management, I hoped I should stand excused; but as the only means of remedying the present inconvenience and relieving both those who

were desirous of going and those who wished to remain, if the ladies or gentlemen who could not obtain room would require their money from the door-keeper, and tell him to charge it to my account, I should be most happy to be responsible for it." The whole house cheered very enthusiastically, and like the sea under the word of Neptune, the waves were instantly stilled.

Elstree, Sunday, October 30th.—Whilst I was dressing, Messrs. Forrest, J. Price, and Jones arrived. We talked in the drawing-room with Browning and Dow, till the arrival of Talfourd and Mr. T. R. Price and White. Introduced all to Forrest. Asked him to take Mrs. Macready down. Spent an agreeable and cheerful afternoon.

London, November 2nd.—Read Bulwer's play of the 'Duchess of La Vallière' in Mr. Osbaldiston's room. The actors and actresses were, or seemed to be, very much pleased with the play, but I cannot put much confidence in them.

November 3rd.—Called on Miss Martineau, who told me of many friends she had seen in the United States, and of her intended book upon the country. She liked Clay the best of the American statesmen. She is a very zealous abolitionist, but, I think, has got some illusive notions on the actual state of opinion on that perplexing question. She spoke in the warmest terms of Mrs. Butler; her qualities of head and heart.

November 17th.—Went with Forster to Colnaghi's, and spoke to him about the costumes for Bragelone, which he promised to send me. Called at Gass's and paid £31 10*s.* for Miss E. Tree's present, ordered seals, and looked for, without choosing, some ornament to give to Talfourd in remembrance of his advocacy of my cause.

November 18th.—Acted Brutus with more self-possession than on the first night, and learned some things in the performance. It is one of those characters that requires peculiar care, which only repetition can give, but it never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see represented. I am pleased to hear that every paper noticed the Senate scene, which I induced Mr. Osbaldiston to have.

November 19th.—Browning came with Dow to bring me his tragedy of Strafford; the fourth act was incomplete. I requested him to write in the plot of what was deficient. Dow drove me

to the Garrick Club, while Browning wrote out the story of the omitted parts. I found remaining of the party of eighteen who sat down to the dinner given to Mr. Forrest—himself, Talfourd (in the Chair,) Mr. Blood opposite, S. Price, C. Kemble W. Jones, Zachary (!), Dance, Murphy, Raymond and three others, unknown. I greeted Forrest, and told him I was anxious to be among his hosts; Talfourd mentioned that my health had been drunk very cordially, but repeated it in my presence. I was drunk to, and briefly stated that "The attention was unexpected; that I came to pay, not to receive, a compliment; and could assure my highly-talented friend, if so, that no one extended the hands of welcome to him more fervently or sincerely than myself, in doing which I only endeavoured to repay a small part of the debt of gratitude which had been heaped on me by the kindness of his countrymen," &c. C. Kemble wished that we should take wine together, which we did. Browning and Dow soon summoned me, and I received the MS., started in a cab to Kilburn, where I found a chaise, *vice* fly, waiting for me. I bought a couple of cigars and smoked to Edgware. Got comfortably to Elstree and found, thank God, all in tolerable health.

November 26th.—Went to Talfourd's. Met Kenyon, whom I much like, White, Lane, and some agreeable men. Found on my return to chambers a note from a Mr. Milford, asking my autograph. Talfourd had mentioned his intention of making a book of the autographs of the distinguished persons from whom he had received letters on his 'Ion'—a most interesting collection, and what a treasure to the child who inherits it.

Elstree, November 27th.—Dr. Elliotson arrived. Saw and prescribed for Letitia; he took tea with us. I liked him very much. He talked of Dr. Gregory, the homœopathic system, of which he expressed the absurdity, and other subjects very agreeably. I gave him a cheque for twelve guineas, which I hope was right, thanked him, and he left us greatly relieved by his visit.

London, December 1st.—Acted Virginius as well as my temper and the state of the play would let me. Mr. Osbaldiston would not suffer the supernumeraries to be rehearsed on account of the expense,15 *s.*! Called for and went on with no pleasure.

Dow came into my room and told me my orders were stopped! I had over-written myself.

December 2nd.—Lay very late—uneasy, unhappy; my spirits in the lowest depth; no cheering prospect before me; sickness at my home; neglect and labour here. Life is indeed "as tedious as a twice-told tale." What are we sent for here without the power of acting up to good intentions, of improving our minds, or of elevating our conditions? Such surely is my case. My days flow by and are bearing me to my grave the same worthless, sinful, wretched being that I have ever been—perhaps even worse than I have ever been.

December 7th.—Went to rehearsal of 'La Vallière.' Mrs. Glover observed to me, hoping I should not be offended at the observation, that she had never seen such an improvement in any person as in myself lately. I told her I was extremely gratified to hear her say so, since every art needed study and was progressive in its course towards perfection. Rehearsed Bragelone.

December 13th.—M—— of Drury Lane called, wishing to ask my advice upon his present state, which is that of an insolvent in danger of arrest, and with a reduced salary unable to support his family. I told him that his scheme of a benefit was quite visionary and impracticable; but that if he wished me to speak to Mr. Osbaldiston for him I would do so, and should he engage him I would lend him £40 (the amount for which he is embarrassed), to be repaid me at £1 per week. He expressed himself very grateful to me for this suggestion and left.

Read some odes of Catullus, some notes of Lord Byron's, some pages of 'The Giaour.' Wrote to Edward and made up a copy of 'La Vallière' with the letter to him. Wrote to Catherine and to H. Smith. Read over the part of Bragelone and the early part of 'Othello.'

Elstree, December 23rd.—Mr. Pope called and pronounced Lêtitia much better. Went over Bragelone, after telling two stories to my children and hearing their prayers. Began to read a new book of instruction in arithmetic, by which I learnt the meaning of what, as a boy, I had repeatedly galloped through by dint of quickness, but without ever understanding what I was doing; and this is often the case with what is termed education. I was very much pleased with the book.

London, December 27th.—I lingered away my morning with Letitia and the children, and at the fixed hour set out with Catherine, Willie, and the footman in the old carriage. It is the last time we shall ever ride in it, and I feel all the regret of parting with an old friend and companion; how many happy hours have I passed in it—at one time, when I had no home, it felt like a home to me. It has served me now thirteen years—to-morrow I part with it. It has so often been the witness of my sorrows and my joys, that I almost feel a superstitious grief at parting with it. I know how childish this is. But——

December 28th.—Called at Johnson and Allen's, where I saw our new carriage and gave orders for horses to it, desiring Mr. Johnson to call and be paid. Paid Mr. Johnson £100 for the carriage. Placed dearest Catherine and Willie in it, with my secret wishes that they might long enjoy it.

1837.

[Sentences at beginning of Diary:]

"The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression."

"Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory."

"A furious man cannot be justified, for the sway of his fury shall be his destruction."

"A patient man will bear for a time, and afterwards joy will spring up to him."

January 2nd.—Acted Lord Hastings very, very ill indeed, in the worst possible taste and style. I really am ashamed to think of it; the audience applauded, but I deserve some reprobation. I have no right to trifle with any, the least important, character; whatever is good enough to play is good enough to play well, and I could have acted this character very well if

I had prepared myself as I should have done. Without study I can do nothing. I am worse than a common nightly drudge.

January 3rd.—Before I rose thought over some scenes of Bragelone; saw Mr. Brewster and arranged my coiffure with him. Griffiths called also about my dress. Went to theatre, found they had begun before the appointed time. Rehearsed Bragelone; suggested some improvements in the arrangements of the last scene. Tried on and settled my dress. Bulwer and Forster were there; Bulwer liked what I did, but authors are no judges of the performance of their own plays. The rehearsal was not over till past 4 o'clock.

January 4th.—Received, in a note from Forster, an invitation to supper from Lady Blessington. Acted Bragelone well, with earnestness and freshness; some passages were deficient in polish. Being called for, I did not choose to go on without Miss Faucit, whom I led forward. The applause was fervent, but there had been considerable impatience manifested through the play, which did not end until 11 o'clock! Dow, Fitzgerald, Browning, Talfourd and his son Frank, C. Buller, came into my room; they all seemed to think much of my performance. Bulwer came in when they had gone, and in the most energetic and ardent manner thanked me for my performance, and for making him cut out the first scene of the fifth act, which I had done. Mr. Standish took Forster and myself to Lady Blessington's; Count D'Orsay and herself received me most warmly. Bulwer drove me home, all his talk was 'La Vallière.'

January 7th.—Browning called, and we talked about 'La Vallière,' &c.; he gave me an interesting lithographic print of Richard from some old tapestry. Took an omnibus to the city, called on Mr. Harris, went with his son to the bank, where I sold out £900 Three per Cent. Consols, and returned; went to H. Smith, with whom I had some conversation, and who entered me in the venture on a cargo of cinnamon to the amount of £500.

January 10th.—Bulwer took Forster and myself in his cab to the Albion, Aldersgate Street, where the Garrick Club gave their complimentary dinner to C. Kemble. I was beckoned soon to the cross-table and taken there by Captain Williams and placed between Sir G. Warrender and Standish. Sir G. Warrender introduced me to the Chairman, Lord Francis

Egerton. Captain W. had come to me twice or three times, to ask me to return thanks when "The stage and its professors" was drunk. I declined, but saw at last that I had no power of retreat. The toast was given by Mr. S. Price. I replied, first, to him—in reference to his allusion to the American stage—expressing the cordial feeling that all actors felt towards that country who had visited it, and of my own particular attachment to it; that the toast which had been given, in referring to what we possessed, made us more strongly feel what we had to deplore; that the sentiment of regret was universal among the members of the profession at the loss of our guest, and that none was more sorry to lose his companionship than myself, when I reflected how, in "many a well-fought field, we had kept together in our chivalry;" that I was only expressing the general feeling of the professors of the art in congratulating him upon and lamenting his retirement, and that I only uttered their wishes in my desire for every joy, every good, that the remainder of his life could give him.

January 18th.—Forster inquired of me, if I were willing to undertake an edition of Shakespeare. I said that I should like the task, and had thought of it, but that I could not venture on the attempt whilst occupied with my profession. He said Moxon was the person who wished it, and that he would speak of it as a thing for my hours of retirement.

Met Miss Stephens. We talked very cordially, she asking me why I did not sometimes call as I passed, and observing that she had never been so happy as when she was on the stage. Ah, me! how much I wish I had her means of being free from it.

January 22nd.—A little before 5 o'clock I was awoke with a very torturing pain at my heart, which only just allowed me to draw my breath; I raised myself in bed, and strove to bear it, but after an ineffectual effort was forced to get up. I walked about, but the agony of the pain was intense. I went into the sitting room, and after waiting a short time, finding the anguish of the part increase, and my strength diminishing in consequence, I rang the bell; old Freeman came up, and I requested him to call up the servant, light my fire, and send instantly for Healy. I returned to my bed and, from the continued suffering, thought that death was not far distant;

indeed, that I might possibly die before Earle could reach me. I accused my negligent procrastination in not having sent for him yesterday, but submitted myself to the will of God, thinking over how very much I had to be thankful for in my wife and children, calculating what I had to leave them, and in whom to repose the trust of taking care of their property. The pain wearied down to a milder form when drawing a very low breath, and so continued till H. Earle came; he examined the whole region of the heart; applied the stethoscope and decided that the heart was tranquil, the membrane near it being affected by rheumatism. He prescribed, and said he did not think it likely that I could play to-morrow. I requested Catherine to write this to Mr. Osbaldiston, which she did. A mustard poultice gave me considerable relief; H. Earle called again about 2 o'clock and spoke decisively upon the danger of any attempt to play to-morrow. Catherine wrote again on this point to Osbaldiston, mentioning my hope that I should be able to act Richard on Thursday. I humbly and devoutly thank God for all His mercies, and particularly for the amended state of feeling in which I retire to my bed, when this morning I did not know how soon I might quit life and all that makes it dear. I humbly and fervently pray for His blessing on my beloved wife and children.

January 23rd.—It is an extraordinary coincidence that some ill-fortune always seems to attend my announcement in 'King Richard III.' About three years since I was attacked with pleurisy at Nottingham, when coming up to perform it. Last year I broke out in folly on the same occasion; and now I lose a week's salary, the cost of my dress and expenses, much trouble, and not a little suffering. But God's will be done.

Elstree, January 27th.—A letter from Mr. B——, of Drury Lane Theatre, requesting my interest with Talfourd in an application to the Recorder and to the Secretary of State on the approaching trial of his wife for felony! She is to be tried next Monday; from long indulgence in habits of drunkenness she has been led to the perpetration of various felonious acts, and at last her husband allows her to go to trial in hope that confinement in the Penitentiary may reclaim and restore her to her family and friends.

Merciful Heaven!—to what does our weakness and guilt

subject us! I recollect this creature—young and lovely and intelligent—and now! I was deeply afflicted by the application to me, thinking on the infirmities and liabilities of human nature. It is not mine as a disciple of Christ to condemn. I can only follow the dictates of compassion.

Dublin, February 14th.—Calcraft called to tell me that Mr. C——, the representative of Macduff last night, had been hissed so very much that it would be impossible to continue him in those characters for which he had cast him in my plays, and he wished to consult me on his course, premising that he had sent the prompter to apprise him of the impossibility of permitting him to retain the character. He talked much as he always does, and alluded to his "friendship" for me, which of course passed unnoticed by me. I told him that nothing could be suggested until he ascertained the tone which Mr. C—— would take in the matter. He showed me a newspaper which, speaking of some part of my Macbeth, pronounced Mr. C—— an excellent Macduff, bringing to the character all the &c., &c. Is not this enough to sicken an artist who labours to discover and present truth.

February 18th.—Went in a coach to the theatre; felt very weak indeed; the house was very bad. Lord Mulgrave came in about the second act. I played Werner with great care, with much force and taste. I did not quite realise my intentions in the second act, but when I am well and master of myself I will greatly increase its effect. Mr. Ole Bull, who had been *ravi*, wished to be introduced to me. Felt stronger after the play, how very strange.

February 19th.—Read some chapters in '*Candide*,' the reason and wit in them makes me deplore the coarseness and bestiality that deforms the work. Read aloud the 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso'—charming, delicious melodies; some passages in the last book of 'Paradise Lost' and some in last part of 'Paradise Regained;' also the conclusion of Thomson's 'Winter.' Took some exercise and practised part of Brutus, second act. Read Milton's version of eight psalms, and his grand ode on the Nativity of our Saviour.

February 20th.—Went to the theatre. Was resolved to make some effort to act William Tell (which I detest) in a manly natural, and impressive manner, carefully avoiding the tendency

to falsetto tones, to weakness of character, or melodramatic action and deportment. I began remarkably well, the address to the mountains and the whole scene at Grutli was unexceptionable. The second act was good, but, as the play advanced, some abominable half-drunken ruffians were shouting "Hear" and "Bravo" at every striking effect and almost quelled me, and certainly cast a gloom on the house, which was disconcerted and disturbed by their interruptions. I lost my patience, by which I got nothing. Lord and Lady Mulgrave were at the theatre again to-night.

February 22nd.—We acted 'Bertulphe' to a miserable house, not in a style satisfactory to me. I was utterly without support. It is impossible to "do battle" here, the sinews of war are like scorched flax. I was affected by the inefficiency round me, but I made the best rally I could; still, much cannot be said for it, it was scarcely a saving game.

February 24th.—Went to the rehearsal of 'Julius Cæsar,' which will be a very tedious affair indeed.

Returning to lodgings, I resumed the 'Hecyra,' and became so much interested in it, that I read until the twilight made me lay the small print aside. In the morning I had read some pages of Greek Grammar. Note of invitation from Colonel D'Aguilar for Friday next, which I answered in acceptance.

February 25th.—Walked a little way up the road, and, returning to my lodgings, read the passage in Homer of Neptune's and Juno's conversation on rescuing Æneas from Achilles. There is surely something very remarkable in the prophetic words of Neptune. What was the real history of Æneas? Finished the 'Hecyra' of Terence, with many parts of which, breathing the most exquisite tenderness and displaying the most refined feeling, as well as those sparkling with passion, humour, and character, I have been greatly delighted. Read the charming tale of '*A celui qui Console*,' and the chapter of '*Poco-curante*' in Voltaire, and laid down to rest; slept till time to go to the theatre. Acted Bertulphe with effort and devoid of ease, miserably surrounded, not supported, (still I must not seek excuses for myself,) wanted *aplomb*, collectedness, natural flow of passion. At my lodgings read with great interest the conclusion of the debate on the Irish Municipal Bill,

with Sheil's splendid speech. Let those who think little of the advantages of labour look at the result of that man's application. Like Demosthenes, he was hissed at the Catholic Association when in its infant state, and is now the most eloquent man in the Imperial Parliament. On one occasion that he was hissed, he extorted the applause of his assailants by observing to them: "You may hiss, but you cannot sting!"

February 26th.—Read some pages in Greek Grammar, and some in Homer, the struggle round the body of Patroclus. The criticism is very descriptive that says Homer makes his men gods and his gods men, but it should be added, a very indifferent set of men. How judiciously has he made Menelaus "Μαλθακός αἰχμητής," for had he been otherwise, the force of his wrongs must have pressed him into the foremost place.

Read the two odes of Horace to Neobule and to Fons Bandusiæ, which is graphic; one sees the warm and transparent tints of Claude in it and hears the silver sound of the leaping rill—it is charming. Read two fables of La Fontaine. After dinner indulged myself with several chapters of 'Tom Jones.' I can only believe, when I read Fielding, that persons speak in utter ignorance of his wit, humour, profound thought, satire, and truth of character when they set Scott above him, or even compare the two writers. Read over the part of Ion, and afterwards that of Brutus.

March 2nd.—Acted Hamlet in a very, very superior manner to such a house as I have rarely, if ever, seen in Dublin before. There did not appear to be more than ten pounds in it. I was not well, but I was resolved to show in the first place, that the performance did not merit such utter neglect; and, in the second place, I thought it best so far to profit by the occasion as to use the night for study. Much of the play I acted in my very best manner—the soliloquy of the second act, and the whole of the fifth I never acted so well. It is very hard that this character, which is decidedly the most finished of any I represent, should be so neglected through the ignorance of those who have decried me in it.

March 3rd.—To-day I am forty-four years of age. Before I left my bed, I gave my mind to long and earnest reflection on the occurrences of my past life—on the unhappiness which, in my portion of good and ill, had fallen to my lot, and of its

cause. Most of it is to be traced to myself, to my own violent passions, to the want of self-direction and command under events which seemed at war with my interests or feelings. The necessity of renewing and increasing my efforts to subdue my will; to bring my irritable will under the strong curb of reason; to think less of myself in relation to others; to extirpate the envious and vindictive feelings which still lurk within my disposition: the indispensable necessity of thus regenerating my mind—if I am to hope for the mercy of Almighty God, if I am to afford an example which may teach and form my children, if I am to know the blessing of a tranquil state of being—appeared clearly and palpably to me.

Prayed to God to confirm me in my good resolves, and rose with a lighter heart than I have felt these many days.

Went to dine at Colonel D'Aguilar's, met Major Hankey, the principal amateur performer here, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan and her niece, Miss Clarke, Miss Hopkins, and Frank Sheridan.

The conversation was lively and diversified. Colonel D'Aguilar mentioned an anecdote of Sir Sidney Smith, in instance of his great but harmless egotism. Having minutely narrated the circumstances of his escape from the Temple, and upon Colonel D'Aguilar's expression of his gratification at the great interest of the relation, he significantly put the question: "Did you ever hear me tell it in French?" "No," replied D'Aguilar. "Then I'll tell it you," which he did, fact for fact, only varying the language.

March 11*th.*—Agreed with Calcraft on the mode of settling the amount due: having remitted £82 and lost by illness £58, and having received £20, there is due £420. He engages to give me £120 cash, and bills within two months for the remaining £300, "Which," he says, "shall be paid."

Acted the tragedy scene of Puff in 'The Critic' very well for the last time that I ever will appear in that part—it is *infra dig.* During this engagement I have never once been before the curtain at the end of the play; this is curious, taken in connection with its general ill-success.

Elstree, March 18*th.*—Received a note from Forster, appointing Monday for the visit of himself and Browning about 'Strafford.' I answered him, assenting to his proposal. Walked out with the children through Aldenham Park and the wood.

Read before dinner a few pages of 'Paracelsus,' which raises my wonder the more I read it. Sat with the children, narrating stories to them. Looked over two plays which it was not possible to read, hardly as I tried. They are utter trash, and it is really trying to one's patience to lose so much time over such worthless hopeless stuff; I cannot longer afford the time. Read some scenes in 'Strafford,' which restore one to the world of sense and feeling once again.

March 19*th*.—In talking after breakfast, fell into the discussion of the propriety of removing or remaining in this house. The necessity of settling this important question induced me to investigate, in my best ability, the probable expenses of each course: whether to let this house at a low rent, so as to insure its occupation, and live in London, or to take a furnished house for the winter months and retain this as a summer residence?

I dare not risk my children's health by limiting their exercise in a close house in London after being habituated to the freedom and pure air of the garden and fields. If we went to town, I must have a house with some ground about it, and being obliged to see some company, it could not be a very cheap one. I should be uncomfortable, uneasy, if I were obliged to shut up my children in town. Besides these scruples, the uncertainty of my destiny, viz., whether I may, or may not be engaged in London the next or the following winter, whether in another year or two I may not (as is very probable) be forced to go to America, makes me hesitate in venturing on the expense of another lease.

I compute my present expenses attendant upon my mode of residence thus:

	£
Rent	111
Chambers	122
Journeys, self	42

If I should take a furnished house in town, let my land here, dispose of my animals, dispense with an outdoor servant, my expenses would stand thus:

	£
Rent	93
Extra expense	30
Carriage, goods	10
„ of self	5
House in town	105

If I should let this place at a low rent, and take a house on lease, independent of my responsibilities, I calculate my expenses at:

	£	s.
Rent, house in town	130	0
Residue of Elstree rent	42	15
Extras	30	0
Expense of removal and new furniture, divided into seven years	45	0
Change of air for children	50	0

If we sailed for America in three years, the expense of removal, &c., would, divided among our year of residence, exceed £100 per annum. I have therefore decided on what appears to me the safest and, under the circumstances, the cheapest plan, viz., to take a moderate house in town for the winter months. Let our land, &c., here, and endeavour to circumscribe our outgoings. If we can reduce our expenditure in this place, as I hope, we shall do well, and even if it does not exceed our present disbursement, I shall economise my time greatly, and be much more with my family.

The day flew by in talking over, calculating, and musing on this important and harassing subject. Read 'Strafford' in the evening, which I fear is too historical; it is the policy of the man, and its consequence upon him—not the heart, temper, feelings, that work on this policy, which Browning has portrayed—and how admirably. Read prayers to the family. Again took up calculations, and went through every item of last year's expenditure, classing the particulars, in order to see where the great waste might be—which employment kept me up till 1 o'clock.

London, March 28th.—'Othello.' Sent private box, with a hasty note, to Miss Martineau.

A youth called to know if I taught elocution, and on my information he went off very abruptly. Dow called and did not remain very long. Used the little time left me by these ill-timed visitors in reading part of Othello—for which I was totally unprepared. Went to the theatre and resolved to do my best: my reception encouraged me, and I made the best I could of my raw and uncertain notion. I spoke the address to the Senate particularly well; thought of an improvement in its conclusion, and also another in cashiering Cassio. I made the best

effort in my power under the circumstances, but it was a crude, unpolished performance; the audience persisted in calling for me, and I went on at last.

March 30th.—Brewster called so late to cut my hair and try King Richard's coiffure, that I was obliged to send an excuse for my want of punctuality to Mr. Osbaldiston.

I went to the theatre soon afterwards and read to Mr. Osbaldiston the play of 'Strafford;' he caught at it with avidity, agreed to produce it without delay on his part, and to give the author £12 per night for twenty-five nights, and £10 per night for ten nights beyond. He also promised to offer Mr. Elton an engagement to strengthen the play.

April 4th.—Browning called in with alterations, &c.; sat and talked whilst I dined. A young gentleman came in, who spoke with a foreign accent, and, on speaking to him in French, he replied in the same language, telling me he was a Greek—that he was an enthusiastic lover of the drama, and such an admirer of mine, that he called to request my autograph in his album. I introduced Browning to him as a great tragic poet, and he added his name. The youth told us that he was setting off for Athens directly. He was an interesting, lively person.

April 18th.—In thinking this morning upon my own advancement in public opinion, and its many disadvantages and impediments, the truth passed convincingly on my mind, that no labour is thrown away; PATIENCE—that great virtue, that true philosophy, that alleviation of all toil and care—and industry are sure of their reward: it is the impatience of obscurity, the immature anxiety for reward and distinction, that makes empirics.

April 20th.—Thinking long on the necessity of continual study and practice to give finish to my representations. Shakespeare's characters are living, historical portraits of minds, the actions are merely results of the individual dispositions; in other authors it is by actions that some phase of mind is attempted to be made conspicuous.

April 21st.—Came to town by *Bryant*, reading Catullus, and an elegy of Tibullus. It is vexatious to be obliged to turn away from so many of the poems of the former writer, who expresses with blended heartiness and elegance thoughts and feelings with which all time will sympathise.

April 26th.—Sold our Alderney cow for £12.

Acted Macbeth in many parts extremely well to an audience who appeared collected purposely to see me in the part. Much of it I really did well; deportment, countenance, energy, and reality were all called for, and most enthusiastically received.

April 27th.—Gave the evening to the perusal and study of 'Strafford.'

April 28th.—Thought over some scenes of 'Strafford' before I rose, and went out very soon to the rehearsal of it. There is no chance in my opinion for the play but in the acting, which by possibility might carry it to the end without disapprobation; but that the curtain can fall without considerable opposition, I cannot venture to anticipate under the most advantageous circumstances.

In all the historical plays of Shakespeare, the great poet has only introduced such events as act on the individuals concerned, and of which they are themselves a part; the persons are all in direct relation to each other, and the facts are present to the audience. But in Browning's play, we have a long scene of passion—upon what? A plan destroyed, by whom or for what we know not, and a parliament dissolved, which merely seems to inconvenience Strafford in his arrangements.

April 29th.—Brewster called with my wig for Strafford.

A year ago I was hurried into the intemperate and frenzied act of striking Mr. Bunn. My sufferings from compunction have been very great, not perhaps more than my folly has deserved; but I pray to God, that I may never again so far forget what is due to His laws, to myself, and to society.

May 1st.—Called at the box-office about the boxes and places for which I had been applied to. Rehearsed Strafford. Was gratified with the extreme delight Browning testified at the rehearsal of my part, which he said was to him a full recompense for having written the play, inasmuch as he had seen his utmost hopes of character perfectly embodied.

Read Strafford in bed, and acted it as well as I could under the nervous sensations that I experienced. Edward and Henry Bulwer, Fitzgerald, Talfourd, Forster, Dow, Browning (who brought his father to shake hands with me) and Jerdan came into my room.

Elstree, May 6th.—Was happy to walk in the garden once again, to feel the soft freshness of the air, and listen to the

music of the birds around me. Looked at my accounts, and entered some arrears of record. Walked out with the dear children, Nina and Willie, round by Stanmore Common; was rather tired, which shows I am not very strong. The country and every object in it was pleasant to my sight and heart. Heard my dear babes their prayers and hymns. Wrote answers to the letters of Messrs. Bradshaw and Knight, the first wishing me to read a play of his called 'Cromwell' ("Use lenity, sweet chuck"), the other wanting me to revive 'The Tempest.'

May 7th.—A letter from Ransom acknowledging £118 7*s.* 3*d.*, the proceeds of my benefit.

London, May 18th.—Acted Posthumus in a most discreditable manner, undigested, unstudied. Oh, it was most culpable to hazard so my reputation! I was ashamed of myself; I trust I shall never so commit myself again. The audience applauded, but they knew not what they did; they called for me with Miss Faucit. I refused to go on, until I found it necessary to go in order to hand on the lady. They then called for Mr. Elton, and he went on.

May 20th.—Webster told me he had taken the Haymarket, and proposed an engagement to me, settling to call on me in the morning.

May 21st.—Mr. Webster and I talked over the engagement he had spoken of last night. I dissuaded him from it in the strongest manner, fearing its success, and more than half wishing not to go. I asked high terms, which he tried in vain to make me moderate.

Went to dine with Bulwer, with whom I met Fonblanque, Auldjo, Count D'Orsay, Fred Reynolds, Mill and Trelawney, and some other persons. It was a very pleasant day. His house is fitted up in the best taste, and he is well learned in the *savoir vivre*. From thence I went to Mrs. Leicester Stanhope's, where I saw a crowd, and remained but a short time.

May 23rd.—Webster came into my room, and after a long conversation upon the bargain, it was concluded. For two months at the Haymarket Theatre, £20 per night, at three nights per week, the first fortnight; to return £10 per night the third week if 'The Bridal' be produced, for which I am to receive £12 per night additional; during its run to throw in an additional night per week, or, if it fails, to be liable to be

called on for a fourth night, extra work at £10 per night. Acted Posthumus.

May 28th.—Left dear home in the carriage a little after six, and reached Lady Blessington's about a quarter before eight. Found there Fonblanque, Bulwer, Trelawney, Procter, Auldjo, Forster, Lord Canterbury, Fred Reynolds, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie, Kenney, a young Manners Sutton, Count D'Orsay and some unknown. I passed an agreeable day, had a long and interesting conversation in the drawing-room (what an elegant and splendid room it is!) with D'Orsay on pictures.

Elstree, June 1st.—Took out Catherine and the children in the carriage. Drove to Pinner Wood, and went through the ground, looking again at scenes where I spent some very happy hours, and where the quiet of its beauty enabled me to hear the voice within that warned me to subdue my restless passions, and strive to improve my mind and heart. I have striven, but, God knows, not as I should have done. Still His mercy has been over me, and humbly do I pray for its continuance, and that of His divine bounty.

June 3rd.—A person, calling himself Mr. Monteagle, of good property, wished to know what I should require for instructing him so completely, as to bring him not exactly up to my own degree of talent, but very near it. I told him I would pay very willingly to be taught, if any one could teach. I civilly dismissed him, after enduring the bore for some time.

Acted Othello pretty well,—unequally, but some parts, in the third act particularly, forcibly. Was called for at the end of the play and well received. Thus ended my Covent Garden engagement, which, thank God, has been profitable and agreeable to me. God be praised.

Elstree, June 5th.—Called on Miss Martineau—on the arrival of the carriage drove her home, talking the whole way. After dinner heard the dear children's prayers, and, with the exception of one walk round the garden, talked away the whole evening. The only subject on which I did not cordially agree with this fine-minded woman, and on which I do not clearly understand her, is her advocacy of the restoration of the rights of women. I do not see what she would have in point of political power, nor for what.

London, June 11th.—Received a list of Charles Kemble's

wardrobe, to be sold on Thursday. Cast the tragedy of 'The Bridal.' Acted Ion at the Haymarket.

June 15*th.*—Called on Mrs. Reynolds, and went with her to look at a house, North Crescent, Alfred Place, which was very cheap but also very nasty. Chatted with Frederick. Called on Bourne and went with him to look at houses in Tavistock Square and Gordon Square. Returned, lunched with him. Looked again at Gordon Square. Called on Jonathan Birch, and then went to the agents and took the house.

June 16*th.*—Acted Othello in some respects very well, but want much attention to it still. I was called for, and after long delay went forward. Forster came into my room with a gentleman, whom he introduced as Dickens, alias Boz—I was glad to see him.

June 17*th.*—Called on Mr. Robertson and spoke with him on the subject of his note to me on the subject of entering into the management of Covent Garden Theatre; premising that I would not venture any part of my little property, nor make any venture beyond that of my own talent. He was to lay Mr. Osbaldiston's refusal to continue in the management before the proprietors, to sound them upon the reopening of the theatre, and give me notice of their views.

Called on Pearsall and Jordan about the house in Gordon Square; found they had a letter from Mr. A——, and after showing me another house they read it to me. It was very impertinent, talking of "a" Mr. Macready, &c. I told them I would not take a house from *him* if he would give it me cost free. Went to the Garrick Club, where I lunched, and then went into committee, where I was obliged to sit in the Chair. Drove up to No. 8, Kent Terrace, where I saw the house and lady of the house, and agreed with her to take it, and take possession on Wednesday. Called on Bates, Welbeck Street, and concluded the bargain.

June 19*th.*—Went to rehearsal, having previously looked at the newspaper for the King's health.

Went to theatre; when half dressed, a person passed my door saying the King "was off." Upon enquiry I heard that notices of the event, his death, had been fixed up at the offices of the *Courier* and *Observer*, and it was said that it had been up at the Mansion House more than two hours since. The state

of suspense in which I was kept to the very moment of the beginning of the play so agitated me that when I went on the stage I was weaker than I often am when I finish a character. I laboured through Richard, but it was labour, and most ineffectual. I was very bad, very bad.

June 21*st.*—Went in a cab to 8, Kent Terrace, where I met my dear Catherine.

June 22*nd.*—Called on Robertson, and learned from him that the proprietors, with whom he had spoken, were very favourable to the plan, as far as they could see into it, of my conducting the theatre. Stated to him my views that the necessary expenses of the proprietors should be the very first appropriated portion of the receipts; that an additional sum should be on the contingent footing of the performer's salaries, and that the remainder should be taken from the surplus, if any; urged the indispensable necessity of the renovation of the theatre wardrobe and scenery. Deputed Bartley to get a statement of the highest average weekly expenses of the theatre last season, its salary list, &c. Learned that, at the last year's rent, the nightly expense was £154, under which the theatre could not be valued. This startled me, and made me pause.

June 23*rd.*—Went in a cab to chambers, where I busied myself in the melancholy labour of still further dismantling them. My long acquaintance with them—four or five years—has given me a sort of attachment to them; many sorrows and many joys have consecrated them to a kindly remembrance, and I part from them with regret, as I always do with what has become familiarised to me. Packed and arranged various matters. Disposed of the ricketty furniture which I had bought from Mr. Brougham, my predecessor, to a broker for £2 10*s.* I should have taken anything he offered in order to rid myself of the incumbrance of those things.

June 26*th.*—Acted Melantius in 'The Bridal,' which I had altered with some scenes by Knowles, from Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Maid's Tragedy.' The play went with considerable applause. I did not please myself in the acting of Melantius, which was a crude unfinished performance. Being called for, I led on Miss Huddart. Wallace and Brydon, Browning, Forster, and Dickens came into my room.

June 27*th.*—Wrote a note of excuse to Procter, and, having

entered yesterday's record, went out. On my way to Covent Garden met Kenney, with whom I had a few moments' chat before entering an omnibus, into which Mr. Balfe got and claimed and established an acquaintance with me. Called at Everingham's, and thence to the Garrick Club, where I looked at the newspapers, and found them all in the highest tone of praise upon our play of last night, ascribing all the merit of the alteration to Mr. Knowles.

I called at Robertson's, with whom I found Bartley. We entered into conversation on very many particular points. Mr. Bartley suggested a fund wherewith to pay authors, to which I objected, deciding upon paying them on my own nightly plan, which he acknowledged better. Explained to Robertson my complete views as to the proprietors, viz., to take my chance of payment for my acting talent, with the chance of £7000 rent to them; out of a surplus of £1800 to take £300, and any surplus that might be over that sum.

June 28th.—Went to the Haymarket Theatre, where I saw Webster, who appeared in the highest hope about 'The Bridal.' I trust it may be fully realised. Heaven grant it. Amen. He proposed to publish the play in his edition.

June 29th.—Went to Covent Garden. In my interview with Robertson and Bartley, it was mentioned by R. that the proprietors seemed to object to the total outlay, and thought that I ought to incur part of the risk. To this I instantly observed, that I did not covet the office; that, in risking my name, time, peace of mind, salary as performer, balance of loss and increased expenses, I did more than enough; and that I adhered to what I started with, viz., that I would not lay out one single shilling nor risk one farthing beyond a night's expenses. I gave my reasons for this, which were considered not only fair but liberal both by R. and B. They were both very sanguine as to the experiment, and I remained doubtful, but holding to what seemed to me duty, but only on the condition that I could make up a satisfactory company. Bartley demanded, on my question, £200 for his labour as acting manager, to which I assented, adding £3 per week to that sum for additional labour, and reducing his actor's salary to £12. I left Robertson very anxious to place me in the theatre, but very indifferent about the result myself.

June 30th.—Thought to give an hour or less to the dear children's lessons, but found them so backward, and the system upon which they have been proceeding so loose and inefficacious, that I gave up my morning to them, and find that I must devote more of my personal attention to their improvement.

July 4th.—Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America: an anniversary in which my heart rejoices, as sympathising with the adjutors of the rights of man, wherever they are to be found.

Went to the theatre. I scarcely know how I acted Melantius, which is an evidence that I did not do it very well; I did not please myself in it.

Knowles came into my room. Expressed himself greatly pleased with the play; said, that he had had the intention of writing to the newspapers to disclaim the credit they had given as to the adaptation of the play; that he had tried it and could not manage it at all. He was however deterred from this step by the apprehension that it might seem putting himself unnecessarily forward. I told him, if I published it, that I should then state the exact amount of credit due to him for the scenes he had written.

Dow came into my room, Webster also. I went into his room, and discussed the purchase of the copyright of 'The Bridal;' he offered £30, and I told him he might have it for £20.

July 6th.—My whole day was occupied with what I supposed would have been an hour's employment, the revision and preparation for the press of my MS. of 'The Bridal.'* I had only completed three acts, when obliged to go to the theatre.

* The acting copy of 'The Bridal,' a tragedy in five acts, adapted for representation (with three original scenes, written by Sheridan Knowles, Esq.) from the 'Maid's Tragedy' of Beaumont and Fletcher, as performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, was published in Webster's 'Acting National Drama' by Chapman and Hall in 1837. It has a preface by Macready, in which he states that the adaptation was prepared six years previously, and that the suggestion of adapting the old play was due to the fine taste of Mr. Sheil. The play was presented to Drury Lane Theatre in 1831, accepted, but withdrawn from performance by Macready.

It was first performed during Macready's engagement at Dublin in 1834. Again agreed to be performed at Drury Lane in 1835, but the agreement was not fulfilled by the then lessee (Mr. Bunn). Produced at Haymarket by Mr. Webster, 26th June, 1837.—Ed.

My health, thank God, has been much better to-day. At the theatre I received a note from Robertson, appointing a meeting to-morrow at ten, to mention to me a proposed deviation from my offer by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, also a note from the Literary Fund. Acted Melantius pretty well; was called for and went on, not taking Miss Huddart with me. I did not see the necessity of making it a necessary consequence. Was very warmly received.

July 7th.—Wrote a note in answer to Mrs. Buller, accepting invitation, and revised the last act of 'The Bridal' before I went out. Proceeded to Robertson. He laid before me the modification of what was termed my proposal, which amounted to the addition of £720, the cost, as they calculated, of their outlay in repairs, &c., to the ground-rent, &c., to be paid in nightly instalments out of the first receipts, and a retention of two private boxes. I gave no direct answer, but not seeing any strong cause of objection, talked over with Robertson and Bartley sundry measures to be pursued in the event of my undertaking the conduct of the theatre. Called on H. Smith, and consulted with him on the proposed plan; he thought it advisable to make the effort, observing that, as in everything, there was risk. There was not more here than in ordinary circumstances. Began to think about the preface to 'The Bridal.'

July 8th.—Went down to Covent Garden, and at Robertson's met Bartley; told him of my objections to the proprietors' plan, and of my emendations, which he thought very fair and not likely to meet with opposition. Sent him to Willmott, the Drury Lane prompter, to sound him, and, if he found him well disposed, to open to him confidentially my wish to engage him. Whilst he was gone, I made out the draft of a letter to Robertson, and upon the calculations I made, gave in my amended proposal, which I think most fair. Bartley returning, related to me his conversation with Willmott, who expressed himself delighted on hearing that I had undertaken the conduct of the theatre, and then, having imparted to him as much as was necessary, he desired to call on me. In a little time he came, and at first seemed in high spirits at the prospect before him, which subsided as he gained time to reflect. I offered him £5 under the idea that he had £6; but he admitted that he had

only £5, on which I counselled him to offer himself for £4—a very unpalatable proposition. He then made out that he had more than £5 by the length of time it was paid, and I made it £4 10*s.* for thirty-six weeks; still he demurred and wished till Monday to consider of it. This I resisted, and he then stood out for an hour's deliberation. I yielded, and whilst he was absent Bartley went in search of Miss Taylor, who was out of town. I wrote my letter to Robertson. Bartley returned and afterwards Willmott, agreeing to terms which he had written down, asking for orders which I refused, and an under prompter which I conceded. Bartley left me. I wrote to Vandenhoff, and to Miss Faucit. Read the papers; a delightful critique on 'Bridal' in *John Bull.*

July 9th.—Began the preface to the publication of 'The Bridal,' with which I was occupied the whole day, excepting when taken from my work by the visits of Mr. and Mrs. Lane and Mr. and Mrs. Procter. I find it impossible to satisfy myself with the work I have engaged myself upon. Disuse has quite unfitted me for composition, who at the best was never entitled to any praise for it. My situation suggests to me the prayer of the Cavalier soldier before one of the battles in the great struggle, and I feel with it: "O Lord, thou knowest I have much to do this day; if in my labour I forget thee, do not thou forget me, O God!"

July 11th.—Set to work early at the preface, and continued it till Bartley called; he had little additional communication to make. I mentioned to him the thought of writing to the Drury Lane Committee in order to discover whether the theatre would be let or no, which he approved. Received a very kind letter from Bourne, with a cheque of £12 for our cow.

Finished the preface, and called on Wallace with it, who approved of parts. I left it with him for revision. He dissented from the plan of writing to the Drury Lane Committee, and I, in consequence, abandoned the thought. Wrote to Miss Faucit, offering her £15 per week.

Went to dine with Mrs. Buller, where I met C. Buller. Thackeray came in the evening, Dickens, John Mill, Martineau, Hawes, Stanley, Miss Martineau, Miss Austin. Walked with Dickens to Garrick Club, where we met Forster. Took a cab home.

July 12*th.*—Letter from Mr. Vandenhoff, demanding £21 per week. Went to Covent Garden, where, after being introduced to Lowndes, I talked over the matter with Robertson and Bartley. Robertson told me, that the proprietors assented to my emendations of the agreement. Bartley showed two very confiding and cordial letters from Mr. Meadows and Miss Taylor. I produced Vandenhoff's, and showed the impolicy, the imprudence, of attempting to do without him—they admitted it. I stated that, unless the subscription to the plan was unanimous, I would not go on with it; they assented to the reasonableness of my views. I instructed Bartley to get up a meeting of the actors, and obtain from them either a set of resolutions declaratory of their confidence in me, and their agreement to make a reasonable reduction of their claims, or the refusal to give it.

July 13*th.*—Mr. Pope came into the back parlour, where I was sleeping, and told me that my dearest Catherine was well—delivered of a fine little girl.*

I raise my heart to God Almighty in humble and fervent prayer and thanksgiving, acknowledging with grateful thanks His great bounties and imploring His merciful protection for this my darling new-born babe, and all the rest of my precious family.

I looked at my watch, and found the time about half-past four. I was dreadfully fatigued. At breakfast, Messrs. Bartley and Meadows called to explain their objection to the meeting. They settled to call on the different actors. I do not anticipate that it will ripen to anything, and am indifferent about it—preferring exemption from it.

Went with the children in the carriage to Elstree, calling on Wallace by the way. The country about Elstree, and its delicious quiet, made me think with regret of my prospect of seeing so little of it. Gathered flowers and fruit. Corrected proof-sheet of first act of 'The Bridal.'

July 14*th.*—Received an answer from Miss Faucit, expressing the best spirit as far as she was concerned. Went to Covent Garden, where I met Bartley and Robertson, and heard of the indecisive answers obtained from the singers; sent him to them, and Dowton to get some positive determination.

* Harriet Joanna, died 25th November, 1840.

Mr. Warde gave in his adhesion in the event of his freedom to engage.

Fladgate, T. Hill, and some others spoke to me about "having taken Covent Garden Theatre." I told them I had not taken it.

Mr. Webster wished to extend my engagement, and gave in his adhesion to Covent Garden Theatre.

July 15*th.*—Corrected the proof-sheet of 'The Bridal,' and afterwards went to Robertson's. Found Bartley and Robertson. After hearing of Giubilei, and Williams' assent, and Miss Romer's refusal, decided on sending Bartley to Vandenhoff at Birmingham to get his answer positively. Meadows came in, and agreed to go on Tuesday (if not required) to Swansea after Miss Shirreff.

Acted Melantius very fairly. Spoke after the play to Mr. Elton and to Mr. Strickland on the subject of Covent Garden; both seemed strongly inclined to me, and Strickland pledged himself, if he could get his release from Braham.

July 16*th.*—Set to work at the correction of the sheets of 'Bridal.' Marked them and the preface.

Called on Wallace to speak about the alterations in the preface. Tried the working of the company by casting several plays. Dined with J. Reid. Walked home.

July 17*th.*—Went down to Covent Garden Theatre. Saw Mr. Meadows, who gave in the assent of Mr. Diddear to serve on reduced terms; sent for Willmot and spoke to him about other persons. Mr. Elton gave in his adhesion to Covent Garden. Received a note from Bartley, informing me that Vandendoff was positively engaged with Mr. Wallace, and was to sail for the United States August 1st.

July 18*th.*—Set my dear children copies, being dissatisfied with the unmeaning words which were given them to write, when the occasion might afford matter for them to profit by. Met Bartley at Robertson's, and learned from him the result of his interview with Mr. Vandenhoff. He caught Mr. Vandenhoff on his arrival from Liverpool and told him of his errand; Mr. Vandenhoff informed him of his positive engagement at New York, but wished to be made acquainted with the particulars of his message. When told, he remained silent a very long while, and at length broke out into very ardent expressions of praise

on what he termed my "noble conduct," adding that, had he been free, he would most gladly have gone with the plan. Mr. Meadows brought news of Mr. Power's cordial adhesion to the plan, and received instructions to meet me to-morrow prepared for his journey to Swansea. Told Bartley that I should decline proceeding on the former plan, having lost Mr. Vandenhoff and Miss Romer; but that, not to desert the cause of actors and proprietors, I would consent to pay £40 per night rent for 180 nights, paying myself a salary of £30 per week, and divide any surplus at the rate of three-fifths to the proprietors, two-fifths to myself, till the remainder of £8,800, should be paid to them. He very much approved it, and wrote as much to Robinson.

July 19*th*.—Despatched Mr. Meadows to Miss Sherriff at Swansea, with instructions to him how far to go.

Acted Melantius not well. The occupation of my mind in other matters is already beginning to display its effect on my acting, and I must be most careful to guard against its encroachment on my labours for improvement; I was not good to-night. Spoke to Mrs. Humby, and secured her for £6 10s. per week.

July 20*th*.—Went out to take a hasty glance at the Exhibition, with which I was very much gratified. What a munificent patron I should have been had I been born with, or had I acquired, a large superfluity! Went on to Covent Garden, where Bartley was waiting for me.

July 20*th*.—Mr. F. Vining called, and, after a long conversation, consented to take £9 10s., we concluded on his engagement; in the meantime I settled with T. Matthews for £3, and afterwards called on Mrs. Glover, and agreed with her for £9 10s. Wrote to Kenny, offering him the office of Reader at £3 per week. Examined and calculated the expenses of the theatre, and went into its details, up to a late hour.

July 21*st*.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I discussed much business with Robertson and Bartley: actors, musical department, arrangement of lobbies, &c. Mr. Diddear called, talking with him about business, I sent him away quite satisfied. Saw Mr. Marshall, painter to the theatre, leader of orchestra, and Robertson; they gave their hearty promise to do their best to meet the plan of the new arrangement.

Mr. Robertson acquainted me with an offer of a Mr. Downe

of the York Circuit of £5000 for the first year, and £6000 for the second, adding that the Covent Garden proprietors would not listen to it. Spoke about bills, musical department, alteration of boxes, excluding women of the town from the two lowest tiers.

Acted Melantius pretty well. Received a crowd of letters from various persons, applying for engagements at Covent Garden.

July 22nd.—Letters from Wightwick about Mr. Phelps, and from Meadows, informing me of Miss Sherriff's assent to £18 per week. My mind is quite made up to enter upon the direction of Covent Garden Theatre, and I fervently and with humility invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon my efforts and labours. Sent a note to Miss Martineau, informing her of her box for Monday, inclosing her a book of the 'Bridal,' and mentioning our purpose of naming our little babe after her.

Went to Covent Garden Theatre, saw Messrs. Robertson and Bartley, and learned from the latter that Mr. Warde was very ill, but steady to his promise of coming to Covent Garden, if not in his own theatre. Told Robertson that I would take the theatre—read my letter to Mr. Osbaldiston, but would not seal it to him with the theatre seal. Saw and engaged Mrs. Clifford and Miss E. Phillips.

Sunday, July 23rd.—Rose rather early and considerably tired, to go post to Penn, where Liston lives. On my way I arranged in my own mind the business of 'Hamlet,' scenery, &c. Arriving at Penn, I drove up to Liston's house, and found that he had gone to church; I was glad of the opportunity, and, going in, was shown into a pew. The service was most respectably performed, the church very clean and neat.

I was pleased and interested, and happy in the opportunity of imploring the Divine blessing upon the enterprise I have in hand. After service I looked about the churchyard for Liston, whom I had observed very gravely attending to his duty in church, and when I approached him, his surprise was extreme. I walked home with him, and saw Mrs. L. and another lady; talked for some time, lunched, and walked out with Liston to look at Taylor's house, and see something of the country, which is pretty, but not comparable to the neighbourhood of Elstree. We talked of many things, chiefly

theatrical, and I asked him to come to Covent Garden. He said that he never intended to act again. I did not urge him, but as we talked on, I told him we should not differ on terms, and that I should be happy to see him and would make him as comfortable as I could. I got a frequent repetition of the promise from him that, if he acted anywhere, it should be with me, and I thought I perceived a disposition in him to yield, which I thought it better not to press. Met Taylors, declined their invitations to dinner, and left them on Liston's premises. Returned to 'Hamlet.' Reached home by half-past five.

July 24th.—Went into the theatre to take possession of it, invoking the blessing of Almighty God upon my undertaking. Talked with Marshall, who seemed to enter into all my plans respecting scenery, &c. Mr. Rodwell came to speak to me about his place as director of the music, which he had accepted on reduced terms; he left me perfectly satisfied.

July 25th.—Went to theatre, where I found Messrs. Robertson and Bartley. Mr. Marshall, the painter, was there, and we discussed the expense of the painting-room, concluding by requesting him to reconsider his estimate, and see me to-morrow. Mr. Buckstone called. Mr. Harris called and, in talking over the matter of the theatre, gave some very valuable hints. I sent Bartley to speak to Dowton, and offer him £10 per night, without any condition as to number of nights.

July 26th.—Applied myself to the construction of the actors' articles of agreement. Went to Covent Garden Theatre, saw Mr. Bartley, spoke to Mr. Marshall, and received his estimate of the painting-room; went into the theatre, and talked over the matter of our engagement with Mr. Pritchard; after him came Mr. and Miss Land, with whom I finally concluded.

Went over a calculation of the week's expenses with Robertson, it still approaches £150 per night. Came home and lay down after dinner. Acted Melantius pretty well. A great number of notes and letters; among them was one from Miss Vandenhoff, very civil, one from Miss Kelly; one, an application from Miss Betts, which I was very glad to receive.

July 27th.—Answered Messrs. Bennett, Montague, and Tilbury. Received a letter, in very kind strain, from Calcraft, lamenting my undertaking; his lamentation was a prophecy. Called on Wallace to ask his opinion of memorialising the

Queen for her special patronage, and the liberty to assume the title of Her Majesty's Company of Performers. He thought, if obtained, it would be of great service, and assented to the proposal to get an introduction to Lord Durham, and ask his interest. I called on Miss Kelly, who wished me to hear some pupils of hers. Went on, in my day's cab, to Covent Garden Theatre, saw Mr. Bartley, and received many letters.

Mr. Webster called at the theatre. Mr. Land, Payne, Paulo. Letter of application from T. Cooke.

Mr. Elton called. He asked me if I had resolved on his engagement. I told him that, "Certainly, everything had been settled between us." He said, "Oh, no. I did not understand that," &c., denying an engagement that was most explicitly and clearly formed. I struck his name out of my list, but another engagement, made in consequence of his, of £9 10*s.* per week, is thus uselessly saddled on me.

Called on Forster, and then went on to Lady Blessington's, saw her, and was just on the point of opening my message to her when Lord Durham was announced. I was introduced, and in a short time mentioned my desire to see him, and to ask his opinion on the Queen's acquiescence in my wish. He thought she would not and ought not to give a preference to one theatre, but that the title of Her Majesty's Servants he thought she ought to give, and would say a word or two to the official persons to induce her.

July 29th.—Walked to Oxford Street, took cab home. The cabman insisted on two shillings, which I resisted; and, on his persisting, I made him drive me to the police office, where a deposit was made for the measurement of the ground. I walked home. Acted Melantius pretty well. J. Macaulay came into my room; quite glad to see him, but pained and rather shocked to hear him declare himself a Conservative.

July 30th.—Made out the articles of agreement for performers and looked over the table of forfeits. Inclosed first in note to Robertson, second to Bartley. Wrote to Wightwick. Sat a short time with dear Catherine, who was not well. Settled my accounts. Willmott called, and told me of his determination to leave the English opera house, spoke to him about ballet, &c.

Gave some time and thought to the arrangement of my

company, after receiving a letter from Mr. Elton recanting what he had said, and wishing to withdraw his refusal to accept a reduced salary.

July 31*st.*—Saw Bartley and Robertson, and transacted business with both of them. Sent Bartley to Miss Betts, and commissioned him to write to Mr. Phelps. Mr. Dowton called, and I had a long and fruitless conversation with him, arguing the point of salary, he wishing me to give a certainty and I declining; and so we parted. Letters at home from young Kean declining, and Kenny accepting. Mr. Elton came in, and, after disclaiming any desire to take advantage of me, surrendered himself entirely into my hands, I telling him that I would rate him at £10 10*s.*

August 1*st.*—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I saw Messrs. Bartley and Willmott, with the latter I made arrangements about ballet, &c.

Went to the police-office, where I found I was cast in costs of 3*s.*, which I very cheerfully paid, though I can scarcely yet believe myself wrong. Returned to Covent Garden, saw Mr. David Fisher, and heard him rehearse Othello's apology; gave him advice and courteously parted with him. Saw Mr. Giubilei, who is under the apprehension that he is held by law to Drury Lane. Spoke to Bedford, who also wishes to come to Covent Garden Theatre. Went on to Bank, and received dividends. Returned home. Forster called, who had previously sent a splendid proof, beautifully framed, of Landseer's 'Bolton Abbey,' a very elegant and costly present.

August 3*rd.*—Went to rehearsal; the play over I proceeded to Covent Garden, where I saw Bartley, and heard his communications.

Saw Messrs. Land, Willmott, Marshall, Sloman, &c. Returning home I called at No. 8, York Terrace, and liked it so much that I decided on taking it for the winter, if I could have it at my own price.

August 5*th.*—Messrs. Rooke and Haines came by appointment, and discussed the curtailment and the casting of the opera. Rooke did not seem to like the idea of the suggested amputations. We came to the subject of price, and after some demur I sent the authors out of the room to arrange the matter; they returned, and Mr. Rooke was left to settle it with me. He

asked me £20 per night for ten nights, £15 for ten more, and £5 ever after. I observed that this was too hard on me. I offered £10 per night for ten nights, £15 for ten nights, and £10 for fifteen nights, and to pay £100 down. (£100 to be secured.) This Mr. Rooke accepted, and we signed agreement. I paid him a cheque for £100 and took his receipt. Mrs. Glover came and held a parley, then signed her agreement. Messrs. Humby, Huddart, and Taylor, did the same; Meadows, Webster, &c., also.

August 6th.—Looked over 'Beggar's Bush' with a view to alteration; abandoned it. Looked at 'Faithful Shepherdess;' gave it up.

August 7th.—Went to theatre, and joined Messrs. Bartley and Willmott. Learned that my purchase of Mr. Rooke's opera had produced a good effect among the musical people. Letters from Mr. Anderson accepting my offer.

Messrs. Payne, Smith, Bender, Collett, Worrall, Manvers, Stretton, &c., called and signed their articles.

Went over the box-lobby, &c., with Robertson and Bartley; suggested the construction of a private lobby to the first circle, and the removal of the statues from the closed saloon to the entrance hall, to which Robertson agreed.

August 9th.—Went with Robertson over pit-passages, also proposed that proprietors should allow me consideration for my new lobby, if found to succeed. Robertson agreed to it. Went with Robertson over terms of lease, which were all satisfactory. He introduced me to Mr. Gwilt, whom I liked.

August 10th.—Mr. Tilbury called, and after some little conference with Mr. Bartley signed his agreement.

August 11th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre.

Bartley came from the Chamberlain's office to say that an appointment would be made for me with the Lord Chamberlain on Wednesday. Spoke with Bradwell and Robertson about entrance-hall, lobby, and saloon, and decided on further improvements; agreed to Bradwell's estimate.

Acted Melantius for the last time, at the Haymarket, in my very best manner. I was very much applauded, and "hotly called for" by the audience; when I went forward I was most cordially received. Thus ended my first Haymarket engagement, and devoutly and fervently do I return thanks to God

Almighty for this among the many mercies His goodness has vouchsafed me.

August 12*th.*—Mr. Maddox called, and I signed with him, exchanging an agreement for the furnished house, 8, York Gate, for seven months, from September 21st.

My prize, Girl's Head by Gainsborough, came home.

August 13*th.*—The idea of an afterpiece founded on Zadig occurred to me, but I soon came to the conviction that none of our playwrights could use the materials it affords.

August 14*th.*—Rose early to go by coach to Southampton; the coach was overfilled—three women, myself, and a squalling, fretful child. The day was so oppressive that the stew reminded me of some of our American journeys, or even of some days in the *vetturas* of Italy. I read with attention, in reference to performance, the 'Winter's Tale,' and, after having reflected on it, went through 'Measure for Measure,' so that my day was not entirely lost to me.

On my arrival in this very pretty town I wrote a note to Mr. Phelps, and after dining carried it with me to the theatre. Saw the play of the 'Iron Chest;' what a thing it is. I was disgusted with the patches of sentiment and claptraps upon national privileges, humanity, and all the other virtues in which G. Colman was so rich—on paper.

I left my note for him. He called at the Dolphin, and I offered him either the salary he might take from Mr. Webster, or to give him now a salary, if he would name one, that I could meet. He preferred waiting for Mr. Webster, and we interchanged agreements to that effect. I liked his tone and manner.

August 16*th.*—Took Bartley in carriage to Hyde Park. Called on Lord Conyngham at Dudley House; saw some good pictures. Lord C. received me very courteously and entered (or seemed to do so) into my views, promised to present my memorial to the Queen, and to say all he could for it. I left him much pleased.

Returned to Covent Garden Theatre. Occupied the whole morning. Wrote to Phillips. Signed articles with Diddear, Miss P. Horton, Wilson, Mrs. East. Wrote to Mr. Pritchard. Dickens called with Mr. Hullah, who has a comic opera nearly ready.

August 19*th*.—Sent Bartley to Lord Chamberlain's office to inquire form, &c., of memorial. Spoke to Marshall about scenes for plays. Saw sketch of new curtain, corrected it and approved. Went with Bradwell over saloon and lobbies, hearing remarks and giving directions. Took a cab and called on Wallace, who had finished the memorial. We went over it, agreeing on one or two trifling verbal alterations, and I copied out the MS. Returning, saw Bartley; spoke to Miss Huddart about her business.

Wrote my memorial to the Queen, requesting her to let me call the Covent Garden players, "Her Majesty's Company of Performers." Inclosed it in a note to the Lord Chamberlain and sent it.

My clothes were packed up. Went in a chaise to Elstree, reading *Examiner* by the way. I looked up at the beauty of the massive foliage of the trees, and the sky in mild glow of a rich sunset, and was surprised to think how little I looked at nature now. Is this good for me? I fear not.

Elstree, August 21*st*.—Looked through Byron's 'Deformed Transformed,' to see if it was available for representation—No. Gave up the greater part of the day to the perusal and arrangement of Byron's 'Two Foscari.' I think it looks more dramatic than I formerly conceived it. Wrote to Knowles, recommending as subjects the Sicilian Vespers, Agnes Bernauer, and the adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Honest Man's Fortune.'

Read the 'Two Foscari' to Catherine and Letitia, who were much affected by it.

August 22*nd*.—Went cautiously through Byron's 'Two Foscari,' which I cut and prepared for representation. Began the re-arrangement of Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure. In the course of my work, Jerrold and Forster arrived; after them a packet of books and letters from Bartley, and notes from the Lord Chamberlain's office requiring my presence, but accepting Bartley as my representative. I wrote to him to go. One of my letters is from Birmingham, addressed to W. Macready, Esq., at his residence in London. Talked with Jerrold after dinner on the piece he has in contemplation, one scene of which he read to me.

August 23*rd*.—Bartley came; he brought me letters, news,

and a message from the Lord Chamberlain. In answer to my memorial, the Queen had expressed herself much interested in Covent Garden; stated that she had great respect for Mr. Macready and admiration for his talent, that the precise object of his request required consideration, but if it should be deemed impracticable to concede, that she trusted other means might be found of rendering assistance to his undertaking. Talked over various matters, and decided on several. After dinner arranged the first fortnight's business, and cast the plays.

August 24th.—Talked with Bartley on business, and gave him several memoranda of things to do. Read over the pantomime, which seemed to be very droll. Bartley left us, and I took a walk in the garden for about half-an-hour, snatching this short enjoyment of the sweetness of the air. Finished the arrangement of the prompt-book of the 'Two Foscari.'

August 25th.—Much fatigued and indisposed to rise; did not leave my bed until 10 o'clock, and was occupied the whole morning in examining and sorting my wardrobe for my intended long residence in London. Received a parcel from the undaunted Mr. —— who will not be denied; he sends his thrice rejected play as a present! Busied in packing up; enjoyed for a short time the beauty of the day and the sight of my darling family; sent up a balloon, a very pretty toy, which delighted them very much: it was a sweet holiday. The thought of the length of time and the vicissitudes that may occur before I again re-greet this happy home and the dear country again, gave double zest to every delighted sensation that I derived from the air, the leaves, my family, and the freedom about me. Finished my packing up and spent the remainder of the day with my dear family.

London, August 26th.—Left my dear, my blessed home, its quiet, and its joys, to enter on a task for which nature and taste have disqualified me.

Thought on business as I journeyed to London, occasionally interrupted by less useful suggestions. Proceeded to Covent Garden Theatre, reaching it a little before 11 o'clock. Received several letters. Saw Bartley and Willmott.

Saw and talked on business with Mr. Hammond. Signed

with Mr. Pritchard. Spoke to Mr. Bottomley about coals. Settled many matters about the theatre with Bradwell—gallery, pit, boxes, and stage. Wrote answer to several letters.

Talked with Mr. Egerton Webbe about his burlesque opera, and settled to make an appointment with him to hear it tried over. Saw Calcraft and talked with him. Forster spoke with Serle about his projected melodrama.

London to Bristol, August 27th.—Rose early, and wrote to Bartley whilst waiting for my breakfast; proceeded to coach-office and set off for Bristol. The first stage was given to musing on my past life, the dream that it has been, the perfect realisation of all that philosophy or poetry says of this σκιᾶς ὄναρ*—life—and turned to speculation on the future; made up my mind to bear with equanimity the lot that Providence assigns me, and to do my best to improve it. Read over Macbeth, interrupted occasionally by two of my fellow-passengers, one a Frenchman, and his opposite neighbour, a Colonel Hankey, who spoke French very fluently, and talked incessantly till his departure between Reading and Newbury. Read over more than once the Duke in 'Measure for Measure,' which I resolved to exert myself upon, as well as upon Foscari. Now and then joined in the conversation with the talkers. After we quitted Marlborough, where the old woman, our fourth party, left us, I fell into conversation with Monsieur, but found my French very rusty; we talked on various subjects, and at last the theatre was mentioned by him, and shortly after my name. I told him that I was the person he was speaking of—his surprise and pleasure were extreme. His enthusiasm broke forth, and he told me that he had seen me in Paris, and of his delight and rapture at the performance of Virginius, and of the opinion of all Paris on my performance. Our conversation lasted very long; he requested me to write my name and that of Wordsworth, whom I mentioned to him as our great philosophic poet, in his memorandum book; he seemed quite delighted, and made me again lament that the destiny which made me a player, had not made me a French one. After long silence, on resuming our conversation, he repeated to me

* Dream of a shadow.—Ed.

some lines, which he wrote down for me when we reached the White Lion, Bristol:

À l'Illustre Macredé.

Toi, dont le désespoir m'a glacé de terreur,
Quand la main frémissante immolait Virginie;
Fils de Shakespeare, adieu! c'est dans ton noble cœur
Que le ciel a jeté le feu de ton génie.

I showed him all the civilities in my power, and requested to see him in London.

Bristol, August 28th.—Acted Macbeth as I could, without any support, and drawbacks in every character except Macduff. It was really moral torture. I scarcely ever experienced more in a theatre.

August 29th.—For an hour before I rose, I worked at the words of the Duke in 'Measure for Measure,' which I find the most difficult of any part I have ever laboured at to fasten in my memory, pursued this same task until I went to rehearsal, and there I continued it. Acted Virginius miserably; it was painful to myself, and could have been satisfactory to no one.

Sent for the *Morning Herald*, and read the account of Mr. Phelps' appearance, which seems to me a decided success. It depressed my spirits, though perhaps it should not do so. If he is greatly successful, I shall reap the profits; if moderately, he will strengthen my company. But an actor's fame and his dependent income is so precarious, that we start at every shadow of an actor. It is an unhappy life!

August 30th.—If I had a sufficient property to leave each of my children a moderate allowance on their start into life, and to give them educations, I would certainly never act again, nor ever concern myself about a theatre; certainly, I think, never enter one—at least, for myself.

Wrote to Wallace for the preliminary address, which I cannot pretend to write or even sketch. Looked over some plays. Studied Duke. Revised and cut two acts of 'To Marry or Not,' which I think will act well.

August 31st.—Received a parcel with two MSS. and a letter from Bartley. I have great difficulty in proceeding tranquilly about what I have to do. I am for rushing at once into it. This is not the way to succeed, and I must cure myself of it. Went to rehearsal, and pleased myself with the manner in

which I rehearsed Othello. Decided on 'Julius Cæsar' for my benefit; cast it and the play to the company.

Acted Othello, as I thought, very well at the beginning, but was destroyed by the actors as I proceeded.

September 1st.—Acted Werner very unequally; could have played it better than I ever in my life did; and did perform some parts in a perfect style, but was cut up by the dreadful inaccuracy of the actors in others.

September 6th.—Went to rehearsal, and took considerable pains, really using the occasion as a study, but soon became so fatigued that it was painful to me to stand up so long. I feel heavily the coming on of years. I shall be an old man (if I live) at an early age—certainly if I continue on the stage.

Went to the theatre, and endeavoured to philosophise on the folly of yielding to passion; schooling myself to try how much better I should be in every way if I could care nothing for those around me, but merely fixing attention on my own manner of doing things. I tried to do so—not with entire success, but I must hope to improve. Acted Hamlet in my very best possible style; was satisfied.

[*September 11th* to *22nd.*—Engagement at Birmingham.]

Birmingham, September 12th.—Acted Othello indifferently. I was made nervous at the outset and, though I laboured, I could not hide the labour—it was a bad performance

The great error of my performance of Othello was in the heavy, stately tone in which I pitched the part, instead of the free, bold, cheerful, chivalrous bearing of the warrior, the happy lover, and the high-born man.

September 21st.—Letters from Bartley, Forster, about horses, Knowles, and Dow. Forster tells me that it appears cheapest and most advisable to drive a pair of horses to our own carriage. No. I really want a means of moving to and from the theatre; but till I see that I may afford it without taking one week's salary from one actor, I will not do it; if I were playing on my last year's engagement I would, but with this hazard on my hands—No.

London, September 30th.—When I am actor I must forget that I am manager.

Covent Garden Theatre opens. Before coming down I prayed from my heart to Almighty God, imploring His mercy

upon me in the effort, which this day begins, and in what so much of good or evil to my beloved family is involved.

Repeated the address on my way, and entered the theatre with an invocation of God's blessing on me. Rehearsed the play,* and attended to the various claims on my notice; received many letters of acknowledgment for the freedom of the theatre. Took every occasion of repeating the address.

It consumed some time to arrange my dresses, &c., and when this was done I lay down in bed. Repeatedly went over my address, and also read over the first scene of Leontes. Dressed and, being called to the address, went and found the overture only just began. Much agitated, the thought of the Rubicon-like plunge I was about to make and my home came upon me and affected me for a moment.

When I went on the stage the enthusiasm of the audience was very great; I began my address with tolerable composure, but in the last part of it I stopped—it was a pause of about half a minute—but in agony of feeling longer than time can measure; I recovered myself, and tripped slightly again before the conclusion of the address.

Acted Leontes artist-like but not, until the last act, very effectively. Was called on to give out, which I did.

October 2nd.—I acted the greater part of Hamlet in my best manner; and the play was put beautifully on the stage. The audience noticed with applause several of the improvements.

October 6th.—Went to the theatre, where I arrived at a little before ten, applied to business, reading, and answering letters. Rehearsed 'The Bridal,' and took much pains with Mr. Anderson. The Messrs. Dilke called, and went over the affair of the *Athenæum* criticism, speaking with great candour and good-nature, endeavouring to palliate the false statement of 'The Bridal,' "want of attraction," and coming to a very amicable, agreeable arrangement, as settled yesterday, respecting the interchange of orders for advertisements. Parted very good friends. Superintended the rehearsal of two acts of the

* Covent Garden opened under Macready's management with 'A Winter's Tale' and 'A Roland for an Oliver.' Boxes, 5*s.*, second price, 2*s.* 6*d.*; pit, 2*s.* 6*d.*, second price, 1*s.* 6*d.*; lower gallery, 1*s.* 6*d.*, second price, 1*s.*; upper gallery, 1*s.*, second price, 6*d.* Second price at the end of the third act of plays, and the second of operas. Stage director, Mr. Willmott; musical director, Mr. G. H. Rodwell; acting manager, Mr. Bartley.—Ed.

'Novice,' which occupied me till past four, took all pains with it. Had promised Miss Taylor a new wig, and sent for Brewster to measure her for it, which he did. Received a note from Faraday abjuring his claim to knighthood, thanking me for the card of admission, but returning it on account of the "Sir;" answered him and sent him a corrected card. Sent note and cards of admission to Milman, his wife, and friend.*

October 10*th.*—Settled the cast of Othello with Mr. Bartley for the Duke, as an example to the other actors, and to show the public that there would be no impediments to the best possible disposition of the characters in a play. Attended a night rehearsal of 'The Novice,' in which all did their best.

October 11*th.*—Wrote to Bowes about the French dwarf for the pantomime; to Harvey himself (*il Nano*). First night of 'The Novice.'

October 12*th.*—Searched for plays and afterpieces. At 12 o'clock went out to call on Liston at Brompton; saw and sat with him some time. He said he should never act again, and I certainly think he never will. He seems to be breaking up. I left him with an expression, that he had *carte-blanche* from me. Returning to the theatre, took the book of 'The Novice,' and went over the play with the actors, cutting their parts and arranging all for a rehearsal to-morrow.

October 16*th.*—Very much dissatisfied with my own performance of the part of Othello, very much indeed. I can scarcely tell why I was so heavy and cold, except that the fatigues of management are beginning to tell upon my acting. The Council of Forty was a scene of beautiful effect, one of the most real things I ever saw. Talfourd and Browning came into my room.

October 17*th.*—Signed the articles of Messrs. Bennett, Leffler, and Anderson.

October 19*th.*—Saw Bartley and asked him his opinion of our prospect; he said that he began to be afraid of it. I told him, as I afterwards repeated to Mr. Robertson, that it was necessary the proprietors should be prepared to meet the approaching crisis, that I would pay to the amount of £1000, restore the salary I had received, and work it on for the actors and

* Under Macready's managements free admissions were sent by him to persons distinguished in science, art, and literature.—Ed.

proprietors as long as I could without any remuneration. Acted Lord Townley.

October 21*st.*—Rehearsed Werner, and gave Robertson a cheque for £300 to meet the week's deficiences. Saw Elton and talked with him on business. Bartley brought me some casts for this and next week, which I looked at, but felt some effort must be made.

October 22*nd.*—Came down at 11 o'clock to meet Robertson, and settle my amount of loss, and give him in the full amount of what I could still permit him to count upon.

My banker's account stands:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Paid in	3,682	1	1
Drawn	2,734	9	4
Balance at Ransom's	947	11	9

	£	*s.*	*d.*			
Already paid on account of Covent Garden	623	14	0			
Making myself liable for the remainder of £1000	376	6	0			
My salary to be returned	90	0	0			
In amount				466	6	0
Leaving in at Ransom's an available surplus of . .				481	5	9

October 23*rd.*—Called on Stanfield, taking Letitia and Catherine with me on their way to Shoolbred's. Asked Stanfield to paint me a diorama for the pantomime. He almost promised, and in the kindest manner. He is a fine creature. Went to theatre, where of course business awaited me. Signed engagement with Mr. Howe.

Business with Robertson and Bartley, who went down on a message to the Vice Chamberlain's Office, and brought word that the Queen would come to the theatre in November. Agreed with Mr. Phelps.

October 24*th.*—C. Buller called, and stayed with me some time. He mentioned his disappointment in my Othello not being more tender, a criticism that I will not forget. Settled with Mr. Phelps to do Othello in November.

October 25*th.*—Called on Stanfield, whom I found what he is said to be, and must be thought to be, the very spirit of kindly feeling. He assented to my request and promised to

make all arrangements with me. I told him I could not thank him, both for the act itself, and its moral influence on the undertaking I have in hand. I went to the theatre, reading Iago by the way. Attended to business, saw Sloman and Bradwell, spoke about scenery of 'The Royal Oak,' and looked at the same. Spoke with Mr. Young about his pantomime, and saw some models of his tricks. Went through and cut and arranged the whole of the play of 'The Royal Oak.' Acted Melantius very fairly—some parts very well. Talfourd came into my room, Serle, &c. My council dissuaded me from playing Charles, about which I had some previous misgivings. I found I had too much in my head, and deferred it.

November 10*th.*—Bartley came to tell me that the Queen had sent to command me Friday night. I acted Hamlet pretty well.

November 12*th.*—Resolved on advertising no change of price on the occasion of the Queen's visit.

November 16*th.*—After some business at home, went to the theatre, cutting 'Marino Faliero' by the way, to attend to more. Found plenty to employ me, and little or no assistance in getting through it. Occupied the whole day. Scene-room, wardrobe, armoury, property-room, inspecting scenes on stage with carpenter for Stanfield's diorama. Orders to Bridgman for refreshments to-morrow. Mr. Martins, Vice Chamberlain, called to say that the farce commanded was the first act of 'Fra Diavolo,' and that "all was right" about the matter lately agitated.

Contriving with Sloman and Marshall the effect of the shadows in the waterfall, which at last we made out, or I believe I made out to them. Robertson called, and I gave him the order for the wine for to-morrow night. Went over the whole of 'Joan of Arc,' and cut it entirely, besides writing several notes. A hard day's work.

November 17*th.*—Went to the theatre, and rehearsed the play of 'Werner,' in the hope of making Mr. G. Bennett and some others a little more accurate. My morning was engrossed by the needful care and arrangements for the evening, preparing for the Queen's reception, the reception of our own visitors, &c., my dresses for the night, &c. Received a multitude of notes, application for admission behind the scenes, which I was obliged to answer as I could.

Martins, the Vice Chamberlain, was most careful in scrutinising all particulars as to the Queen's box, rooms, &c. I was quite worn out and lay down, desiring no more notes to be given me till the next morning. There was a great tumult arising from the overcrowded state of the pit, a great number were lifted over the boxes in a fainting and exhausted state. Mr. Bartley had leave from the Queen to address the audience, which he did, tendering the price of admission to those who, not having room, might wish to return. When order was restored, the play proceeded. I acted, not to please myself; I could not recover my self-possession. The Queen sent to say she expected to see me, as she retired. I dressed myself in full dress and went with Bartley to wait on her as she retired. The ladies in waiting and the officers, &c., passed through the room, and at length the Queen—a very pretty little girl—came. Lord Conyngham told her who I was. She smiled and bowed, and said: "I am very much obliged to you." Pointed me out to the Duchess of Kent, and bowed repeatedly to me. I went home with Miss Martineau and Catherine, very, very tired.

Sunday, November 19th.—Looked over the play of 'Coriolanus,' having found that I cannot produce the play of 'Marino Faliero' before Christmas.

Went to Talfourd's—met Dickens, Forster, Ainsworth, Keating, Hill, &c. Told Dickens of darling Nina, when she was told that the Queen had spoken to me on Friday night, having asked me if I told her "to be kind to the poor." The dear child! Just reached home as Letitia was reading prayers to the servants.

November 28th.—Rehearsed Luke, and afterwards superintended 'Joan of Arc.' Settled all the dresses. Without any interval of repose for mind or body began to dress for Luke, a character I have not read over, and which I have, comparing what I have done with what I could do, completely sacrificed to my managerial interests. Acted by chance; the character made some impression and I was called for, but undressed immediately in order to superintend the performance of 'Joan of Arc.' 'Joan of Arc' succeeded entirely.

December 2nd.—Went to theatre, where I sat for some time revolving the hopeless condition of the concern. I strove to

calm my spirits, and devise the best means of meeting and winding up the losses that appear hanging over me. I could not rally, my heart had quite sank within me.

Saw the new opera,* which, silly as the words are, and overweighed as it is with music, was quite successful. Received Talfourd's fourth edition of 'Ion,' with a preface exhorting people to support Covent Garden.

December 9th.—Went to the theatre; at the box office saw Robertson and Bartley, who both had very long faces, and seemed intent on some prophetic moans; but I only put on a more cheerful face when Robertson told me, despite the receipt of the week, which has not been bad, that he must draw upon me.

December 14th.—At the theatre, attended to business; watched part of the pantomime, and made some little alterations in the dialogue. Received the estimate of the gas alteration, which, though very expensive, I ordered, in justice, as I thought, to Stanfield and the work he is engaged on for me. Saw Stanfield, and told him I would have it, and accordingly ordered it.

December 16th.—Went to the theatre, where I attended to business, looking out for plays, &c., after Christmas. Had the account from Robertson, which I looked over, and found myself about £2,200 to make up, to bring in even balance; profit therefore is beyond all hope!

Sunday, December 17th.—Read over 'Macbeth,' in which I find myself much abroad. The cares of management are distracting me from ruminating upon my art. My spirits very low, and my mind occupied with pondering on the sacrifice I have made, and the false step I have taken in embarking my property on this desperate enterprise. Am I not punished enough? Read prayers to the family.

December 18th.—Mr. Martins, the Vice-Chamberlain, called to report to me the Queen's intention of visiting the theatre this evening. Sent for Bartley, Bradwell, &c., and gave directions for her reception. Sent letters to the papers informing them of the circumstance. Lay down in bed, and tried to think of 'Macbeth,' but it would not rest in my mind.

Acted Macbeth tolerably well, particularly the latter part of the play.

* 'Amélie; or, the Love Test.'—Ed.

December 23*rd.*—Robertson drew on me for another £100. I am now at the verge of my managerial fate; whether I am to sink disastrously, or to spring aloft to better fortune is on the event of little more than one hour. God will ordain my course for the best. Would I could prevent my ignorant heart from fretting and murmuring at the adverse circumstances that seem to gather round me! I trust I shall bear myself through the worst of them in a manly and dignified manner.

December 26*th.*—Went to the theatre, where all was in a state of anxious preparation for "the great work," the pantomime. Rehearsed Lord Hastings; watched the rehearsal of the pantomime,* which I could not leave, for had I gone to my own room, I could not have given my attention to my own character, my thoughts would have been with the success of the pantomime. Rehearsing on the stage, which was not over till ten minutes past five. Dickens, Cattermole, and Forster sat it through. Acted Lord Hastings pretty well, taking the circumstances into consideration. The pantomime succeeded completely, for which I feel most gratified.

1838.

[Sentences prefixed to diary:]

"Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labour."

"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts."—*Pope.*

London, January 1*st.*—On my entrance into another year I cannot avoid seeing how little of life is left me in this world,

* 'Harlequin, and Peeping Tom of Coventry.' It was illustrated by a moving diorama, painted by Stanfield, of scenes from the north of Italy, the Alps, Germany, and France, including the Col du Bon Homme by moonlight, and concluding with the British Channel. In the play-bills Macready

and that contemplation brings with it sorrow and self-reproach and vain repinings time after time neglected and abused. Whirled along as I now am in the current of harassing and irritating business I have little opportunity for reflection, and am strongly impressed with the necessity of discontinuing, with the close of the present theatrical season, the extraordinary duties I have taken upon myself for my own mind's sake and for the sake of my blessed and beloved children, to whom I am anxious to devote my best energies of thought and labour. May God of His infinite mercy bless them and their dear mother with His choicest blessings, now and for evermore. Amen.

January 4th.—Went to the theatre, where I went on a first rehearsal of 'King Lear.' My opinion of the introduction of the Fool is that, like many such terrible contrasts in poetry and painting, in acting representation it will fail of effect; it will either weary and annoy or distract the spectator. I have no hope of it, and think that at the last we shall be obliged to dispense with it. Settled the scenery, which will be very striking.

January 5th.—Speaking to Willmott and Bartley about the part of the Fool in 'Lear,' and mentioning my apprehensions that, with Meadows, we should be obliged to omit the part, I described the sort of fragile, hectic, beautiful-faced boy that he should be, and stated my belief that it never could be acted. Bartley observed that a woman should play it. I caught at the idea, and instantly exclaimed Miss P. Horton is the very person. I was delighted at the thought.

Bulwer called and talked with me about the play. I went over the last act with him. He told me of the works upon his hands; his industry is astonishing!

Consulted Robertson and Bartley about Stanfield; mentioned my purpose of sending him £250 and a present of plate, value £50.

January 9th.—Went to the theatre; wrote a letter to Stanfield, inclosing a cheque for £300.

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expressed his obligations to Stanfield, stating that "at a sacrifice, and in a manner the most liberal and kind, he had for a short period laid aside his easel, to present the manager with his last work, in a department of art so conspicuously advanced by him, as a mark of the interest he feels in the success of the cause which this theatre labours to support."—Ed.

January 10*th.*—Called at the Garrick Club to look at some costumes for 'Lear;' saw Thackeray, who promised to send me a book on the subject. Coming home read Talfourd's tragedy of the 'Athenian Captive.' This was a great disappointment to me; no one could believe it to be by the author of 'Ion;' it has nothing of it but its faults of style exaggerated. How am I to tell Talfourd this, I scarcely know. I fear the effect of such a communication, but I will do "all in honour."

Letter from Stanfield refusing to accept the £300 I sent him, returning me the cheque I had sent him, and asking for £150. This is one of the few noble instances of disinterested friendly conduct I have met with in my life. God bless him.

January 15*th.*—Went to the theatre, where I attended to business; was detained long by Mr. Gye, who wanted to argue with me that I ought to retain his light through the run of the pantomime, which he charged at £1 10*s.* per night, with no stipulation or statement as to the expense.

January 19*th.*—Sent Bartley to the Jerusalem Coffee House to see the newly-invented stoves, which I thought of placing through the theatre. Settled many of the dresses for 'King Lear' with Head. Thought on 'Macbeth' and rested. My poor dresser, Henry, was conveyed away ill; I apprehend having burst a blood-vessel. I sent him to Earle, who, being ill, sent him to another surgeon; he was prescribed for, and sent home.

January 20*th.*—Stanfield, Kenney, Wallace, Cattermole, Forster, Browning, and Robertson, dined with us; we spent a cheerful afternoon. Before we went upstairs I expressed to Stanfield how deeply I was indebted for the noble act of friendship he had shown me, and that I had a slight tribute to offer him, on which the record of my gratitude was engraved, though not so deeply as on the more perishable substance of my heart. I gave him the salver, which was admired, and the inscription as altered by Wallace, was read.

To Charles Stanfield, Esq., R.A.

In remembrance of the kindness and zeal with which he brought the magic of his pencil and the celebrity of his name to the aid of a discouraged and declining sister art, this humble tribute is presented by his grateful friend,

William Charles Macready.

January 20*th*, 1838.

January 24th.—I gave up the whole morning to the rehearsal and superintendence of 'King Lear,' which, to a classic or Shakespearian eye, looks very striking, and, as I think, very harmoniously arranged. Sir H. J. Bridges called and wished me to settle with him the time of a visit to him in Radnorshire. Gave to Messrs. Phelps and Gaspey private boxes for the evening, and sent one to dear Miss Martineau. Arranged business with Marshall, Head, and Griffith; also with Jones, the tailor.

January 25th.—Went to the theatre. Occupied all the morning with my rehearsal of 'King Lear.' Lay down and tried to think of Lear. Was very nervous in the morning, but prepared for the play much more collected than I had been. I scarcely know how I acted the part. I did not satisfy myself. We shall see the papers to-morrow, which I suppose will set us right on the question. Was occasionally pretty good, but I was not what I wished to have been.

Bartley, Willmott, and Robertson came into my room, and wished me to do the play twice next week, but I am myself all abroad upon the nature of its success.

January 26th.—Was awake very early, oppressed and confused by a sense of ill coming on me, through the complete failure, as I conceived it, of last night's performance. The pain of suspense, until I read the papers, was never more severely felt by me. They at length arrived, and being far more favourable than my anticipation, my serenity in some degree returned, but my mind and body were both weighed down by fatigue.

Went to the theatre, where I found the rehearsal of the 'Wonder' in progress; went on with it. The impression created by 'King Lear,' seemed to be wide and strong.

January 27th.—Acted Don Felix with spirit and self-possession, but had not had the time to present, as I had wished, a finished performance of the part. Was called for by the audience and very warmly received. Spoke with Mrs. Glover and Miss Faucit after the play.

Letters from Lady Blessington, introducing Lady C. B——, and from Bulwer with alterations.

February 1st.—Lady ——, Lord ——'s daughter, called, wishing to go on the stage; she read before me. I dissuaded her from the attempt. She gave me part of her history.

February 3rd.—Received a letter from Bulwer with the title of 'The Adventurer,'* but when I saw it written down, I would not consent to it.

Read, and with great attention, the new play. Told a story to the children. Read again my part of Claude Melnotte. Jones, the tailor, called about my dress.

February 9th.—Acted King Lear pretty well; took pains, but was not equal to myself on Wednesday. Bulwer came into my room at the end of the second act. I sent him round to a private box and he returned to me at the end of the play. Expressed himself in very warm terms upon what he styled my "gigantic" performance, talked about the play, with the arrangements for which he seemed well satisfied. In speaking of the Ballot question, he said he would never support ministers again if they did not leave it an open question. Was called for, and very cordially received by the audience.

February 15th.—Went to an early rehearsal of the new play.

Acted Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's play pretty well; the audience felt it very much, and were carried away by it; the play in the acting was completely successful. Was called for, and leading on Miss Faucit, was well received; gave out the play. Forster, Kenney, Bartley, &c., came into my room.

February 17th.—Read over part of the play, being anxious to play well, as I knew Bulwer would be there. Acted pretty well; was called for, led on Miss Faucit, and was very cordially received. Bulwer came into my room, and expressed himself much pleased; offered to give his name, whenever I might wish it.

February 18th.—Settled with Marshall the scenery for 'Coriolanus,' which I think will be very striking. Wrote to Bulwer, suggesting his proposal of last night, the announcement of his name. Bulwer called, and, giving me full power to act on my own judgment, seemed not to wish his name to be published until further experiment of the play's success had been made—until Thursday. I resolved to wait the whole week.

February 20th.—Went to the theatre, where I spoke with Marshall about the scenery of 'Coriolanus,' and rehearsed the play of 'Julius Cæsar.' Rintoul called to speak to me about

* Afterwards named 'The Lady of Lyons.'—Ed.

the note I sent him on the *Spectator's* paragraph; he said that nothing unkind was intended.

February 21st.—Bulwer called; I was preparing to go on the stage, and mentioned his uncertainty about the policy of publishing his name. I told him of the improvement in the prospect of the house, and we agreed that we would wait and see the progress of the night. I acted well. I was loudly called for, and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—After the very kind reception with which you have honoured this play, I hope I may be permitted to say a few words in regard to some objections which have been urged, and from opinions I am disposed to respect, upon passages that are said to be political. I beg to assure you that, upon the strictest investigation, there are no political allusions that do not grow out of the piece, and are necessarily conducive to the working of the story. Had it been otherwise I am certain the author, whom I have the honour to know, would never have descended to such means to entrap your applause; the licenser would not have permitted it, nor I believe will you think that I should have had the bad taste to encourage it. If I may associate such a name with an existing author's, our divine Shakespeare is liable to similar imputations, and I trust I shall receive credit for the assertion of the principle upon which I conduct this theatre—that art and literature have no politics."

Saw Bulwer, who left with me *carte-blanche* as to the time and mode of announcing his name.*

February 23rd.—Gave up the whole morning to the preparation of 'Coriolanus.' Wrote a note to Cox and Greenwood about Edward's conditional unattached majority.

February 28th.—Felt so very unwell, with weakness at my chest, cold throughout me, and a mind so wearied, that I longed to think of nothing; so beaten down, body and mind, I could not rise for the rehearsal of 'Coriolanus.' Looked at the newspapers. Griffiths called about the sandals and helmets of 'Coriolanus.' Sat down and read over, marking the interlude of Egerton Webbe. Altered the bill. Noted down the

* The name of Edward Lytton Bulwer was first announced as that of the author of 'The Lady of Lyons' in the Covent Garden play-bill of Saturday, 24th February, 1838.—Ed.

persons to be employed in 'Coriolanus.' Went to dine with Catherine to Horace Twiss; met Herries, Sir William Abdy, Sir George Rose, Fanny Twiss—with whom I passed the whole day.

March 1st.—Went to the theatre. Rehearsed three acts of 'Coriolanus.' Cattermole called about a dress, and private box.

A lady called, introduced by Mr. Dowling, as a candidate for the stage. I did my best to dissuade her. A violent love letter from some person who had seen me in Melnotte. Lay down in bed a little after four, quite over-spent and worn down by fatigue and illness. Acted Claude Melnotte tolerably well; was called for and well received.

March 2nd.—Went to the theatre; where I gave my best attention to the rehearsal of 'Coriolanus.' Received Brockedon, who called on me with a message and note from Eastlake; he, Mr. E., had been rated for sending back his admission card to me, and fancied that I had taken umbrage at it. I assured Brockedon that I had not, and received the notes and message from him as courteously as I could. Settled much important business with Willmott (Bartley came to tell me that the boxes were well taken for to-morrow, L. D.) with Head and Marshall.

Received notes, one of gratitude for pleasure received at the theatre from Mrs. Best. After dinner, and a little romp with my darling children, and a story to them, I answered Mr. Eastlake, Mrs. Best, and wrote a note to Egerton Webbe. I then continued steadily the arrangement of the dresses and properties of the different persons in 'Coriolanus,' which kept me up to a late hour.

March 3rd.—Acted Claude Melnotte very well. The Queen came in just after the beginning of the last act; was loudly called for and very warmly received. Lord Conyngham wished to see myself or some one. Sent Bartley to him. It was to say that the Queen would come to see the whole play on Tuesday, and wished Bulwer to know it.

March 5th.—Went to theatre to rehearse Coriolanus: the number of supernumeraries so took up the morning that we could not advance beyond the second act of 'Coriolanus.' Received a very courteous note from Miss Rolls; attended to business with Marshall, Head, Griffiths, &c.

March 8th.—Bulwer came into my room and seemed very

much delighted with the success of his play. He told me of a message he had received from the Queen, full of courteous expressions to him about the play, and wishing him to communicate to me how very much she was delighted with my acting. He told me that he had said little about myself in the preface, because he had said a good deal before, and he thought it would be injurious. I told him he had said so much before that he had left nothing to say, that he had bound me to his chariot-wheels. He added that he felt sure Talfourd's play would succeed. I did not encourage the notion, and thereupon he said, though he had no wish to write for the stage, yet if I needed him, I had only to point out how he could assist my views. Brought home my helmet to accustom myself to it.

March 12th.—The house was very indifferent; this was a blow. The reputation of this theatre for producing Shakespearian plays ought to have commanded more attention. I give up all hope! Lay down to rest. Acted parts of Coriolanus well; parts, not to satisfy myself. Jerdan, Dickens, Bulwer, Blanchard, Forster, came into my room.

March 13th.—Went to the theatre, attended to business there. Saw Willmott, Robertson. Looked over E. Webbe's opera. Fox called and expressed himself delighted at the performance of last night.

E. Webbe came, and brought with him the scores of his opera, about which I shall set the people immediately.

March 14th.—Received a letter from Talfourd, informing me of his despatch of the play. Looked at the newspapers.

When I went into my study, revolved the various arguments for and against the plays, thought upon my benefit, decided upon Lord Byron's 'Foscari,' and to produce E. Webbe's opera after it. Read the voyages of Sindbad in the 'Arabian Nights,' with reference to the Easterpiece. Read Mr. Young's Easter piece, and found a difficulty in coming to any decision upon it. Wilson called, and I wrote to Mr. Leigh with the tragedy of 'Cromwell,' and also wrote a note to E. Webbe. Z. Troughton called, whom I was glad to see; I told him I had not read his tragedy. Wrote to Talfourd in answer to his letter. Wilson called again, having found Mrs. Gore's play. Received a note from Mrs. Talfourd. Not well after dinner. I am indeed worn out; the want of air, exercise, and repose is working on my

system. Received a very pleasing letter from dearest Edward, which affected me, but with happy emotion. Also a note, proposing an opera from Haynes Bayley. Went to Miss Martineau's party. Met there Mr. Smith of Norwich, whom I liked, Robertson of the *Westminster Review*, Chorley,* Misses Berry, friends and biographers of H. Walpole, Browning, Eastlake, Mrs. Read, Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Passed an agreeable evening, but was much fatigued.

March 15*th.*—Poole called to say that he wished to have written on Monday night to express his delight at the performance of 'Coriolanus,' which was the most perfect thing he had ever seen.

March 16*th.*—Read over 'Foscari' in bed, and looked at the papers. A letter from Talfourd with the cast of 'The Athenian Captive.'

Attended to business about the play of 'Foscari' with Marshall; the Easter piece with Serle.

Read part of Talfourd's play. Very low spirits in contemplating the state of things. A cheerful dinner-party, Jonathan Birch, John Morice, Misses Morice, Warrens, Lieutenant Wright, Kennedy, George Bucknill, Mason, Archdeacon Robinson, sister and niece.

March 17*th.*—Spoke with Young about his Easter piece, and suggested £35 as his payment, to which he agreed.

A friend of Talfourd's called to ask me to read his version of Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' which I promised to do when the business of the theatre permitted me.

Read through Talfourd's play, which, though not of a high character, is certainly improved. Blanchard called to speak with me about a play written by Miss Landon, to be submitted hereafter. Tried to think on the matter. Very much tired. Acted Claude Melnotte middlingly.

March 21*st.*—Went to the theatre, reading the 'Foscari' upon my way. Spoke to Marshall on business, and made the copy of my benefit advertisement. Wrote to Wallace with a box, and to Bulwer with a box for his mother, and a cheque for

* 'Chorley's Diary' ('Memoirs,' 2 vols., London, 1873), vol. i. p. 276., 15th March, 1838, has: "Macready at a soirée at Miss Martineau's, the Misses Berry besetting him about the character of Pauline in 'The Lady of Lyons.'—Ed.

£210. A dinner-party of Bulwer, Sheil, A. Buller, Fonblanque, F. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Ellis, Dickens, Browning, Forster, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Kitchener, Henrietta Skerrett. We had a cheerful day.

March 22nd.—I rehearsed the play of the 'Foscari,' and afterwards listened to some music of the opera I had read two days since. I was much pleased with it. Spoke with Marshall on business, and settled with him the scenes of the 'Foscari.' Gave him a card to Etty, whom I wished him to consult on the apartments of the Ducal Palace at Venice. Spoke with Mr. Griesbach about his opera; settled the terms with him of £5 per night, and arranged the night of performance for the 7th proximo.

Received a letter from Bulwer returning me the cheque for £210, a letter which is a recompense for much ill-requited labour and unpitied suffering; it is an honour to him, and a subject of pride to myself.

Saw the newspapers. Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed 'The Two Foscari.' Went to the box-office about the places for my benefit; gave directions that no preference should be given to any parties, and that the prices of the private boxes should remain as on ordinary nights.

March 26th.—Mr. ——, of the — Regiment, called, on an introduction from Talfourd, and after doing my utmost to dissuade him from such an act of folly as following the stage (the second visitor on the same errand I have had to-day), I promised to write to Knowles for him. Read over 'Coriolanus,' feeling myself quite unequal to its performance. Acted it feebly. Was called for and warmly received by the audience.

March 27th.—Kind note from Etty about the apartments of the Ducal Palace, and lamenting his inability to accept our invitation. Went to the theatre, where I spoke with Marshall on the scenes. Rehearsed Foscari.

Acted Claude Melnotte pretty well; was called for and warmly received by the audience. Some person, a lady, I fancy, sent me a laurel chaplet; I do not see the exact meaning of the anonymous affair.

Faraday sent me a note with his pamphlet on electricity.

March 28th.—Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, three Misses Fitzgerald,

Bayley, Cattermole, O'Hanlon, Hayward, Dowling, Calcraft, Brockedon, dined with us.

March 29th.—Entered some arrears of record, and went to the theatre, where I gave a quiet rehearsal to Foscari. Received a very kind message from Mr. Lowndes, protesting against my surrender of my benefit to the stock of the theatre, and manifesting an appreciation of my labours that was very gratifying to me.

March 30th.—Paid Mr. Maddox a quarter's rent for the house £95 11*s.* Went to theatre. Rehearsed Foscari and the new opera. Spoke to Marshall on the subject of the scenery, and on other business.

April 5th.—Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed Foscari. J. Short called, and chatted with me for a few minutes; he was in great spirits, and his presence gave me a momentary stimulus. It is delightful to call back our school days and school thoughts again in this accursed world of treachery, hypocrisy, and cant. Received a note from Miss Coutts, inclosing me a five-pound note for her box. Returned it with as courteous a note as the hurry of the moment would allow. Went over the part of Coriolanus lying on the sofa. Acted the part but indifferently.

April 7th.—Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed Foscari. Received a note from Beazley inclosing me two guineas for two box tickets. I answered his note returning the difference, and received a very polite answer from him. Another note from Miss Coutts, returning the £2 10*s.*, and requiring six more box or pit tickets, which were sent with my compliments.

Acted Foscari very well. Was very warmly received on my appearance; was called for at the end of the tragedy and received by the whole house standing up and waving handkerchiefs with great enthusiasm. Dickens, Forster, Procter, Browning, Talfourd, &c., came into my room. The operetta of 'Windsor Castle' was in active process of damnation as I left the theatre. Note from Mrs. C. Buller, wishing me to go to her on Wednesday.

April 10th.—We had a dinner party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Loughs, Blanchard, Mrs. Reid, Miss Martineau, Messrs. T. Fonblanque, Savage, Forster, Ainsworth, Beazley,

and Maclise. Note from Lady Nugent, which I answered; four of our visitors stayed unreasonably late.

April 11*th.*—Knowles came to breakfast, and read his play, with which I was much pleased. He at first wished to bring forward 'Procida,' but on my expressing myself satisfied with 'The City Maid,' he, with an expression of alacrity, agreed to set to work on that. Looked at the newspapers; went to the theatre, and directed the rehearsal of the Easter piece, attended also to much business connected with it.

Easter Monday, April 16*th.*—Went to the theatre, where I was engaged incessantly the whole day with the superintendence of the Easter piece. The labour was oppressive. Here am I sacrificing myself, and still I must ask, for what—for whom? At a quarter past four I lay down to rest until five o'clock. Notes from various persons. Acted Macbeth in an odious style; was called for and well received by the audience. The after-piece,* to which I carefully attended, was not over until nearly half-past twelve; reached home at one.

April 18*th.*—Spoke with Willmott and Marshall about the alteration of 'Sindbad;' directions were given about it. Talking with Serle, we entered into a discussion of the practicability of carrying on the theatre next year; Bartley and Robertson came in and participated in the conversation. Much as I lament to see the work I have done fall uselessly into nothing, I do not feel that I can with propriety continue in the direction of the theatre.

April 19*th.*—Coriolanus.

April 20*th.*—Gave the evening to the study of Thoas,† a bitter drug. Account from the theatre most wretched, £55. So that this at least tells us the value of 'Coriolanus,' and even the 'Foscari.'

April 21*st.*—Saw the papers, and went to the theatre, where I was startled at learning that there was only just enough cash to meet the day's demands; and this included the remainder of my benefit. The prospect is fearful. I sent for Willmott, and

* 'Sindbad, the Sailor; or, the Valley of Diamonds.' The pieces performed in this week were: 'Macbeth,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'The Two Foscari,' 'Coriolanus,' 'The Hypocrite,' 'High Life Below Stairs,' and the opera of 'Amélie;' and this is a fair sample of the variety of performances given under Macready's management, himself playing in four of them.—Ed.

† In Talfourd's 'Athenian Captive.'—Ed.

immediately made arrangements to dismiss 'Sindbad' from the bills, and reduce every expense.

April 2nd.—Gave the whole day to learning the words of Thoas, which I find a more difficult task than any of the same kind I have ever in my life had to encounter; laboured at it, but it escaped me, after I had gained the power of repeating it. It is so overloaded, and so roundabout the subject. Macaulay called, and told me how highly Lord Denman had been speaking of me.

April 23rd.—Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed 'The Athenian Captive.' Forster and Dickens called at the theatre, and I submitted to them the proposed omission of two scenes, to which they, for Talfourd, agreed and made further excisions. Business with Marshall, &c., about the play. Mr. Denmar sent me, as a present, a Glasgow edition of Horace from the late John Kemble's library.* O'Hanlon called about his fancy ball dress. Two or three persons called, one with a play on the subject of 'imprisonment for debt,' which he did not choose to leave, as the subject was at present popular! Cut 'The Athenian Captive,' and rested in my chair for half an hour. Acted Macbeth indifferently; was called for by the audience and kindly received.

April 24th.—In bed went over two scenes of 'Athenian Captive' and rose early to continue the study of it. Went to the theatre. Spoke to Robertson about the state of accounts, ordering all bills to be called in, and an estimate given me of my next Saturday's expenses. Suggested to him and Bartley the possibility of procuring Knowles's play for the company to act, on their own account, after my proposed retirement from the management; they thought it not practicable. Rehearsed 'The Athenian Captive.' Business in settling benefits, plays, &c. After I had dined, went with Bartley to the North London Hospital, where we saw Dr. Elliotson's exhibition of his epileptic patients under a course of animal magnetism. It is very extraordinary, and I cannot help thinking that they are partly under a morbid influence and partly lend themselves to a delusion. Rested for about an hour; acted Claude Melnotte very fairly; was called for and well received by the audience.

April 25th.—Read in bed the part of Thoas; went to the

* Bought by Anthony Trollope at the sale of Macready's library in 1873. —Ed.

theatre, where I settled with Marshall several matters respecting the scenery of 'The Athenian Captive;' Forster and Dickens came to the rehearsal and sat it all through. They told me that Talfourd had undergone the operation of amputation, as to his play, very manfully. Knowles told me that he would have four acts ready for me this week. Hullah came to speak about the operetta of Serle's. Baxter, the music copyist, came to say that the instrumentation of E. Webbe's opera was so defective, that it *could* not be *played;* that notes were written which actually could not be played on instruments.

April 25th.—Letter from dearest Edward, giving an interesting account of his present state and expectations. Looked at the newspaper, in which I saw the debate upon Talfourd's Copyright Bill. Rehearsed 'The Athenian Captive,' in which I find no effect for my character. Arranged business with Head, Marshall, &c. Talfourd called. I told him that my part had no effect in it, that the play lay upon Mrs. Warner and Mr. Anderson. Willmott called with a note from Mr. Warner informing Bartley of Mrs. Warner's sudden indisposition (her labour having come unexpectedly upon her). Mrs. Clifford had Volumnia sent to her and we talked over the business of the ensuing week, deciding on closing the theatre Saturday night.

Talfourd, Dickens, and Forster came and debated on what was to be done. Talfourd had come from Lord Lansdowne's dinner party, went up with Forster, &c., to see Miss H. Faucit and ask her to act the part. She entertained the subject, but could give no answer till the morrow. Wrote to Mrs. Warner inclosing a cheque for £40, a month's salary, with offer of any accommodation to Mr. Warner.

April 28th.—Knowles called about nine o'clock, to say he would be here punctually at half-past ten to breakfast. He came, and I went round by his house, on my way to the theatre, and received from him the two first acts of 'The City Maid.' Rehearsed the play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' with my part of Friar Lawrence. Settled with Marshall the scenery for 'Ion' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' and with Head the dresses for the latter. Made out the bill for the week's business. Sent to inquire after Mrs. Warner. Returning home, I read and cut the farce of 'Love Extempore.' Read the two acts of 'The City Maid,' which I think admirably written.

April 29th.—Kenney called; I told him that I had cast his piece of 'Love Extempore,' and was satisfied that Harley would do the part in it well.

Went to dine with Dickens, at whose house I met Procter, Ainsworth, Bell of the *True Sun*, and Forster. An agreeable day.

April 30th.—Read over Friar Lawrence. Acted it. I find the playing a part of this sort, with no direct character to sustain, no effort to make, no power of perceiving an impression made, to be a very disagreeable and unprofitable task. Having required many of the actors to do what they conceived beneath them, perhaps it was only a just sacrifice to their opinions to concede so far.

May 1st.—Rehearsed 'The Jealous Wife.' Read the farce of 'The Veiled Portrait' to the actors. Read the third act of Knowles's play. Read fourth act of 'King Lear.' Read three first acts of Claude Melnotte. Acted the part of Melnotte very well. Was called for and very warmly received.

May 3rd.—Went to the theatre, where, during the rehearsal, I saw Messrs. Lowndes and Faber, and talked with them about the reletting of the theatre, advising them not to delay their advertisement beyond the 1st of June; to let me see the advertisements, which I might be able to improve for them; to retain Willmott, and make him a situation in the summer, the taking an inventory of the scenery and properties, &c. They agreed on the necessity of keeping up the character of the theatre, and seemed obliged by the interest I took in it. Rehearsed Mr. Oakley. Robertson and Bartley came into my room; the receipt was so bad, that I was obliged to decide on closing the house on Thursday.

May 5th.—A M. Dumanoir, Entrepreneur du Théâtre des Variétés, called early to ask me if I would procure a licence for the French company, and engage the troupe from the Variétés. I showed him all possible civility, gave him the freedom of the theatre, but declined all speculation: I have had enough of it. Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed with care the play of 'As You Like It.' Acted Jaques pretty well, not so well as I could and ought to have done. Was called for but did not go on. Saw the farce of 'High Life Below Stairs,' with which I was much amused.

May 7th.—Went to the theatre, where I attended to the business before me, and, after arranging with Marshall, Willmott, &c., sat down to read and cut Knowles's play for the copyist. Forster gave the title of 'Woman's Wit; or, Love's Disguises,' to Knowles's play.

May 9th.—Acted Melnotte pretty well. Was called for with Miss Faucit, for whose benefit it was acted, and well received. Arranged conclusively the characters of 'Woman's Wit,' and sent them out.

Elstree, Sunday, May 13th.—On coming down stairs turned to my accounts, which still proceed, only increasing on the disbursing side. Yesterday I had to give a cheque to Robertson for £100 to meet the salaries.

Read Knowles's play of 'Woman's Wit.' Played with the children. After dinner told them each stories applicable to their several characters. Spent an idle evening of enjoyment. Read prayers to the family.

London, May 19th.—Rehearsed 'Woman's Wit.' Knowles was very much struck with the beauty of the scene for the opening of the play; he observed to me: "My dear Mac, for all the plays I have ever written, there has never been done so much as is given in this one scene." He went on to say, he would "set to work on 'Procida' without delay for me," &c.

Went to Fonblanque's with Forster. Saw Hayward, F. Reynolds, Savage, Dr. Quin, D'Orsay, Savage Landor, Bulwer, Lord Nugent, &c. Went home with Forster, who got tea for me.

May 21st.— Gave up the entire morning to the rehearsal of Knowles's play. Knowles was very much struck with the mode of putting the play upon the stage, drilling the actors, and teaching them their business; I was glad he was present that he might know, in any event, his trust had not been misplaced. He told me the proprietors, if they knew their interests, ought to give me £4000 per annum to conduct their theatre—about the amount that I shall give to them!

May 23rd.—From six o'clock to eight, I was boring at the concluding speech of the play, having closed my eyes with it last night, and could not get it into my head. Rehearsed the play of 'Woman's Wit,' and attended to all the various matters

connected with it; scenes, dresses, &c. Read over my own part, and laboured at the concluding speech, writing it out repeatedly from memory, but unavailingly, to make a secure lodgment with it. Acted Walsingham in a very crude, nervous, unsatisfactory manner. Avoided a call by going before the curtain to give out the play; there was very great enthusiasm. Led on Knowles in obedience to the call of the audience.

May 26th.—Acted Walsingham a little better than the preceding evenings. Lydia Bucknill, who was in the theatre, went with me after the play to Elstree. Twice called for, and making bow to the audience. The night was very beautiful—the young moon looking like hope and promise—suggesting happiness to lighter hearts than mine, but to me there seems little prospect of content or comfort. Found dearest Catherine very unwell.

May 29th.—Had a long conversation with Bartley and Robertson on the conduct of next season; they, but more particularly Bartley, seemed to be very anxious that I should be continued, with safety to myself, in the management. Bartley mentioned that the actors were to meet on Thursday, and that Serle had a plan to propose, but that this plan included an operatic company. I am nearly certain Serle's plan must be of a republican character, with which I said I would have nothing to do; as a director I must be a *despot*, or *serve*. Wrote to Babbage for a voucher for Herschel's dinner. Acted Walsingham middlingly.

May 31st.—After the interlude * was over, Warde, Harley, Meadows, and Stanfield came into my room to ask me to step into the green-room, where I found my company assembled. They all stood up as I entered, and I bowed to them, and Bartley addressed me in their names, deputed by them. I cannot remember his speech, but it was very well arranged and delivered, to the effect that they, "the company, had been deeply penetrated by the part I had taken in standing forward to champion the cause of the fallen drama, and been sensibly alive to the labours I had encountered, and the sacrifices I had made for the drama's sake; that they wished me to be apprised of

* The performances of this evening were: 'Woman's Wit,' 'The Original,' and 'High Life Below Stairs.'—Ed.

their high appreciation of my noble conduct, of my uniform deportment towards them, and of the various acts that together had brought back to them a season equal in its effects to them to the best days of the drama within the memory of the oldest actor; that they were well aware I should be most pleased with any testimonial of their regard in proportion to its unostentatiousness, and therefore they had selected the simplest offering as a mere tablet, on which to inscribe their names and record their gratitude to me; that though it possessed little value beyond that, yet that perhaps on some occasion it might find a place upon my sideboard, and that Mrs. Macready, and perhaps my children, might derive some little pleasure from the sight of it." The salver was produced and the inscription read. He was affected as he closed his speech, which I can only very imperfectly recollect. I am nearly as much at a loss to recollect the particulars of my reply; he said something about "the motives" of my undertaking—I forget in what manner. As nearly as I can remember, I said: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am utterly at a loss to reply to what has been so kindly communicated to me from you by our common friend, Mr. Bartley. I really do not know how to thank you. I am wholly unused to address extemporaneously any body of persons, and not always exact in the expression of my ideas in ordinary conversation. I thank you most truly. I can say little more than this, but whilst I assure you that I feel most gratefully your kindness in this instance, I must also be permitted to say that I regret it; I regret that, in your wish to testify your estimation of my conduct, you should have altered the high position on which we stood relatively to each other—it would have been far more gratifying to me to have received the record of your kind appreciation on even perishable paper (which, however, never could have perished while I or any dear to me could have preserved it) and have held faith in the sincerity of its declaration. But as it is I can only again thank you, and assure you how truly I value this testimony of your regard. I truly and gratefully thank you. Mr. Bartley has alluded to the 'motives' which induced me to embark on this speculation or experiment. I may observe that less disinterested motives have been attributed to me by some persons who have been remarked in society for a most ungenerous hostility to our

cause, and who, perhaps, are scarcely worthy of notice. These persons have laid down their opinion that I took the theatre 'only to fill my own pockets.' I am sure you give me credit—indeed, you have proved so—for motives not altogether mercenary and selfish. And, in contradiction of these persons' assertion, I need but refer to your several engagements and to my contract with the proprietors, by which I might long since have closed the theatre when all hope of reimbursing myself had departed, and when I could only continue the season by a continuance of loss. As a further evidence that my motives were not exclusively selfish, I had pledged myself, before the opening of the theatre, to Mr. Robertson and Mr. Bartley (and I am glad of the opportunity of mentioning it) to pay to the full the salaries of those performers who consented to their reduction, and who consented to share with me in part the risk I was venturing upon. I pledged myself, as those gentlemen know, to pay the full amount at which these salaries were previously rated before I touched one shilling of the profits, if any had arisen upon the season. I may also refer to the principles on which the theatre has been conducted, to show that my motives were not altogether mercenary. They were in fact not so. Among my motives the primary one was the wish to elevate my art, and to establish an asylum for it and my brothers and sisters professing it, where they might be secure of equitable treatment, of friendly consideration, and most of all, of that respect which man should show to man or, which is most important, which man should show to woman. I cannot be so presumptuous as to suppose that I have been able to give universal satisfaction; in a large establishment like this the interests of individuals must often be merged in that of the community, but I may ask credit for intention. I have endeavoured to be just, and though perhaps sometimes I may have been betrayed into a manifestation of infirmity of temper, I have at least striven to make kindness go hand in hand with justice. Once more I must thank you; but let me indulge in one more observation, which is, that in no theatrical season I remember, has there ever been less discord between a company and its manager, a circumstance of which we may all be justly proud, and in the honour of which we generally participate. In again repeating my thanks to you I may mention that, in a letter addressed to

me on business at the beginning of the season by a gentleman I believe now present, the writer told me that I was regarded—yes, he intimated widely—as the actors' friend; it was the most gratifying character that could be applied to me. Let me believe that the testimonial now before me may be considered by me as an attestation of your assent to the justice of the term, and let me entreat of you that my name may never be dissociated from the appellation. Thank you once more, truly and cordially!" I shook hands with those near me and left the room. Stanfield, Knowles, Forster, Bartley, &c., came into my room; I was pleased to hear that Mrs. H. Phillips' and Power's, &c., names were inscribed on the salver.

June 5th.—Read the essay on 'Envy' in Bacon—endeavouring to examine myself by it.

June 7th.—Spoke to Mr. Anderson upon his impatience under bad parts, and recommended him to take all that came without question or murmur as his most certain way to estimation. He was very grateful, and thanked me for all I had done for him.

June 14th.—Mr. Webster sent up his card and came in. He proposed an engagement—asked me if I would take £20 per night. I said, No; that I did not wish to act, and would take nothing under £25 per night for four nights per week for five weeks. He said, "Well, Mr. Macready, I will give it," and named the time—the middle of July. I told him I would not act Shakespeare's tragedies at the Haymarket, to which he agreed—Knowles's play was the object. Put him on the free list.

June 15th.—Read the newspapers and saw Knowles, who came with a letter from Lord John Russell implying the Queen's intention of visiting the theatre after the Coronation. Dressed and went to Freemason's Tavern to the dinner given to Sir J. F. Herschel.* Babbage had procured me a very good place. I saw Hawes, Vivian, with whom I resumed acquaintance, Lardner, Warren, Wilkie, Heywood. The room filled completely, and presented a brilliant spectacle in itself, and an interesting subject for contemplation in the thought of the quantity of mind shut up within these walls; there were with the Duke of Sussex, Lords Lansdowne, Fitzwilliam,

* On the occasion of his return from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had spent some time in observing the stars of the southern hemisphere.—Ed.

Cawdor, Oxmantown,† Adare, Northampton, Burlington, Sir J. Brisbane (a distinguished astronomer), Sir A. Adam, &c. Lady Herschel and Mrs. Somerville were up in the gallery. I could not avoid thinking of her feelings. Sir J. Herschel, in returning thanks for his health, proposed by the Duke of Sussex, made a long and, as far as I could catch portions of it, a very good speech. Sedgewick in a good speech, if it had not been so very long, proposed the Duke of Sussex. Lansdowne and others spoke. It was pleasant to see how rank sank before the eternal greatness of science.

June 21*st.*—Was very busy in arranging the expenses of the company for next season, when Robertson came to me with the report from Knowles and Captain Forbes to the effect that they thought my payment placed much too high, and their rent very much too low. I tore my papers and assented to the rupture of the negotiation. So ended my scheme for the regeneration of the drama. Looked into Bartley's room as I passed, where he and Willmott were; told them of it, to their great consternation.

June 22*nd.*—Went to theatre, having in bed pondered on some scenes of Shylock. Found Bartley and Robertson together, and spent an hour or two in talking over the refusal of the proprietors to take my offer. Bartley asked if they would like £6000 and the two private boxes, making £800 more, £2000 being paid down in advance, and the resumption of their payments being made about Christmas at the rate of £240 per week, leaving me at liberty to close at any period.

Acted Claude Melnotte better than I have ever done; was called for, and received with very great cordiality. Notification of my election from the Athenæum Club.

June 26*th.*—Webster called and expressed the great pleasure he should have, in case of my relinquishment of Covent Garden, to make my engagement last to the end of his season with Knowles' and Bulwer's plays.

June 30*th.*—Forster called. Wrote out part of the closing speech for Bartley to deliver. Robertson brought me word that the proprietors agreed to the proposal I had given in, but wished something definite about surplus. I told him I would say nothing; that I did not intend to make a gift to them, but

† Afterwards Lord Rosse.—Ed.

if the surplus should reach to a high sum, say £7000, I should consider it only fair that they, as having participated in the risk, should be considered in the remuneration; that I should send them £1000 on such account.

July 5th.—Acted Claude Melnotte very well, was called for and led on Miss Faucit. Many bouquets were thrown on the stage.

The last night of my performance this season at Covent Garden.*

July 6th.—Went into Mrs. Macready's box to hear Bartley deliver the closing speech. He had said to me a little before that it had occurred to him the audience might call for me. I said if they did I would instantly run out of the theatre, so that he might with perfect safety say I was not in it. The cheering was so loud and long on his announcement of my continuing in the lesseeship, that I thought it time to decamp and went out of the theatre.

July 7th.—Leave London for Paris.

Paris, July 12th.—Went to the Gymnase, a theatre in apparently a declining state, but which ought not to be, if only as affording scope to the development of the talents of Madame D'Orval, the best actress in the domestic tragedy that I have seen since Miss O'Neill. I think, in her own line, quite as good, though not so lovely, as that charming actress. She acted in a piece called 'La Belle Sœur,' a married woman jealous of her sister; it was admirable—it was real in all its varieties.

London, July 23rd.—Went to the Haymarket to rehearse Kitely; acted it pretty well.

July 25th.—'Lord Townley' at Haymarket. Sir E. Bulwer came into my room, and I talked with him about a play for next season. He wants a subject, and will go to work.

August 3rd.—My mind was occupied for some time in endeavouring to compute my pecuniary loss by management. I find I managed to lose, as I first thought, judging from actual decrease of capital, and absence of profit by my labour, £2,500, or, measuring my receipt by the previous year, £1,800. It is a painful subject for rumination, but repining never amended misfortune.

* The performances were 'Woman's Wit' and 'Fra Diavolo.'—Ed.

Acted Townley; was much pleased to mark the deep interest which a lady in the stage-box took in the last scene between Lord and Lady Townley. These are the sort of auditors that lend a temporary fascination to the exercise of our art.

August 4th.—Acted Thoas with vigour and effect; quite bore the play on my own strength. Was called for by the audience; went on leading Mrs. Warner, and was very cordially received. Talfourd came into my room in a state of high excitement and delight; was lavish in his acknowledgments and surprised, as he expressed himself, at the effect I had produced.

August 20th.—Went to 13, Cumberland Terrace, and saw the house, which I liked very much. Mr. Elton called and spoke to me about his benefit. I mentioned 'The Bridal,' and told him that I must do things in my own way and must be paid for acting; that I would not, as Dr. Johnson advised Mr. Thrale—give away barrels of beer. He assented.

August 22nd.—Continued my work on the book of 'The Tempest,' and agreed to take 13, Cumberland Terrace, from 15th September to March 24th at £7 10*s.* per week.

August 25th.—Talked much with Bradwell on the machinery, &c., of 'The Tempest,' and on the machinery of the theatre as useless.

August 28th.—Miss P. Horton, to whom I spoke about the flying of Ariel, and appointed the makers of the dress to call on her. Busied with 'The Tempest,' which much perplexed me on reconsidering it.

August 29th.—Went over the scenery looked out by Sloman, with Willmott, and had conversation with Bradwell about the flying dress for Ariel.

August 30th.—Copied out the cues and business for 'Tempest' to send to T. Cooke; wrote to him and inclosed what I had done. Arranged with Marshall and Willmott the entire scenery of 'The Tempest.'

August 31st.—Went to the city with Bradwell and Brydone to see the newly invented light, the liquid gas; was much pleased with it, and made an appointment with the person for to-morrow. Elton came over to my lodgings where Forster had taken tea with me, and paid me £25. I wrote him a kind letter inclosing a cheque for £30.

September 1st.—Went over the play of 'The Tempest' with

Bradwell and Willmott. A Mr. Ashford called, on the part of the liquid gas company; told me that he had been an old schoolfellow of mine at Edgell's preparatory school; I remembered his face, not seen for thirty-six years at least. The persons went round the theatre, and are to send their practical men next week. It will be a great reduction of expense, if it can be saved. Received a note of acknowledgment from Elton.

Eastbourne, September 2nd.—Rose early, and having breakfasted, &c., went down to Charing Cross and set out in the Brighton Coach. Used my journey, so far as to amuse and profit myself, by reading, first, the *Literary Gazette*, in which the proceedings of the Scientific Association are recorded. Read the greater part of Miss Martineau's book of 'Morals and Manners,' which very much pleased me. Between Brighton and Eastbourne, I read over the part of Prospero. Found, at Eastbourne, my dear family all in good health, for which I truly and fervently thank God. Arranged my accounts. Read Oxenford's farce of 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson'—it is humorous, but very dangerous. Attended to Nina's and Willie's lessons in arithmetic. Attended to the business of the opening weeks of the theatre. Searched through lists of plays, cast plays, &c. Read and cut the farce of the 'Flitch of Bacon.' Wrote to Talfourd requesting him to ask Professor Wilson to give a paper in *Blackwood* in furtherance of our enterprise. Went in the evening with Catherine, Letitia, and the children to Beachy Head. Happy to see them all so happy. Pleased with the expanse of prospect, and the pure fresh air that we inhaled. In the evening, read the last three acts of Zouch Troughton's tragedy of 'Olaus,' which is very clever, decidedly superior to the many; but I do not think it reaches the point of excellence that insures success.

September 5th.—Left my dear Catherine and children; the two youngest were with us before I set out, and the three eldest roving and romping about the shingle, as wild as the tide that was tumbling in close to them.

My passengers were silent women, with nothing to remark; one, the youngest, was weeping as we set out, and affliction, or its signs, always engage respect and something like sympathy. Resumed Miss Martineau's book of 'Morals and Manners;' was very much pleased with almost all I read. I dissent from the

full participation of manly employments and immunities which she requires for women, in *part*, but otherwise I think her a reasoner for truth and an excellent moralist.

Read over, for the sake of mastering the words, the character of Prospero; afterwards read that of the Duke in 'Measure for Measure.' On reaching London, drove to Covent Garden Theatre, where I found my desk covered over with letters and MSS.

Reached the theatre by eight o'clock.

Bradwell had the experimental attempt of the flying of Ariel, which seemed to answer. Miss P. Horton called, and took directions about her dress.

London, September 8th.—Rose early, and arranged my clothes and books to go home; was at Covent Garden Theatre before eight o'clock and went to the painting-room, where I had some speech with Sloman on material wanted and on the hours of the men, which are from half-past six to half-past five in summer, and seven to five in winter. Wrote to thank Miss Martineau for the book; to Bulwer about his subject for a play; shortly afterwards received a note from him; answered M. de Fresne's* kind letter, having read the enthusiastic observations of Talma on the dramatic art. Wrote to dear Catherine, inclosing her £15. Willmott came, and we cast the pieces for the first week; previously, I had sent on the advertisement summoning the company to assemble. Transacted business with Brydone and Marshall. Bradwell proposed reading the operatic drama to Serle and Willmott, in order to save time.

Read to my listeners the adaptation of Kotzebue's 'Happy Family,' which they liked very much. Willmott thought that I ought to play the part of Hans Karlstein; I feel that it is yielding a great opportunity to another actor, but unless I am to act every night myself, and wish no one to be seen but myself—a selfish engrossment of opportunity that would recoil upon myself—I must give chances to those whom I employ; I must be sincerely high minded, or I have no business in my place. There will be enough for me to do, and I must strive harder for my own superiority of place.

* M. de Fresne, a gentleman well known in official and literary society in Paris, and Secrétaire-Général in the department of the Prefecture of the Seine, under the Restoration. He had an affectionate friendship for Macready and frequently corresponded with him.—Ed.

Came home by *Billing's*, reading *Literary Gazette* and part of Sir Owen Mortland. Ran up Brockley Hill for exercise, to remove the rheumatic pains in my left leg. Gave the whole evening, after a walk round the garden, to searching for a subject for Bulwer.

London, September 11*th*.—Went to the painting-room, spoke with Marshall on business, and then to Bradwell's room to inspect his model of the opening of 'The Tempest.' Mr. Vandenhoff called and had some conversation with him; signed his articles with him. Business with Willmott, Robertson, and Brydone, upon Sloman's expenses, &c; Miss P. Horton and Bradwell; Serle, who brought Loder, and it was settled with him he was to compose the music for the operatic drama; Mr. Young, with the opening of the pantomime. Haynes also went minutely into the subject of the alteration of his play; afterwards, Forster called; then wrote a few lines to Catherine. Answered Mr. Bell. Looked over and cut finally the operatic drama. Read the opening of the pantomime. Forster and Cattermole dined with me at the theatre.

September 12*th*.—Made out a preface for the announcement of season. Went out to call on Wallace, and felt quite glad of the opportunity of taking a little exercise. Looked in at a print-shop and looked over a French publication of the Versailles Gallery; thought it might be serviceable as a reference for costume, but paused upon the price. Went on to Wallace. Talked over with him Haynes's play and the affairs of the season. Required his assistance in the matter of the opening-advertisement; left with him that which I had drawn out, and promised to send him the newspaper containing our previous bulletins. Returning, called on Kenney; spoke to him about Marguerite, with which he is proceeding at Covent Garden Theatre. Found Miss Horton practising her flight. Business with Brydone, Robertson, who gave me his accounts, &c., Bradwell, &c. Settled casts of plays with Willmott. Welsh called and paid me £100. Consented to Strickland's performance on our first Saturday, and to his and Miss Taylor's names appearing in our announcement, without which I would not publish them.

September 17*th*.—Went to Covent Garden, where I immediately entered on the business that was waiting for me.

Letters from Bulwer about subject; Horne, about an annuity to be subscribed for Leigh Hunt, to which my name was given for £5; from Wade about his play, &c. Much business was before me, and occupied me variously through the day; the price of work was settled; the ladies' rooms appointed and settled; the private boxes, lobbies, and whole part of the theatre inspected, and finally settled as to its cleaning, &c. The expenses of the men's wardrobe reduced, and alteration made as to the lighting; to reduce still more the expenses, question about the laundry work—still, still imposition! Scene room, wardrobe, carpenter's room; business with all; cast pieces and made out the bill for first night.

September 24th.—Began the day with packing up things for the theatre; looked over my children's sums, and read in 'Hamlet.' Went to Covent Garden Theatre where I attended the rehearsal of 'High Life,' and the play of 'Coriolanus.' Arranged and read my letters, giving several to Serle and Robertson to answer, answering others myself. Spoke with Marshall on business, and was fully occupied each moment of the day. Thought of what I would say if I were to be called on. Began to unpack my portmanteau and to arrange my wardrobe, &c., in my room. Dressed myself and prepared for the play. After 'God save the Queen' there was a general call for myself. I went down from the box, and returned flurried, prepared to go on: the reception of the audience was most enthusiastic. I said that I was at a loss to thank them for the compliment. I hope my exertions would prove the estimation I set upon their kind opinion, that professions were of little avail, and therefore I would only assure them that unremitting zeal, good intentions, and good faith should be my rules of conduct in the establishment. I was to play Coriolanus, which is certainly beautiful. Bulwer came and sat it out with me; he talked of a subject on which he is thinking. A full house.*

September 27th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I tried to sit through 'Brown, Jones and Robinson,' but could not; it was so flatly acted that I could sit no longer. Went into my room and read over the farce called 'Jealousy.' The piece of

* Notice had been given of the reopening of the theatre by the following announcement:—

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

MR. MACREADY begs most respectfully to announce that this Theatre will be reopened

on Monday, September 24th, 1838.

In entering upon this second, and to him most serious, experiment, he will only say the same views with which he undertook the conduct of this establishment last season will be followed up, and his more specific pledges will continue to be strictly fulfilled.

No exertion will be spared in presenting the National Drama, whether as a branch of literature or as a department of art, with every advantage.

The revival of the standard plays of Shakespeare in the genuine text of the Poet will be persevered in with increased activity, and without regard to expense in attaining the utmost fidelity of historic illustration.

New pieces will be brought out in quick succession, with the same attention to decoration, especially pieces of such a character as to depend mainly upon extrinsic attractions; and the system of abstaining from all exaggerated and delusive announcements in the play-bills will be rigidly adhered to.

THE COMPANY OF THE SEASON CONSISTS OF

MESSRS.

ANDERSON,	FRASER,	ROBERTS,
AYLIFFE,	HARLEY,	SERLE,
BARTLEY,	HOWE,	STRICKLAND,
G. BENNETT,	LEFFLER,	C. J. SMITH,
BEDFORD,	LEE,	TILBURY,
BURNETT,	MACREADY,	VANDENHOFF,
BENDER,	MEADOWS,	F. VINING,
COLLETT,	T. MATHEWS,	WARDE,
DIDDEAR,	PHELPS,	WALDRON,
ELTON,	W. H. PAYNE,	YARNOLD, &c.

MESDAMES

W. CLIFFORD,	GARRICK,	SERLE,
CHARLES,	P. HORTON,	TAYLOR,
EAST,	HUMBY,	VANDENHOFF,
HELEN FAUCIT,	E. PHILLIPS,	WARNER,
FAIRBROTHER,	RAINFORTH,	WORTLEY, &c.
GRIFFITHS,		

Acting Manager, MR. SERLE. *Musical Director*, MR. T. COOKE.

Stage Director, MR. WILLMOTT.

Brown, Jones, &c., was finished among contending voices. It is the same as d——d.

September 28*th.*—Settled business with Serle and Willmott, deciding on not acting 'The Tempest' till Saturday fortnight. The newspapers let off our farce very gently indeed; used it much better than its representation deserved. Came home. After dinner went over Prospero with Catherine.

September 30*th.*—Catherine, this morning, before I rose, told me of the death of my dear and valued friend, Jane Hedley: it is most sad and mournful to think that I shall never see this loved friend again. In my youth her friendship and advice was a support and comfort to me. She is one of those whose interest seemed identified with my existence. The will of the Almighty Power that controls and directs us breaks up these fantasies, and leads us from our own imaginings to the conviction of the mere temporary abode which this world is—an inn upon the eternal course we have to run. God bless her spirit, my dear, dear friend. The desk on which I am writing was her gift, which now will be quite dear to me: a memorial of one of the kindest and most attached of friends. *Vale.*

October 1*st.*—Rose early, and, after looking over my dear children's lessons, turned over the leaves of 'Hamlet,' about which I felt very doubtful and uneasy. Bade good-bye to my children and Catherine with depression—that was a misgiving. Went to the theatre, where I was annoyed by finding my orders and intentions completely frustrated through the indolence and ignorance of the persons employed; the closet scene, which I had intended to be a beautiful effect, was necessarily left in its original state. Rehearsed the play very feebly and unsatisfactorily; in one or two places I proved to myself that I could act the character well if I could only throw myself heartily and naturally into it. Looked at my letters. Lay down in my bed, which I was obliged to make up with cloaks, &c.

Rose almost hopeless, nerved myself as I dressed, and acted Hamlet perhaps altogether as well as I have ever done; was very cordially received, and called on afterwards with much enthusiasm.

October 8*th.*—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; attended to business in the painting-room and stage, &c. Superintended the rehearsal of the three last acts of 'The Tempest.' Head came

to me to go over again the dresses I had arranged on Saturday. Lay down, slept, and thought of 'Hamlet;' acted Hamlet in parts tolerably well. His advice to the players I never gave so well; was called for, and well received by the audience. Settled again the clothes for 'The Tempest' with Head.

October 9th.—Attended the night rehearsal of 'The Tempest,' with the scenery of which I was detained till half-past two o'clock. Went to bed about half-past three, and read Prospero till past four.

October 10th.—Very much fatigued, in fact, rather overworked. Went to the theatre, and attended to the rehearsal of the words of 'The Tempest;' distressed to find myself so imperfect in the words of Prospero. Spoke with Marshall about some very important alteration in the scenery of 'The Tempest,' and settled it with him and Bradwell.

October 11th.—Lay in bed to recover my exhausted frame from the wearing efforts of the late hard labour. Read Prospero, and repeated it to Catherine before I rose, being comfortably perfect in the words. Dined with the children, and after dinner read Othello.

Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Looked at letters and parcels. Acted Othello very fairly, considering the quantity on my mind. Much annoyed by hearing some one hissing Mr. F—— in his song in the 'Cabinet.' An actor should not be a manager, one duty is quite enough.

October 12th.—The entire day, from eleven in the morning until past one at night, devoted to the rehearsal of 'The Tempest,' with the effect of which I am by no means satisfied.

October 13th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Attended to the business of the day. Rehearsed the play and made some valuable alterations. Received letters, one informing me that the writer, a creditor of Mr. W——, would arrest him, and prevent his performance this evening if I did not "intercede" and settle the debt. Business. Read Prospero as well as I could; acted it as well as I could—but how could I act it well with the excitement and load of such a production on my mind? Was greatly received. Called for after the play, and received again with enthusiasm. Dickens and Forster went to our box. Gave largess to the carpenters.*

* The cast of the principal characters in the 'Tempest,' as brought out by Macready, was: Alonzo, Mr. Warde; Sebastian, Mr. Diddear; Prospero, Mr.

October 14*th.*—Could not recover myself from the excitement of last night. The scenes of the storm, the flights of Ariel, and the enthusiasm of the house were constantly recurring to me.

October 15*th.*—Went to the theatre, where I saw the newspapers, which renewed the excitement that I thought had subsided. I tried to tranquillise myself, but vainly. This is not a life to live for one who wishes to improve himself by living—it is a tempest itself.

October 16*th.*—Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Vandenhoff spoke to me, trying to get released from acting Colonel Neville* on Saturday. I did not give way. Attended to the rehearsal of 'Jealousy' and 'The Foresters' until nearly three o'clock. Engaged Mr. Blanchard for the pantomime. Mr. Young called with part of the opening of the pantomime. Serle and Willmott on business. Acted Prospero very roughly—was called for, and led on Miss P. Horton. Spoke to Willmott about inaccuracies; to Mr. W—— about his probable arrest, of which I had been apprised by Notter. Would not permit the sheriff's officer to enter the theatre, nor would I consent to Mr. W——'s request to let him through the private boxes.

October 17*th.*—My cold very bad; kept to my bed till time to dress for the theatre. Went twice over Ruthven. Marked and arranged it in my mind for Haynes's alteration. Acted Claude Melnotte pretty well, considering my cold. Called for and well received by the audience. Business after the play. Hastened home, and to bed.

October 18*th.*—Lay in bed, suffering from severe cold. Cut the play of 'The Foresters' and took it with me to the theatre; superintended the rehearsal till I could stay no longer. Saw Serle, Willmott, Brydone, &c., on business. Was obliged to lie down, and think of Othello, to which my cold rendered me very unequal. Acted it pretty well, and was called for by

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Macready; Antonio, Mr. Phelps; Ferdinand, Mr. Anderson; Caliban, Mr. G. Bennett; Trinculo, Mr. Harley; Stephano, Mr. Bartley; Miranda, Miss Helen Faucit; Ariel, Miss P. Horton; Iris, Mrs. Serle; Juno, Miss Rainforth. The music was selected from the works of Purcell, Linley, and Dr. Arne.—Ed.

* In a new piece called 'Jealousy.'—Ed.

the audience and warmly received. Went home and took a warm bath.

October 19*th.*—Put leeches on my throat, and whilst they were adhering read the romantic play translated by Mrs. Sloman, which promises very well. Rose, and went to the theatre, where I gave great attention to the rehearsal of the 'Foresters.' Saw throughout the play of the 'Foresters,' which was most excellently got up—not altogether acted to my satisfaction, but generally it went well, but *only well.*

October 20*th.*— Chest indisposed. Went to the theatre: attended to the rehearsal of 'Jealousy'; afterwards to business with Marshall about the pantomime. Consulted with Serle, Willmott, Robertson, Brydone. Tired, not well. Went over part of Prospero, and slept a little in my room. Acted it: how can I act at all? Called for by the audience; led on Miss P. Horton. Farce of 'Jealousy' went fairly. Four or five base wretches, at the most, tried to get up a row against it; I would not succumb to it, but sent on Mr. Vandenhoff, who gave it out very triumphantly.

October 22*nd.*—My throat very much irritated, myself fevered, not knowing what to do about playing to-night: sent a note to Dr. Elliotson for prescription. Looked at the papers. Mr. Pope called, strongly recommended me not to play. Wrote a note to Serle to provide a substitute in Vandenhoff or Elton. Humphries not having returned, could not send it, and feeling a little better resolved to play. Read 'Hamlet,' and slept. Rose and went to the theatre; my table covered with notes and papers; could not open one, except the box account, which I found very nearly as good as last Monday. Acted as well as my weakness would let me; was called for, and loudly received.

October 24*th.*—Letter from Bulwer informing me that he had made out the rough sketch of a play, an historical comedy, on the subject of Richelieu. I answered him, delighted at the news.

November 5*th.*—Acted Macbeth pretty well; was called for and well received. Looked at some of the scenes of this play. The putting of this tragedy on the stage is perfectly beautiful, it is what every one should go to see—they will never see it again.

November 7*th.*—Went to the theatre, where business, as usual,

awaited me. Looked at part of 'Royal Oak' on the stage. Held a council of Bradwell, Marshall, and Young on the scene effects of the pantomime; they assented to the things proposed, and are to bring sketches on Saturday.

November 8th.—I slept for weariness. Acted Prospero pretty well; was called for, and well received. Forster came into my room and proposed on the part of Dickens the dramatisation of 'Oliver Twist,' with Dickens's name. Nothing can be kinder than this generous intention of Dickens, but I fear it is not acceptable.

November 9th.—Looked to the newspapers, and read over the part of Ruthven, which I fear I cannot make sufficiently effective. Uneasy about it, and the difficulty in which the want of strong novelty places us. Forster sent me the volumes of 'Oliver Twist,' which I looked carefully through—occupied me more than the whole day.

November 10th.—Forster and Dickens called; and told them of the utter impracticability of 'Oliver Twist' for any dramatic purpose. Had a long consultation about the expediency of choosing 'Rizzio' or 'Marino Faliero.' Could not decide.

November 11th.—Read the death of Rizzio to Catherine and Letty: the effect was heaviness and tediousness. Wightwick, Browning, and G. Bucknill dined with us.

November 12th.—Went to the theatre, where the rehearsal of the 'Royal Oak' was going on. I could not attend to it, being occupied with the discussion and consideration of what was to be done in the case of the play of the death of Rizzio. Serle took it to read, and I wrote to Haynes, appointing him to call and talk of it to-morrow. Serle gave his opinion that it could not succeed, and that the author ought to re-write. Lay down, wearied, and slept; could not think. After, Bulwer called, and promised to send his play of 'Richelieu' up to Cumberland Terrace. Acted Macbeth but indifferently, not altogether well; was called for by the audience and well received; but must be careful. Found Bulwer's play at home; sat up till half-past two to read it.

November 14th.—Read the two acts of Jerrold's play, with which I was much pleased. Went to Covent Garden Theatre, and attended to the rehearsal of the 'Royal Oak;' gave much attention to it. Spoke with Serle about Jerrold, and gave him

an order for £50 upon his play. Spoke to Marshall about models for pantomime.

November 15*th.*—Read greater part of Bulwer's play of 'Richelieu,' which, though excellent in parts, is deficient in the important point of continuity of interest. I should also say that the character is not "*servatus ad imum.*"

Acted Prospero very feebly and ineffectively. Was called for and well received. Serle, Robertson, and Brydone came into my room and remained long, speaking of what was to be done. Henrietta Skerrett was with Catherine—took her home. At home read some scenes in the latter part of 'Richelieu,' which are not effective. I fear the play will not do—cannot be made effective.

November 16*th.*—Mr. Moultrie, of Shrewsbury, called, and gave me a very friendly invitation to his house in Worcestershire. Afterwards read 'Richelieu' to Catherine and Letitia, making short notes, and suggesting alterations as I went along. Went to theatre, where I opened notes; gave them for answers. Settled with Mr. Anderson for 'Ion,' for next Friday. Query—Will Talfourd be pleased or displeased? Signed the bills of the week.

November 17*th.*—Called on Bulwer, and talked over the play of 'Richelieu.' He combated my objections, and acceded to them, as his judgment swayed him; but when I developed the object of the whole plan of alterations he was in ecstasies. I never saw him so excited, several times exclaiming he was "enchanted" with the plan, and observed, in high spirits, "What a fellow you are!" He was indeed delighted. I left him the play, and he promised to let me have it in a week! He is a wonderful man. Left him to go to the theatre, where I caught the new piece* in rehearsal, which I did not much like. Mr. Scharf† called, to whom I gave the freedom of the theatre, to encourage him as an artist.

November 18*th.*—Sir E. Bulwer called, and showed me two

* A farce, called 'Chaos is Come again, or the Race Ball.'—Ed.

† Mr. George Scharf, whose early production, under the modest title of 'Recollections of the Scenic Effects of Covent Garden Theatre during the Season 1838–9,' gives an admirable notion of the scenery and stage grouping of the plays produced under Macready's management at Covent Garden Theatre.—Ed.

scenes, good ones, that he had already written. Settled the plot of the remainder.

November 20*th*.—Read 'Cinq Mars' in bed. Letters from Mrs. Jameson warmly complimenting me on my revival of the 'Tempest.'

November 21*st*.—Sent back 'Cinq Mars,' with a note of invitation to Bulwer. Read a short account of Richelieu in D'Israeli. Bulwer called, bringing with him the completed 'Richelieu.' Seemed glad to come here on Sunday.

November 22*nd*.—Thought over 'Richelieu'—do not yet see my way into it. Marked the first act for cutting, snatched a hasty dinner, and went to the theatre. Saw Serle on his business of William Tell; sent a note to Mrs. Talfourd, with a private box for Friday night. Rooke called with the *libretto* of his opera. Robertson read and marked the second act of 'Richelieu.' Very much fatigued. Note of thanks from Chantrey. Brydone on business. Slept for about a quarter of an hour. Acted Prospero feebly. Called for and well received by the audience.

November 23*rd*.—Thought over 'Richelieu' before I rose. Read and marked the 3rd act. Went to theatre, reading 'Richelieu' by the way. Received notes from Dr. Elliotson inviting me to an exhibition of phenomena in animal magnetism on Sunday next: he is infatuated on this subject. Business with Cooke and Serle; with Knowles, settling what was undetermined in 'William Tell'; with Marshall, settling the remaining scenes of 'William Tell'; with Brydone, signing the bills for the week.

November 24*th*.—Read and cut the 4th act of 'Richelieu.' Went to theatre, reading 'Richelieu,' and attended to the rehearsal of the 'Agreeable Surprise.'

November 26*th*.—Went to the theatre: business with Serle, with Wilmott, &c. Marshall came in on business. Read over Iago, but this labour of management, this labour engrossing all one's time and thought, one's board and pillow, is incompatible with success and improvement in my art. I acted Iago ill.

November 27*th*.—Wrote to Bulwer in answer to his note, expressing to him how foremost in my consideration was his reputation; that his play would have been valuable from any other person, but that it would not serve his interest, whether

in reference to his literary fame, his station, or his political position. Acted Prospero rather better than I have lately done, but was not called on. Bulwer came into my room, and in a very warm manner expressed himself most gratified with my note, and much obliged. He sat and talked about 'Richelieu,' and left me the note (a very valuable one) that he had written to me.

November 28*th.*—Rehearsal of 'William Tell;' spoke to Read about dresses, to Young about the pantomime, several scenes of which I read, disapproving of some reflecting on the Queen's partiality to foreigners and Lord Melbourne's stay at Windsor.

November 30*th.*—Acted Werner, not by any means to my own satisfaction. The incessant occupation of my mind in the management does not allow me to do justice to my acting. I was extremely displeased with myself, although the general opinion would have induced me to think differently; but I know when I act with truth, energy and finish. Was called for, and very warmly received.

December 6*th.*—Gave the whole morning to compressing and correcting the pantomime. Wrote to the editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, striking that paper off the free list.

December 8*th.*—Note from Bulwer with his play, which I read: it is greatly improved, but still not quite to the point of success.

December 10*th.*—Wrote notes of invitation to Browning, Fox, Rintoul, Wallace, H. Smith, Blanchard, asking them to dine and hear Bulwer's play on Sunday.

December 14*th.*—Acted William Tell as well as I could, suffering from low spirits. Was called for and very well received by the audience. Henry Smith came into my room and sat for some time.

December 16*th.*—Attended to my accounts, and then gave the whole morning to the conclusion of the marking of 'Richelieu.' Henry Smith and Serle called first, then Browning, Fox, Blanchard, and Lane to hear the reading of the play. I told them that no one must speak during the process, gave pencils and paper to each, with which they were severally to write down their opinions. The play was listened to with the deepest interest, and the opinions, all of which were favourable, were given in. I then spoke to them individually

and endeavoured to gain their precise opinions more in detail. Mrs. Serle, Miss P. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cooke, Mr. Vining, and Mr. Sloman came afterwards to dinner; spent a cheerful evening; music afterwards. Wrote an account of the result to Bulwer.

December 18*th*.—Looked through the plays of Shakespeare to discover if any others could be available for revival. Decided that 'King Richard III.,' and afterwards, perhaps, 'King Henry V.' were the only ones. Looked at Schlegel's remarks on Richard. Read through and considerably reduced the new drama to be read to-morrow.

Went to Covent Garden. Acted Prospero languidly. Was called for and well received. Looked through the whole list of plays to discover some that might be made serviceable; found very, very few, and those of very little promise. Remained after all were gone to see the effects of two of the scenes in the Diorama—was disappointed in them. They will not answer the expectation I had formed in proposing their execution, and they make me apprehensive of the effects of the pantomime.

December 19*th*.—Received a letter from Bulwer, one that is an honour to the writer. Went to the theatre, saw Miss Taylor, and read the new drama to the actors. Spoke to Marshall about the scenes of last night, and to Bradwell. Business with Brydon, Robertson, &c. Acted William Tell better than I have yet done; was called for and well received by the audience. Henry Smith called about my age, &c., for the Equitable Insurance.

December 20*th*.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; on my way continued the perusal of Mrs. Butler's play, which is a work of uncommon power. Finished the reading of Mrs. Butler's play, which is one of the most powerful of the modern plays I have seen—most painful, almost shocking, but full of power, poetry, and pathos. She is one of the most remarkable women of the present day. A son born.*

December 22*nd*.—Attended to the rehearsal of the pantomime and general business. H. Smith called: I sent him, through Head, the dresses he wanted for his charades. Spoke to Bradwell about the scene on Naval affairs, which is impracticable

* Henry Frederick Bulwer, died 12th August, 1857.—Ed.

at this late stage of our proceedings. Acted Prospero languidly; was called for by the audience, and well received. After the play, began to make out the pantomime bill. Asked Serle, Willmott, and Brydone to sup with me, which they did; after supper continued the bill, and saw the scenes of the Duomo and the Exchange.* Forster, Dickens, and Cattermole were at the theatre. Came home very late, and saw dearest Catherine.

December 23rd.—Looked through the unused plays of Shakespeare for *cementing* lines for the 'Richard III.' Revised the second proof of the pantomime.

December 24th.—Left dear Catherine and went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I found Forster, Dickens, and Browning, who, with Fonblanque, came to see what I would gladly have been excused from, the rehearsal of the pantomime. I remained attending to it from eleven o'clock, the hour of my arrival, to twenty minutes past eight. Towards the close it appeared in a state so utterly desperate, that I had the carpenters, &c., &c., into my room to give me information respecting my contemplated alteration of the play-bill. Discovering the cause of their difficulty, I made arrangements for easing them, and so far relieved the pantomime from so much cause of fear; but there is not in its execution, whatever may be its fortune, justice done to the lavish expenditure which has been made for it.

December 25th.—Returning home found a letter from Mr. Kenneth, as agent, offering me half the house for six nights, or £400 for a fortnight at Birmingham in Lent. A present of game from George Bucknill.

December 26th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, and rehearsed Hastings; then giving my attention to the pantomime until twenty minutes past five o'clock. Acted Lord Hastings indifferently—my mind was on the pantomime.† The pantomime completely failed. What will be the result I cannot guess—it will go near to ruin me. It is a terrible blow.

* In the Pantomime, which had a Diorama of events in the years 1837–8, including the interior of the Duomo at Milan during the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, and a view of the ruins of the Royal Exchange, destroyed by fire, 10th January, 1838.—Ed.

† The title was 'Harlequin and Fair Rosamond; or, Old Dame Nature and the Fairy Art.'—Ed.

December 27*th.*—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; on my way looked through the often-searched Shakespeare for some play. Thought of 'King Henry V.,' with the choruses to be spoken by Vandenhoff. Attended to the pantomime, which I cut, and set the performers and the carpenters about. Serle, when I suggested 'Henry,' observed that the choruses would admit of illustration, a hint which I instantly caught at, and determined upon doing it. Attended to the performance of the pantomime, which went off very smoothly. Afterwards arranged business for rehearsing it.

December 29*th.*—Spoke to Robertson about the state of our cash account: found that all was smooth, with the exception of the money advanced, £950.

December 30*th.*—Talked with Letitia over 'King Henry,' explaining to her how I would produce it. Resolved to defer it to Easter, and make it the last Shakespearian revival of my management. Wrote to Mr. Powell, thanking him for his dedication of an edition of Shakespeare's plays to me.

1839.

London, January 1*st.*—Paid to Robertson, to be returned to the lenders of the money, £950, the amount of loss up to this date.

January 5*th.*—Read Bulwer's play of 'Richelieu' to the actors, and was most agreeably surprised to find it excite them in a very extraordinary manner. The expression of delight was universal and enthusiastic.

Read a very strange note from some woman, threatening to destroy herself for love of me! The ugly never need despair after this. Answered it shortly. Acted Prospero indifferently. Stayed to see the pantomime with Letitia—much dissatisfied with it. Bulwer came into our box, and seemed much delighted with the news of his play's reception.

January 9*th.*—Brydone afterwards came and showed me the account. The pantomime has cost £1500!!!—just £1000 more than it should have cost, and more than it appears to have cost.

January 11*th.*—Acted Werner very unsatisfactorily. I am really deteriorating from the surrendering my time and thought to the management. It distresses me to think of it. Was called for and well received by the audience.

January 12*th.*—To Mrs. Warner, suggesting to her the part of François in 'Richelieu.' It seems however, I had some years ago recommended her, as a woman, not to wear male attire at all, and she has scrupulously adhered to my advice, and now resolutely acted on it. I did not press the point, for I respected her grounds of objection.

Robertson brought me the cash account of the season, which makes us about £300 profit. The proprietors are the gainers.

January 16*th.*—Looked at the newspaper, and went to Covent Garden Theatre. Spoke to Marshall, and gave him prints for 'Richelieu.' Went to the Bank. Received my own, Edward's, and John Twiss's dividends, in all £49 4*s.* I could not help making the reflection as I looked at the numerous books of names, even beginning with one letter, what a cypher every individual was, and how little in that mass of property and persons should every one seem to himself if he would but take into account the drop he is in the ocean of life that is boiling and surging about him.

Called at Mr. Knight's, the publisher, Ludgate Hill, to inquire about the 'Pictorial Shakespeare.' Saw Mr. Knight, who was very courteous, promising me all the assistance he could render with regard to the scenery of 'King Henry the V.' He told me, on my inquiry, that the editor of the 'Pictorial Shakespeare' had sent the numbers to me from himself. He was very courteous. Called at Clarke and Burton's, and requested them to send me some samples of claret; on Henry Smith, who paid me Lord H———'s half-yearly amount, £67 10*s.*, and spoke to me on the subject of investments. Went on to the Equitable Insurance Office, where I expressed my wish to insure my life for £3000. Answered the necessary questions, was treated very courteously, and came away to call again on Henry Smith. Returned to the theatre, where I attended to business. Spoke to Mr. Meadows about the room for the Fund, which I am disposed to let them have. Took the opportunity to expostulate with him about the stringent law in the Covent Garden Fund, preventing the present members of the company

from entering the society, particularly that law which compels an actor to be in Covent Garden three years. He seemed to yield, and gave me to understand that they would be reconsidered.

January 20th.—Received from Forster a copy of the resolutions passed by the meeting of friends who subscribed the £1000 for Covent Garden Theatre. Most kind and flattering to me. Leader, M.P., in the chair—Gaskell, M.P., mover—Osborne seconder. Read in 'King Lear' and 'Anquetil.'

January 23rd.—Received a number of sketches by young Scharf, with a letter, wishing to dedicate the work to me.

February 1st.—(*Queen's visit.*) A very kind note from Count D' Orsay, enclosing one, most kind and complimentary, from the Comte de Vigny.

"J'ai tardé à te répondre, cher ami, dans l'espoir de pouvoir déranger mes affaires de manière à me rendre à ton invitation, mais je ne le pourrai pas, je le vois aujourd'hui. Il me faut aller dans le Berkshire, et je ne sais pas quel jour je reviendrai; mais il sera dans peu de temps. En revenant, je t'écrirai sur le champ, et je prendrai un matin ou une heure pour causer avec le grand tragédien, que j'ai admiré et applaudi (sans qu'il s'en soit douté) dans presque tous les grands rôles, et dernièrement dans la 'Tempête.' Il sera bien beau dans 'Richelieu,' et j'aurai beaucoup à lui dire de cet homme, dont j'ai été *l'ennemi intime* pendant tout le terme que j'ai écrit 'Cinq Mars.' Quand on attend une réponse à ma porte, je suis au supplice. J'avais bien des choses à te dire de mon amitié, mais j'irai achever ma phrase en t'embrassant,

"A toi mille fois,

"Alfred de Vigny."

Acted Claude Melnotte very fairly.

I had undressed, and was preparing to put on my court suit, when an equerry came from Her Majesty to desire me to go on, as the audience were calling for me. I did not know what to do—told him, and showed him that I was quite undressed, but that I would do whatever Her Majesty desired. He left me, and I thought it better to put on my dress again, which I did, and receiving a second message from Her Majesty, went on as Melnotte before the audience, and met with a most enthusiastic reception, Her Majesty and the Lord Chamberlain joining in the applause. Dressed in full court dress, went up to see Miss Martineau, and then into Marianne Skerrett's box. She was delighted to see me, and introduced me to her two friends, colleagues in office! The *coulisses* were crowded. I saw, just to grasp hands as I passed, Fladgate, R. Price, Warren, Harris,

Browning, Forster, Mr. and Mrs. T. Chitty, C. Barker—an old schoolfellow, to whom I had given a card in the morning—Fitzgerald, Troughton, &c. Went into the ante-room when Her Majesty came out. Lord Conyngham called me to her, and she condescended to say "I have been very much pleased." I bowed, and lighted her down. Glad to conclude a day that has been very wearying to me. All went off very satisfactorily.

February 3rd.—Answered D'Orsay's letter, and copied Comte de Vigny's note to him.

February 9th.—Directed the rehearsal of 'Richelieu,' which occupied me the whole morning.

Heard from Mr. Bunnett that the Anti-Corn Law Committee had decided on holding their meeting at Covent Garden, although Drury Lane was offered for £50 less!

February 14th.—The Queen and Duchess of Kent were at the theatre to see the farce. Lane called in, and corrected his sketch of 'Ion.' Mr. Scharf sent me another number of his 'Scenic Recollections.'

February 16th.—Went to Lady Blessington's with Forster, who had called in the course of the day. Met there Count de Vigny, with whom I had a most interesting conversation on 'Richelieu.' I made an appointment with him to see him on *Mardi prochain.* Met also, with D'Orsay, Bulwer, Charles Buller, Lord Durham, who was very cordial and courteous to me, Captain Marryat, who wished to be re-introduced to me, Hall, Standish, Chorley, Greville, who wished to be introduced to me also, Dr. Quin, &c. Passed a very agreeable two hours.

Mr. Greville told a story of Le Kain in 'Mithridate.' When some one on the stage observed, "Il changera son visage," one in the *parterre* exclaimed, "Laissez le faire."

February 19th.—Attended to business with Marshall, who engaged to have the scenery of the new play finished on Monday; with Bradwell about the armour for play; with Serle on various matters.

Went over his part of Mauprat with Mr. Anderson; afterwards the part of François with Mr. Howe; settled dresses with Head, and talked on business with Brydone.

February 20th.—Gave my attention to the consideration of the character of Richelieu, which Bulwer has made particularly difficult by its inconsistency: he has made him resort to low

jest, which outrages one's notions of the ideal of Cardinal Richelieu, with all his vanity, and suppleness, and craft. Finished reading his history and character in 'Anquetil,' a very interesting and delightful book. Gave the *livraisons* of the Galerie de Versailles to Letitia to be sorted: returned to the consideration of Cardinal Richelieu; went over the part, to ascertain what I knew of its words, to Catherine in the evening.

February 21*st.*—Walked out, and called on Comte de Vigny: sat with him very long, and was amply repaid for the time I gave. He related to me a variety of anecdotes illustrative of the characters of Louis XIII., Richelieu, of 'Cinq-Mars,' &c. He is an enthusiast, particularly for dramatic literature. He made a literal translation of 'Othello,' and produced it at the Théâtre Français. He spoke with fervour of my performances, and was much dissatisfied with our custom of allowing women to frequent our pit, because the sympathy was checked by their intervention. He spoke like a poet, and with all the power and characteristic effect of a superior actor. I was very much pleased with him.

February 22*nd.*—Gave my attention to the inquiry as to the possibility of reconciling the character which Bulwer has drawn under the name of Cardinal Richelieu with the original, from which it so entirely differs. Was not much cheered by the result of my investigation and experiment. Mr. Elton called by appointment, and I spoke to him about the manner in which he had rehearsed the part of Louis XIII. I read him various extracts from 'Anquetil' and 'Cinq Mars,' to show him the weak and nervous character of Louis, of which he knew nothing, nor would he have known anything. He went away seemingly more at ease about his part than he came.

February 25*th.*—Acted King Lear, not to my own satisfaction, though I was called for, and very warmly received by the audience. Bulwer and Forster came into my room, and afterwards the Comte de Vigny, who expressed himself much pleased with the play. Bulwer spoke to me about Richelieu, and satisfied me on the justice of his draught of the character from the evidence that history has given us. *Allons donc à la gloire!*

March 2*nd.*—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, where I

rehearsed 'Richelieu.' Paid constant attention to the progress of the play, and thought it wore an improved appearance.

Mr. J. Vining called at the theatre in the course of the morning to inquire if I intended to act on *Wednesday*,* as they would do so at Drury Lane, and if I did the same that Madame Vestris would. I said certainly not, that while the law existed, though I condemned, I thought it more graceful to obey than to infringe it.

March 3rd.—My birthday—forty-six years of age.

March 4th.—Rose; not well. Looked at the newspaper, in which I saw the notice of Mr. Bunn's intention to play on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. Gave my attention to 'Richelieu.' Dined with the children. Henrietta Skerrett called, and I wrote a note for her to give to Henry Slater that he might deliver it to Sheil, asking his interest with Lord Morpeth. Wrote to Willmott, to Warde, enclosing to him Bulwer's remarks. Wallace called, and very much approved of my *not* playing on the Wednesdays and Fridays. Resumed 'Richelieu;' looked over the children's arithmetic. Note from Bulwer with alterations that are not improvements. Note from Miss Rolls, wishing to call on Catherine; answered it, expressing my satisfaction at such a compliment. Returned to 'Richelieu;' received the bill from Covent Garden, in which Sir E. L. Bulwer's name is announced as the author of the new play.

March 7th.—Lay in bed thinking over my part of Richelieu until time to rise. Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Rehearsed the play, and attended to the needful business in the wardrobe with Griffiths, &c.

Acted Cardinal Richelieu† very nervously; lost my self-possession, and was obliged to use too much effort; it did not satisfy me at all, there were no artist-like touches through the play. How can a person get up such a play and do justice at

* At this time there were no theatrical performances on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent at the London theatres under the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction.—Ed.

† The principal parts in 'Richelieu' were cast as follows: Louis XIII., Mr. Elton; Gaston, Mr. Diddear; Richelieu, Mr. Macready; Baradas, Mr. Warde; Mauprat, Mr. Anderson; De Beringhen, Mr. Vining; Father Joseph, Mr. Phelps; Huguet, Mr. George Bennett; François, Mr. Howe; Julie de Mortemar, Miss Helen Faucit; Marion de Lorme, Miss Charles.—Ed.

the same time to such a character? It is not possible. Was called for and very enthusiastically received; gave out the play for every night. The success of the play seemed to be unequivocal. What will the papers say?

March 14th.—Read over 'Richelieu.' Acted the part very fairly; was called for and well received. The Queen was in the theatre. De Vigny came round after the play and expressed himself delighted. He said he would write to me from Paris, and would come over to see Shakespeare's plays acted; he could not dine with me, as he was leaving town.

March 16th.—Went to Babbage's conversazione, where I saw Faraday, Wilkie, Chantrey, Hawes, who told me that the House gave me a lusty cheer on the occasion of Lord John Russell's mention of my name.* Babbage showed me a very curious machine to mark on paper the velocity of a steam-carriage, &c., its shakings both vertical and horizontal: also an effect of the sun's rays on glass laid over a certain composition, which gives shade all round the object placed between the glass and composition. Sidney Smith, Lord Northampton, Mrs. Marcet, I also saw. Went afterwards to Miss Martineau's, but all were gone, and I brought Catherine home.

March 25th.—Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Reid, Dowling, Price, Martins, Etty, Forster, Rooke, Stone, dined with us; a cheerful day.

March 26th.—Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Lough, Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith, Messrs. E. Webbe, Z. Troughton, Mr. and Miss Pope, Mr. Harley, came to dine.

March 27th.—Went on to Covent Garden Theatre, where I superintended a good rehearsal of 'Lodoiska.'

* On the previous Monday (11th March, 1839) Mr. T. Duncombe had called the attention of the House of Commons to the question of theatrical entertainments in Lent, and to the fact that a letter had been addressed by Mr. Martins, of the Lord Chamberlain's office, to Mr. Bunn, as lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, on 5th March, reminding him that oratorios only were sanctioned on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. Mr. Bunn had announced plays for such evenings relying upon a resolution of the House of Commons previously obtained by Mr. T. Duncombe in condemnation of the existing restrictions; and Mr. Duncombe complained that the opinion of the House of Commons was disregarded by the Lord Chamberlain's officials. Lord John Russell, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, supported the authorities, and praised Mr. Macready for submitting to their decision.—*Mirror of Parliament*, 11th March, 1839.—Ed.

Mr. and Miss Rolls, Mr. and Mrs. Fonblanque, Miss Martineau, Mr. Carlyle, Dr. Elliotson, Charles and Arthur Buller, Browning, Darwin, Miss P. Horton, and Mr. Brockedon dined with us; an agreeable day.

March 28th.—Mr. and Mrs. Horace Twiss, Mrs. Kitchener, Fanny and Amelia Twiss, Barham, Fladgate, Munro, Walker, Cattermole, Maclise dined with us.

March 29th.—Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Serle, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooke, Forster, Wallace, Vining, Anderson, Jerdan came to dinner.

March 30th.—Went to dine at the Shakespeare Club. Dickens was in the Chair, Jerdan and Blanchard, the two Vice-Presidents, Procter, Stanfield, Leigh Hunt, Maclise, Cattermole, Jerrold, Thackeray, Lover, Charles Landseer, T. Landseer, Dow, Stone, Forster, King, T. Hill, Bell, Harley invited, and about twenty more sat down to dinner. The day passed off most agreeably; the dinner was very handsome, songs well selected. One song immediately after the health of my dear wife and family, 'Was she not passing fair?' was very sweet, as also the 'Love and Glory.' The most hearty sympathy I almost ever witnessed was unbroken through the evening. I was obliged to remain until the business of the day was done, and was astonished to learn from the waiter that it was a quarter past twelve. I set Mr. Harley down, and on coming home, racked with headache from the heat of the room, reported all to Catherine and Letty, whilst I had the power of remembering. Dickens' speech in proposing my health was most earnest, eloquent, and touching. It took a review of my enterprise at Covent Garden, and summed up with an eulogy on myself that quite overpowered me. In reply I said, "That in expressing the peculiar gratification of such a compliment from a society met to do honour to Shakespeare, I disclaimed all credit beyond what was due for faithful service to him, transferring from the priest to the object of their adoration the honour they offered. I had no claim for originating or creating; I had merely removed and restored; was only the purifier of the temple, had only restored to its sublime simplicity the text of Shakespeare. I said that I must ever deeply feel the obligations they had conferred on me; that it added to the pleasure I felt, to know that among those willing to contribute their sympathy to the occasion, I might

reckon my excellent and amiable friend, our absent President, whose genius as poet and as critic had shed such additional lustre on the glories of our dramatic literature; to see presiding on this day my highly gifted friend Mr. Dickens; and to number amongst my distinguished hosts the poet, whose youthful muse, when just 'waving her joyous song,' stooped from the nobler flight she was pursuing to bestow a wreath upon my then unnoted efforts—the poet whose beautiful dramatic scenes, then just given to the world, induced us to believe that the sweet and brilliant spirit of Fletcher, which we had thought long dead, had only been sleeping. With so much to enhance the pleasure they conferred upon me, I could not adequately convey the expression of my feelings, but I requested them to believe that I thanked them, as I felt, most fervently and most deeply, and that I never could forget their kindness," &c. I sat down amid loud applause, and then prepared to enjoy what was left of the day. Dickens spoke on each occasion remarkably well; dear Stanfield said his little with his usual modesty. Mr. Bell made a very good speech, kindly adverting to me. Leigh Hunt was called up, being an honorary member and guest of the day, and in a rambling, conversational style, talked of what Shakespeare would think if he could walk into the room and ask on what man's account all this festivity and sympathy was raised, and how surprised and pleased he would be to learn that it was himself. Jerdan spoke very well; Doo the engraver, Forster; Stanfield gave Mrs. Macready and her family, and I answered by wishing that I had the readiness of one of them who would be delighted to be there (a little girl) and to make a speech on the occasion. I rose to propose Dickens' health, and spoke my sincere opinion of him as the highest eulogy, by alluding to the verisimilitude of his characters. I said that I should not be surprised at receiving the offer of an engagement from Crummles for the next vacation. All went off in the happiest spirit.

April 3rd.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre; on my way looked at 'Marino Faliero,' with a view to its production for my benefit.

April 7th.—Took Willie with me, and called on Messrs. Chalon to see their pictures; met Mr. Ward there; went on and called on Sir D. Wilkie; saw his sister and himself; the

picture of the 'Highland Cotter's Grave,' 'The Discovery of Tippoo Sahib's Body,' &c. Met Dickens and his wife there.

April 9th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, reading Prospero. Sent note to Stanfield. Business with Marshall. Bourne called, and went with me to see Etty's pictures, which were beautiful. Etty was very glad to see me. Saw Tom Hill there, Serle, and Willmott. Brydone on business.

April 14th.—Dined with Mrs. Rolls; met an agreeable party. Sir W. and Lady Herries, Mr. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Bohn, and Elliotson; Etty, Miss Rolls, &c.

Sunday, April 21st.—Mr. and Mrs. Serle, Mr. Stanfield, Miss P. Horton came to dinner. After dinner we talked over the choruses, and settled finally the commencement of our operations in regard to 'King Henry V.'

April 30th.—Went to Elstree in the carriage with Catherine and Willie; enjoyed to a degree I cannot describe the air, the freedom, the sight of the country, and the old familiar objects of my passage to and from Elstree; it was luxury, quiet, ease, content; it was happiness. I could only liken my sensations to those of a person first tasting the fresh and genial air from the long confinement of a sick room, or the captivity in a prison. It was delightful. Surprised to find Elstree, that used to look so pretty, now appear close, flat, shabby! Thus we judge of all things in this world,—ah how unwisely!—by comparison; the glory in the grass, the splendour in the flower, the delicious breath of heaven, and its gorgeous vision of cloud, and star, and sun, are everywhere the same.

May 12th.—At Sir Edward Bulwer's—Lords Lansdowne, Normanby, Durham, Comte D'Orsay, Colonel Maberley, Macaulay, Lady Cork, Mrs. Maberley.

May 14th.—Gave up the whole morning to the arrangement of the dresses for 'King Henry V.,' in which we made considerable progress. Business with Serle, Head, Brydone, &c.; afterwards with Stanfield and Marshall.

May 15th.—In the evening went to Lord Nugent's, where I met Mrs. Norton, Sir F. Chantrey, Lover, Sir R. Westmacott, Westmacott, jun. Heard Mrs. Norton sing a song of her own, most touching, most charming.

May 16th.—Gave this morning to the rehearsal of 'King Henry V.' Afterwards attended to business the whole after-

noon. Was very much fatigued, and could with difficulty keep my eyes open to read 'Claude Melnotte.' I find my memory suffers from the heavy load that is laid upon my mind. Acted Claude Melnotte very fairly.

May 20th.—Rehearsed 'Ion,' in which I did not find myself at all prepared—this could not be if I had only my own reputation to be careful of. All things tend to show me that all is for the best, and that my happiness and well-being is more likely to be ensured by a good income as an actor than as a manager.

June 3rd.—The last night, the 55th, of the 'Tempest' was crowded. I felt quite melancholy as we approached the end of the play; it had become endeared to me from success and the benefit it had conferred upon my undertaking. I acted Prospero as well as I could, and was called for and well received. I look back upon its production with satisfaction, for it has given to the public a play of Shakespeare which had never been seen before, and it has proved the charm of simplicity and poetry.

June 9th.—Put on my armour for King Henry V., and moved and sat in it until half-past three o'clock.

Endeavoured to master some difficulties in the acting of King Henry V., rehearsing in my armour.

June 10th.—Began the play of 'King Henry V.'* in a very

* The Covent Garden play-bill of 10th June, 1839, contains the following notice: "In announcing this last Shakspearian revival it may be advisable, if not necessary, to depart so far from the usual practice of this management as to offer a few words in explanation or apology for what may seem an innovation.

"The play of 'King Henry V.' is a *dramatic history*, and the poet, to preserve the continuity of the action, and connect what would otherwise be detached scenes, has adopted from the Greek Drama the expedient of a Chorus to narrate and describe intervening incidents and events.

"To impress more strongly on the auditor, and render more palpable those portions of the story which have not the advantage of action, and still are requisite to the drama's completeness, the narrative and descriptive poetry spoken by the Chorus is accompanied with pictorial illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Stanfield."

The cast of the play included Mr. Vandenhoff as the Chorus, Mr. Elton as the Duke of Exeter, Mr. Bartley as Erpingham, Mr. Anderson as Captain Gower, Mr. Meadows as Fluellen, Mr. Warde as Williams, Mr. Bedford and Mr. Harley as Bardolph and Pistol, Miss P. Horton as their Boy, Mrs. C. Jones as Mrs. Quickly, Mr. G. Bennett as the King of France, Mr. Vining as the Dauphin, Mr. Howe as the Duke of Orleans, Mr. Phelps as Charles d'Albret, and Miss Vandenhoff as Katherine.—Ed.

nervous state, but endeavouring to keep my mind clear. Acted sensibly at first, and very spiritually at last; was very greatly received, and when called on at last, the whole house stood up and cheered me in a most fervent manner. I gave out the repetition of the play for four nights a week till the close of the season. Lord Nugent, Jerdan, Forster, Browning, Serle, &c., came into my room. Catherine and Letitia were there, and I accompanied them back to Elstree in a state of the greatest excitement. It is the last of my attempts to present to the audience Shakespeare's own meaning.

Elstree, June 11th.—I slept very little, woke early, unrefreshed and unequal to a day of labour. Rose very late, saw my darling children and dined with them; walked in the garden and at three o'clock returned in the carriage to town, Catherine and Letitia accompanying me. Was quite beaten to the ground by fatigue, I may say exhaustion of mind and body. I have never felt a heavier weight than this play has been. Thank God that it is over, and so well over.

London, June 12th.—Serle read me a letter from myself to the Lord Chamberlain, asking for a personal licence, which I approved. I lay down and tried to compose myself to read or think of 'King Henry V.;' it was utterly impossible. I acted the part. My God, what a state to be in to act! I got through it, was called for and well received.

June 15th.—Dr. Williamson (the Head Master of Westminster) and Mrs. Williamson called, and I showed them the dresses for 'Ion,' &c., and talked with them over the costumes of Terence's plays.

June 16th.—Went with Catherine to Horace Twiss's to dinner. Met there Sir George Grey, T. Hope, Pemberton, Herries, B. Disraeli, Miss Herries, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, Bonham-Carter, &c.

Disraeli made acquaintance with me, and told me a good story of Hume. Pemberton renewed our acquaintance formed at Rome in 1822. I found that Daniel Webster had called upon my return home.

June 17th.—Daniel Webster called and sat a short time. He seemed greatly pleased with England.

Settled on closing the theatre, July 16th, with Willmott. I am anxious to feel free of it.

June 18*th*.—Went out to breakfast with Harness. Met there, besides his sister, Mrs. Opie, Miss Rogers, Dyce, whom I like very much, and Sir W. and Lady Chatterton. Mr. Kenyon came later. I passed an agreeable morning. I was very glad to hear that Dyce had seen all the Shakespearian revivals, and been greatly pleased with them.

June 19*th*.—Read Henry V. and rested, having again tried on my armour. Acted King Henry V. (I think) better than on any previous occasion, but was not called for, which shows the actual value of this idle compliment.

June 20*th*.—Brydone came in and spoke about accounts. It appears that we have acted 'The Tempest' fifty-five nights to an average exceeding £230. This is not a common event. Acted rather languidly King Henry V.

Came to Elstree in chaise.

June 21*st*.—Came to town in a chaise that seemed to have hatched all the poultry in the village for half a century back. I was ashamed to be seen in such a thing, and slept my journey to town away in it. The driver took me all down Regent Street to Carlton Place, Pall Mall, then round the National Gallery, up St. Martin's Lane, through Long Acre, down Bow Street to the stage-door, Covent Garden Theatre. My patience was quite exhausted.

June 22*nd*.—Poor Wallace's death. Another friend, a faithful and affectionate one, has gone from me. I shall never see him, never hear again what I would now give so much to endure—his prolixities, his important nothings, but above all his shrewd and sensible observations where action and conduct were needed. Farewell! farewell!

June 24*th*.—I thought of poor Wallace, as we passed South Bank. He, as having given away Catherine, would have been our guest to-day.

June 26*th*.—A note from Miss Herries, whom it appears I had disappointed yesterday. I answered it, sending an order for Friday.

July 1*st*.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Miss Herries and her party were looking over the theatre, and wished to see me. They had been much amused, and wished to thank me. Miss Herries gave me a small copy of Casimir Delavigne's 'Louis XI.,' which I had not seen.

July 2nd.—Bulwer called, and told me that Lord Lansdowne was very friendly to my cause, and thought my request would be granted for a licence. He advised me to apply directly to Lord Melbourne, and that he would also move Lord Holland and Lord John Russell.

July 3rd.—Lord Nugent came into my room and told me that the Duke of Sussex had very readily agreed to take the Chair at the dinner to be given to me, which he proposed for the 20th, to which I assented.

July 8th.—Read the newspapers. Was in very low spirits at the prospect in the box-office, and the complete silence in the papers upon the dinner. This is my own fault. I suffer myself to be so elated by the mere prospect of any good, that I exhaust my enjoyment of it before it arrives. This is my unhappy want of mental discipline: to live for the present, and to do one's duty in that little point of time, enjoying all it brings, is the best wisdom.

July 11th.—Was in a tumult of excitement which, after some time, I perceived and endeavoured to subdue. The freedom from further responsibility and care, the honourable mode of terminating my engagement with the performers, the flattering testimonials in the public reception of me, and in the compliment offered, are altogether enough to interfere with the sober and steady course of any man. Prosperity is most intoxicating, but adversity is the real benefactor of mankind.

July 16th.—Tried to sleep on the sofa for a short half-hour. Rose and prepared to play in a very depressed condition. My reception was so great, from a house crowded in every part, that I was shaken by it. I acted King Henry V. better than I had yet done, and the house responded to the spirit in which I played. The curtain fell amidst the loudest applause, and when I had changed my dress, I went before the curtain, and, amidst shoutings and waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the whole audience standing up, the stage was literally covered with wreaths, bouquets, and branches of laurel. When at last, the dense mass resumed their seats, and the tumult subsided to the stillest silence, I began my address. The cheering was renewed as I bowed and left the stage, and as I passed through the lane which the actors and people, crowding behind, made for me, they cheered me also. Forster came into my room, and

was much affected; Fox was quite shaken; Dickens, Maclise, Stanfield, T. Cooke, Blanchard, Lord Nugent, (who had not been in the theatre), Bulwer, Hockley of Guildford, Browning, Serle, Brydone, Willmott, came into my room; most of them asked for memorials from the baskets and heaps of flowers, chaplets, and laurels, that were strewn upon the floor. Went home with Catherine and Letitia, carrying the wreaths, &c.

July 20th.—Catherine and Letitia went to dine with Mrs. Rolls; I remained, read over my speech, with an occasional sensation of apprehension, approaching to despair, of my ability to master it; I suffered very much. The carriage at last arrived, and I drove, with the resolution of doing my best, to the Freemason's Tavern. I caught a glimpse of a horrible picture of myself in King Henry V. at the corner of the street, and thought it looked like a good omen: on passing from my carriage through the crowd, which was considerable on and about the steps, they cheered me lustily, and I bowed as I passed through them. In the reception room, I found Mr. Pope, Sir M. A. Shee, Mr. Milnes, who was introduced to me, but I did not catch his name. Others came in; to some I was introduced, others I knew. Lover, Jerdan, Captain Tyndale, two foreign noblemen, Lord Nugent, Young, Dickens, Robertson (Westminster), Scholefield (M.P. Birmingham), General Alexander, O'Hanlon, Byng, Bulwer, Lord Conyngham. The Duke of Sussex at last arrived; I was introduced to him; he told me that he had "seen a cottage that I had lived at, near Denbigh; how beautiful the country was!" &c. We went in to the room, I hanging back, Lord Conyngham placing me forward, and chatting with me as we entered: the room was very full (who could have expected such an occurrence?) The Duke was well applauded as he passed; and as I followed, the plaudits were very loud. I was at a loss what to do. What were my feelings it is difficult to recollect, as the various persons in different parts of the room stood up to look at me. I felt that I was the object of the regard of that large assembly, and that all that was done was in my honour. I looked up at the gallery on the left, where Catherine was, and the tears rushed to my eyes as mine met hers; that was perhaps the sweetest moment of the night to me. I sat on the right of the Duke of Sussex, Lord Nugent on my right,

Sheil, Dickens, Monckton Milnes, Fonblanque, &c., on the left; Lord Conyngham, Sir M. A. Shee, Tennyson, D'Eyncourt, Sir E. L. Bulwer, Forster, Bernal, the Hon. W. Cowper, Savory, Colonel Fox, Babbage, C. Buller, Robertson, and many others in front of us. I shook hands with Jonathan Birch as I passed up the room. The Duke talked much to me, more than I wished; but a full glass of sherry seemed to steady my nerves a little, though I looked very grave and pale, as I was afterwards told, and Bulwer said I looked like a "baffled tyrant." C. Buller was making me something worse, by laughing and observing across the table, that "Macready was thinking of his speech." The music was beautifully performed, and, after the Duke's panegyrical proposal of my health, in which he was very cordially greeted, when I arose, the whole room stood up, shouting and waving their handkerchiefs, as did the ladies in the gallery. I never witnessed such a scene, such wild enthusiasm, on any former occasion. It was not like an English assembly. When they had resumed their seats and silence was obtained, I spoke nearly *verbatim* as follows:

"May it please Your Royal Highness, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—I really know not how to reply to your kindness, to the too indulgent, too flattering terms, in which His Royal Highness has proposed my health, and the very complimentary manner in which you have received it. I beg to thank you for the great honour you have done me. I must at the same time regret my inability to do justice to your kindness, or my own estimation of it.

"In any labour I may have chosen to encounter, in any sacrifice of personal ease or pleasure my late undertaking may have cost me, I could never calculate on, I could never contemplate, such a recompense, and am utterly at a loss to satisfy myself with any terms of acknowledgment. I must therefore request His Royal Highness, and you, Gentlemen, to supply, in the indulgent spirit that has made me your guest to-day, any deficiency in my expressions, and in the same spirit to believe me deeply sensible of the flattering distinction conferred on me by your invitation and by the obliging condescension of our illustrious Chairman. Indeed I am fully conscious how much my humble services are overrated, and, in reference to the

allusion so kindly made by His Royal Highness of any further requital, must declare that, in the honours already conferred on me, I am greatly overpaid. My office has been a simple one; I can claim credit for little more than devotion, zeal, and intention; for little beyond an earnest faith in the power and ultimate triumph of truth, and in its elevating influence, however humble the sphere of its exercise.

"In that faith I have only endeavoured to 'piece out some of the imperfections,' as they appeared to me, of our theatrical system. It had struck me, among the many causes adduced for the drama's decline, that, whilst every other branch of art or pursuit of science was in a course of rapid advance, the drama, except in regard to a valuable change in its costume by that great artist whose name I can never mention without admiration and respect, John Kemble, the drama was stationary, its stage arrangements remained traditional, defended from innovation in each succeeding age by the name and authority of the leading actor who had gone before. This is so, whether we recall the witches of 'Macbeth,' the Roman Senate and people—the *Senatus populus que Romanus*—the Venetian Councils, Banquo's Ghost, or the moving wood of Birnam, which, if presented, should at least explain themselves. All were little more than barbarous burlesques of the great poet's conceptions.

"It had long been my ambition, and has been my endeavour to 'reform this indifferently,' if not 'altogether,' and to present the works of our dramatic poets, and chiefly Shakespeare's, with the truth of illustration they merit, and that a public, possessing a dramatic literature like ours, has a right to demand.

"Some exceptions have been taken to the amount, the extent of decoration lavished on our plays; but I would beg, with deference, to inquire the particular instance (for I do not know it) where the embellishment has exceeded propriety and the demand of the situation. In all that has been attempted, the object has been simply truth. What my own imagination has presented to me, in turning over the pages of our great poet, I have endeavoured to make palpable to the senses of my audience, and I would beg distinctly to repudiate the idea that has been entertained by some persons, that it is to the care bestowed on our wardrobe and scene-room that we are alone indebted for our successes; the plays of Shakespeare have been

produced of late years in the same theatre with far more lavish expenditures, but the results have not been equally fortunate. Indeed, the tragedies of 'Coriolanus' and 'King Lear,' so far from being overloaded with ornament, have, in their recent revivals, been actually stripped of the 'barbaric pearl and gold' with which they were before invested, and are now represented in the rude simplicity of their respective periods. Our aim has been fidelity of illustration. The 'delicate Ariel' is now no longer in representation a thing of earth, but either 'a wandering voice' or a visible spirit of air, flitting in his own element amid the strange and sweet noises of the enchanted island. With the restoration of the text, our object has been to make palpable the meaning of Shakespeare, and to this is to be attributed mainly, if not entirely, the popularity of our theatre. In following out an observation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that "Every part of a picture required equal care and pains," we have sought, by giving purpose and passion to the various figures of our groups, to spread over the entire scene some portion of that energy and interest which, heretofore, the leading actor exclusively and jealously appropriated.

"In this endeavour to transfer his picture from the poet's mind to the stage, complete in its parts and harmoniously arranged as to figure, scene, and action, we have the satisfaction of recording the success of a season unequalled, I believe, by any not having the attraction of a new performer, for the last sixteen years. This at least furnishes a proof not to be mistaken, that there is no lack either of intelligence or taste in our audiences to appreciate and support our noble drama, if properly presented.

"My hope and my intention was, if my abilities had kept pace with them, to have left in our theatre the complete series of Shakespeare's acting plays, his text purified from the gross interpolations that disfigure it and distort his characters, and the system of re-arrangement so perfected throughout them, that our stage would have presented, as it ought, one of the best illustrated editions of the poet's works. But 'my poverty, and not my will,' has compelled me to desist from the attempt.

"Yet, though I may not again be called to 'bear my part, or show the glory of our art,' let me indulge the hope that the path which has been so successfully and auspiciously opened

under your encouragement may be steadily and perseveringly pursued by others; that our theatre will remain, as Shakespeare's temple, consecrated to its loftiest purposes, dedicated to the highest intellectual amusements, and no longer, as a mere place of demoralising and licentious resort, degrade our character for refinement among the other European nations.

"I would beg to trespass one short minute further on your attention, and avail myself of this occasion to express thus publicly my thanks to those friends whose ardour and zeal in my cause have loaded me with benefits that I never can repay. Amongst them I must beg to particularise Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who wrote his delightful play of 'The Lady of Lyons' expressly to serve my interests, and, after public opinion had stamped it as the most attractive production of many years, obstinately — I must use the word, obstinately — refused to consider it in any other light than as a gift to me. To my esteemed friends Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Dickens, Serjeant Talfourd, and Mr. Serle I am also proud to be indebted, and, uniting my thanks to them with those I owe to you, I beg once more to repeat the assurances of my lasting gratitude and my deep sense of your great kindness, which, whilst I can remember, I never can forget."*

August 19th.—Looked out my clothes at my lodgings; went to rehearsal at the Haymarket.† Acted Othello, in part well, in part languidly. The audience did not seem to be of the same quality of intellect as I had been used to at Covent Garden.

Elstree, August 25th.—Finished 'Deerbrook' before I could rise this morning. I close this book with feelings of gratitude and veneration to the author, for I have been much benefited by the confirmation of good aspiration and intention, that has existed feebly within me. Rose and heard the dear children

* The other chief toasts of the evening were those of Lord Conyngham (then Lord Chamberlain) and of Charles Young; the Memory of Shakespeare, proposed by Milnes; Sir E. L. Bulwer; the Senate and the Bar, proposed by Lord Nugent, coupled with the names of Talfourd and Sheil, and to which Sheil responded. Sir Martin Archer Shee returned thanks for the Royal Academy, as its President; Dickens proposed the health of the late Company of Covent Garden Theatre which was acknowledged by Mr. Serle; and the Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., returned thanks for the stewards.—Ed.

† The engagement at the Haymarket now commenced continued to the end of this year, and up to 15th January of the following year (1840).—Ed.

their hymns, and afterwards examined them in their multiplication and the French verbs. Arranged my accounts, &c., and afterwards read in 'Othello.'

London, September 18*th.*—Rehearsed Shylock with very few persons, and did not feel at all at home in it. I have not got the key to the character, and must sternly and resolutely take the part in hand.

September 30*th.*—Rose in a very nervous and wandering state of mind; very much magnifying to myself the possibilities attendant on my experiment of Shylock this evening, and suffering under imaginations and apprehensions that appear absurd upon the occasion. The unpleasant position of this character is that its success would not be any great accession to my reputation, and failure must do some harm in any undertaking. My mind, however, is made up to do my best, and what more can any man do? or what more does a reasonable and conscientious man require than such a consciousness to place his mind at ease?

Acted Shylock, and tried to do my best; but how unavailing is all reasoning against painful facts—the performance was an utter failure. I felt it, and suffered very much for it.

October 4*th.*—Shylock. I was very nervous again, but on going upon the stage I regained much self-possession; identified myself more with the scene, and was able to give more decision and clear effect to what I said than on Monday night. I acted Shylock in many instances very fairly.

October 12*th.*—Came home to our newly-taken house, York Gate, Regent's Park.

October 15*th.*—I read some part of Bulwer's play, 'The Sea Captain.' Webster called; I spoke with him about the dresses and scenery, and we then settled the terms of an engagement for next season at £100 per week, play or no play, with the choice of a month's vacation on my part.

October 17*th.*—On my return found a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, in reply to mine, "regretting that he was obliged to refuse my request."* I expected this, and it only adds to the strength of my case, whenever I wish to put it forward.

October 22*nd.*—Rehearsed the new play of 'The Sea Captain.' Bulwer came in to ask me for his MS. alterations.

* For a personal licence to perform the legitimate drama.—Ed.

October 23*rd.*—Rehearsed the new play. Returned home very much tired. Went to theatre, and acted pretty well; was called for and very well received. I made the actors play the play within the proscenium, and the effect was greatly improved.

October 25*th.*—Acted Shylock very fairly, better, I think, than on any previous occasion. Head came with part of my dress. Returning home, found a parcel with a note from Dickens, and a presentation copy of 'Nickleby.'* What a dear fellow he is!

October 30*th.*—Walked down to the theatre. Rehearsed the new play. Bulwer and Blanchard came to the rehearsal. Bulwer became more confident as the rehearsal proceeded, and seemed at ease in his mind when it had concluded. I am not. I want time for myself and much more for other persons and things.

Head brought me my dress and took orders.

Gave the whole evening to a late hour to the consideration of the new play.

October 31*st.*—Not well. Suffering from my late hours last night. Attended to the lessons of my children. Saw the paper.

Went in great anxiety, and uncomfortably to the theatre. Rehearsed the new play. Blanchard and Mr. Tyas came in. Returned home very, very uncomfortably. My mind depressed, and my spirits suffering much from misgiving and apprehension. Read the play over. Went to the theatre. Acted Norman in Bulwer's new play, with some energy, and occasional inspiration. Was received very warmly, and called for at the end, greeted with much enthusiasm.†

November 18*th.*—Went to breakfast with Mrs. Reid to meet the Princess Belgiojoso. She did not arrive till past twelve o'clock. Dr. Roget called in afterwards. I passed an agreeable morning with this charming woman.

November 27*th.*—Hammond called, and, in a conversation with him, Catherine and afterwards Letitia being present, I recommended him to engage Phelps, H. Phillips, and Miss Faucit. He assented to the justice of my remarks, and promised to act

* Which was dedicated to Macready.—Ed.

† 'The Sea Captain' was played frequently at the Haymarket to the end of Macready's engagement of this date.—Ed.

upon them. Looked at Beaumont and Fletcher, but found nothing to hope from.

December 1*st.*—Stanfield, Lovers, Procters, Rollses, Mrs. Reid, Elliotson, O'Hanlon, Warren, Herring, Misses Faucit, and P. Horton came to dinner. The Loughs, T. Cookes, Lane, Eg. Webbe, Z. Troughton, Quin, Ainsworth, Edw. Landseer, Bennett, Mrs. Kitchener, came in the evening. The day was cheerful, the music very good, and all passed off very pleasantly.

December 6*th.*—Read in Carlyle's 'French Revolution,'—that wonderful book!

Dickens gave me a play to read, called 'Glencoe.'

December 7*th.*—Finished the play of 'Glencoe,' which has so much to praise in it.

December 8*th.*—Arranged my accounts, and found myself possessed of £10,000, a small realisation out of such a receipt as mine has been the last twenty years. But I have lost much, given away much, and, I fear, spent much; but what I have lost, and what given, would leave me with all my spendings a rich man.

December 9*th.*—Read in Carlyle's 'Revolution.' Towards the morning was wakeful, and lay reflecting on my present condition, and what it might or would have been, had I remained in the direction of Covent Garden Theatre. One thing is quite certain, I could not have closed the theatre (had I continued) with one shilling surplus (vice £1,200); I should not have been placed as the present tenant is, for the Olympic would have been open; I might have been ill, which would be ruin; I should never have seen my children, a calamity nearly equal.

December 10*th.*—Webster informed me that the Bath Theatre was given up. The country ceases to be a source of revenue.

December 12*th.*—Went to dine with Talfourd, calling on Dickens, who said he was too ill to accompany me. Dined. Talfourd, Forster, and self. After dinner the conversation turned on plays. I mentioned one I had of a striking character upon a popular subject; Talfourd asked me the title. I told him 'Glencoe.' He questioned me about its possible melodramatic tendency. I told him, that the treatment avoided the melodrama of the stage; that the style was an imitation of his writing, but without the point that terminated his speeches; that

the story was well managed and dramatic; and that I intended to act it. At last, to my utter astonishment, he pulled out two books from his pocket and said, "Well, I will no longer conceal it—it is my play;" and he gave each of us a copy! I never in my life experienced a greater surprise. This play had been represented to me as Mr. Collinson's. Forster affected great indignation, and really stormed; I laughed, loud and long; it was really a romance to me. Talfourd told us that he had written this to preserve his recollections of Glencoe. I strongly advised him to take one of two courses, either to flood the town with the edition, published anonymously, and engage the suffrages of the press, and leave it to be acted with his name as it might escape; or to preserve it a profound secret, giving him at the same time a right to call upon me if he heard it anywhere through me.

December 13th.—Read through the play of 'Glencoe,' which I trust is destined to be a great success, but my opinion of its poetical merits is still unchanged: it is superior to, in dramatic construction, and very much below in poetry, the play of 'Ion.'

December 15th.—Looked over my accounts, and examined what had been my expenses this year. I found upwards of £400 for theatre expenses, and £200 given away in small donations to poor or importunate people.

December 20th.—Found a note from Bulwer, a most kind one, inquiring of me if I had any wish to accept the place of Dramatic Censor; that applications were being made for the office in the expectation of Charles Kemble's death, and that he had heard to-day that they would give the preference to me. Answered Bulwer, expressing my anxiety to obtain the office if I could have it with my profession for four years, or even for one year: thanking him very cordially.

December 24th.—A card from Mr. Martins, who had called with a "private message from Lord Uxbridge," and wished me to call on him. I set off to St. James's and found him. His errand was to express to me, in honied phrase, that Lord Uxbridge had given to Mr. J. Kemble* the appointment of Deputy Licenser. I heard the news as indifferently as I could

* John Mitchell Kemble, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, son of Charles Kemble, who had been for some time in the actual performance of the duties of the office.—Ed.

endeavour to seem to do, and after some conversation left him.

We all indulge in hope that, spite of our efforts, grows into expectation, and I had resolved on leaving the stage at once, and quitting scenes where my mind is in a whirl of passion, intrigue, and tumult, where temptations to error are constantly before me and provocations beset me on every side. I had hoped to retire from this to the serenity of a country life, to a slender establishment, and the society of my children. I have now no hope of any assistance in life, but must finish it, and play out the game myself. God assist me. Amen.

1840.

London, January 5th.—Heard the children their hymns, and arranged my accounts. In thinking over and speaking of my expenses, I came to the conclusion that it was absolutely indispensable that I should give up Elstree and take a house in town.

January 15th.—'Sea Captain.' Last night of Haymarket engagement.

January 18th.—Went with Catherine to look at a house — Clarence Terrace—which I liked.

January 20th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre. Acted Macbeth tolerably fairly, was called for, and well received. Was very grateful to see so excellent a house. How different my return to this theatre to my departure from it! How grateful I ought to be!

January 22nd.—Rehearsed the play of 'Mary Stuart.' Went to Drury Lane Theatre, and acted Ruthven; was nervous, and, to my own surprise—in fact, I cannot now understand the cause—I lost the words in my great effect of the fourth act. I came off the stage in a state of desperate fury, rushed to my book, and, when I looked at the words in which I had been perfect six weeks ago, I saw that if my life depended on it I could not have spoken them—they had gone out of my head! Was called on after the play, and very well received.

February 10th.—Went to the Piazza Coffee House to con gra-

tulate and sup with Maclise on the occasion of his election as a Royal Academician. Stanfield was there with others.

February 13th.—Went to dine with Mrs. Rolls and passed an agreeable day. Met Dottin, M.P. for Southampton, Walpole, Boxall, Whately and Lady Henrietta Churchill, Dickens and Mrs. Dickens, Miss Morice, &c.

March 3rd.—Æt. 47. My birthday.

March 4th.—I went with Nina and Letitia to Elstree. My journey was a melancholy one; every familiar object on the road, the road itself, leading over Brockley Hill, as I caught it in the distance, looked as if part of the happy thoughts that were associated with what I think of as my home of many happy years. How often in coming here have I left care, and evil passion, and degrading thoughts behind me, and felt, as the beauty of the landscape opened and the inspiring freshness of the air breathed on me, my heart spring up and burn within me in gratitude to God and love of His works seen, heard, and felt around me. I must leave it—my home, my home! Farewell, dear, dear Elstree!

[*March 8th to March 13th.*—Engagement at Bristol.]

London, March 15th.—Went to dinner at Lord Lansdowne's. Met some agreeable persons, with Fonblanque, Bulwer, Pigott, the Solicitor-General for Ireland, and Lord Normanby. The day was pleasant to me, and I was much struck with the beautiful works of art I saw there. *Fortunati nimium*, who are born to such possessions.

March 16th.—First night of engagement at Haymarket.* Went to theatre and acted Hamlet very carefully and very well. The new effect of the pictures on the wall of the apartment was a very great improvement on the old stupid custom. Was called for and very well received by the audience. Miss Horton made quite a success in Ophelia, and was very warmly received indeed. Bulwer, Jerdan, Forster, Maclise came into my room. All were much pleased, but Bulwer was quite delighted; I never saw him so enthusiastic. I was very much pleased. Thank God, all went so well.

March 21st.—Called on Maclise, and saw again his grand picture of Macbeth. The figure of Lady Macbeth, which I had

* This engagement at the Haymarket continued to the end of this year and up to 13th March in the following year (1841).—Ed.

not seen before, I thought the ideal of the character: it is a noble conception. His picture of Olivia I can look at for ever; it is beauty, moral and physical, personified.

April 9th.—Gave the children their lessons. Received letters from Rugby for subscriptions to a new church there.

Walked to Regent Street with Dickens, and took a cab home. Rested after dinner. The servant brought me in a card, Mr. Thomas Moore, and told me the gentleman would take no denial. I could not imagine it to be Tom Moore, and went out in a very ill humour: to my surprise, it was the bright little man himself. We went upstairs, and he wanted to visit the Haymarket with Mrs. Moore and his son, who is going out to India. I told him to ask for his own private box, which I procured for him when I went to the theatre.

April 11th.—Acted Cardinal Richelieu. Dickens called for me, and we went together to Lord Northampton's.* Saw there Babbage, Maclise, Etty, Pickersgill, Horner, Jerdan, Stanfield, Lord Aberdeen, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cartwright, Sir H. Ellis, Sir Richard Jenkins, T. Hook, Dr. Dibbin, Sir D. Wilkie. Walked home with Dickens.

—— *25th.*—Acted Claude Melnotte partially well; was called for, but hearing Miss Faucit's name, thought it right she should have her undivided applause, and desired that some one else should lead her on, which was done. Went on afterwards, to the continued call, and was well received. David Colden came into my room and accompanied me to Babbage's, where I saw Sidney Smith, Professor Wheatstone, the Brockedons, two or three whom I knew, but not by name, Harness, Travers, Hawes, Lady Stepney, Dr. Arnott, Milman, the Bishop of Norwich (Stanley), who wished to be known to me. I had a very interesting conversation with him, a man I admire and reverence so much, speaking with great warmth of the effort I had made and the probable effect if carried out. I was very much pleased with him.

April 29th.—Went out, and hastened down to King's College, where I saw Professor Wheatstone, who showed the persons present his electric telegraph, and his speaking machine, which uttered clearly the words "Mamma, papa, mother, thumb,

* The Marquis of Northampton was then President of the Royal Society, and gave *soirées* at his house in Piccadilly.—Ed.

summer." I was amply recompensed for the visit I paid him. I saw Milman there, who was very courteous. Called at several shops and priced various articles of furniture.

Looked in at the Water-colour Exhibition, and saw some very beautiful things by Copley Fielding, and Prout. Called at the Haymarket, and spoke to Webster on business. Called at Holloway's, and paid for my prints.

May 1*st*.—Went to the private view of the Royal Academy, and was much gratified with what I saw; I think it is one of the best exhibitions I have seen; all the distinguished artists are up to a high mark, except Turner, who is lamentable. Saw D'Orsay, Etty, C. Landseer, Edwin Landseer, Maclise, Mrs. Dickens, Stanfield, T. Hill, Mr. W. Russell.

May 5*th*.—Acted Hamlet, as I thought, in a most real and effective manner. Was well satisfied with myself. Alexander Dumas, with two friends, came into my room after the play. Very much pleased. Dumas told me had undertaken to translate Macbeth, and that Ligier * would come over to consult me about its performance.

May 8*th*.—Attended Carlyle's lecture, 'The Hero as a Prophet: Mahomet:' on which he descanted with a fervour and eloquence that only a conviction of truth could give. I was charmed, carried away by him. Met Browning there.

May 11*th*.—Went to theatre. Rehearsed 'Glencoe,' which wears an appearance of much promise.

May 23*rd*.—Went to the theatre, and, in the character of Halbert Macdonald in Talfourd's play of 'Glencoe,' I did all I could do—all that the very short period allowed for preparation allowed me to do. The audience became very fervent, although I felt, in the second act, that the persons in the front were disposed to be ill-natured. Was called for by the house and, when silence was obtained, I informed them that I had a little history to relate concerning the play; that it had been placed in my hands by a friend, as the work of a gentleman named Collinson, who had written to me once, but that, in entering on the work, I felt no more interest in it than the general anxiety I feel on subjects appertaining to dramatic literature. I felt deeply as I read it, and I argued that what had touched me so nearly could not be without effect more

* The distinguished tragedian of the Théatre Francais.—Ed.

generally. Mr. Webster accepted it unhesitatingly, and it was some time after that I was made acquainted with the real author, a name which I had pleasure in communicating as they would have in hearing, being that of one whose pen had been invariably exercised in asserting the benefit and beauty and blessing of an earnest faith in good—it was Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's. This was greatly applauded, and I gave out the play for three nights' representations per week till further notice. Talfourd rushed into my room to thank me, and Dickens, Maclise, &c., also came.

May 24th.—Talfourd and Dickens called for me and we went together to Rogers, where we dined. Lord and Lady Seymour, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Lord Denman, Luttrell, and Poole, with Miss Rogers, were our party. I was pleased with the day, liking Mrs. Norton very much, and being much amused with some anecdotes of Rogers. His collection of pictures is admirable, and the spirit of good taste seems to pervade every nook of his house.

May 31st.—Went to Lady Blessington's, where I saw the Fonblanques, Lords Normanby and Canterbury, Milnes, Chorley, Standish, Rubini, Stuart Wortley, an Italian—Count something, Mr. Palgrave Simpson, and Listz, the most marvellous pianist I ever heard. I do not know when I have been so excited.

June 18th.—Went over Willie's translation with him very particularly, which he did pretty well, but Cæsar is not a book to be given as one to ground an infant mind in a language. Read part of Melnotte. Elliotson called, and urged me to try the prescription. A letter from a poor woman with whom I had lodged when very young; her name was Eliza Robinson, poor creature. She brings back to me the days of my boyhood, since when, my life looks like a vision, a rapid change of dim scenes.

June 23rd.—Looked at 'Timon of Athens,' but it is (for the stage) only an incident with comments on it. The story is not complete enough—not furnished, I ought to say—with the requisite varieties of passion for a play; it is heavy and monotonous.

June 24th.—Saw Etty's picture of the 'Bridge of Sighs' advertised for sale in the papers; decided on enquiring about it. Called on Etty, who was from home; learned that the picture had been removed to Colnaghi's; determined to pursue it.

Called at Colnaghi's; heard of the picture, that its price would not be under £30; upon his statement of the first value, between buyer and seller, agreed to give £40 for it, he to negotiate the purchase.

June 25*th.*—I sent to Colnaghi's for Etty's picture of the 'Bridge of Sighs.' I do not grudge the money for it. It is to me poetry on canvas. The story of that gloomy canal and its fatal bridge is told at once; there is a history before you and a commentary upon it in the single star that is looking down upon the dark deeds below.

June 27*th.*—A son born.*

August 15*th.*—Rehearsed Sir Oswin Mortland in 'To Marry or Not to Marry.' Went to Haymarket Theatre and acted Sir Oswin Mortland, not to my own satisfaction, though praised by Serle. Was called for and well received, leading on Miss P. Horton, who did her teaching credit.

September 23*rd.*—Head called and took directions about my dress for Richard Cromwell. Went to the theatre; rehearsed the new play. Went into the Oxford Street Theatre; was denied, but on giving my name, was conducted over it by a sort of superintendent. It is really beautiful: well placed, it would be a fortune, but, where it is, I have no faith in its success.

September 24*th.*—Rehearsed the play of 'Master Clarke.'

——— 26*th.*—Went to the theatre and rehearsed the play of 'Richard Cromwell.' Returning home, read over the part, and going again to the theatre, acted it (Richard Cromwell) very fairly, bringing out some parts of the character with truth and force. I was called for and very well received by the audience.

September 27*th.*—Began reading and making legible Bulwer's comedy of 'Money.' Read the whole of it to Catherine, &c., with Forster, with which all were delighted. *Floreat.*

September 28*th.*—Spoke to Webster on the subject of next year's engagement. He said that he understood I had said that, while I was comfortable at the Haymarket, I would stay. I mentioned the position of my name on the play-bills, that it should not on any occasion be put under any other person's, as it had been; that I should have the right to a private box when they were not let. He wished me to take the month's leave which I had at my option; tried it on for "seven weeks,"

* Walter Francis Sheil, died February 8th, 1853.—Ed.

to which I would not agree. He also wished to alter the mode of play and pay, this I would only hear of so far, that I should be paid weekly £100 for the same number of nights (excepting the month's leave), but he might put the nights in what order he chose through the whole term of engagement. Appointed the reading of the comedy for to-morrow. Read over Richard Cromwell. Went to theatre; acted Richard Cromwell tolerably. Called for and well received.

September 29th.— Looked over the sums of the children. Read the paper. Note from Ransom. Assisted Willie in his lessons. Applied myself to the revision and marking of the MS. of Bulwer's new comedy, to which I gave the entire morning. Messrs. Webster and Willmott called at three o'clock to hear the comedy read. I read it to them, and Mr. Webster accepted it, expressing his wish to have it produced as soon as possible. Went to dine with Procter, at whose house I met Christie, Doctor Southey, Mr. Coulson and two French gentlemen.

October 4th.— Read, cut, and remarked on Bulwer's comedy of 'Money.' Helped Willie in his lessons. Forster came to dinner. Afterwards read the play of 'Gisippus.' It is a wonderful play. All were charmed with it.

October 5th.—Arranged the three first acts of the comedy of 'Money.' Catherine received a letter from Miss Martineau, who asks, in speaking of this world, "Can there be any one who believes there is not another?" Wrote to Miss Herries, thanking her for her copy (electrotype) of the medal of Canova; inclosed it in a note to Holloway.

October 6th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre to see Knowles's play of 'John of Procida.' I paid for entrance, a slight reproach, I think, to the manners, taste, and feeling of the present management. The play was not interesting; there were good scenes, or rather parts of good scenes, in it. Mr. Anderson was by far the best actor in the play; he is much improved. I saw an interlude after it, full of practical jokes, which was very fairly acted by Messrs. Keeley and Mathews, but it was poor stuff. I was, or seemed to be, quite unknown in the theatre, where not a year and a half ago I was the observed of all observers. Such is the world! Walked home thinking on my art, and meditating on Othello.

October 7th.—Read over, as much as I could, Mr. F. Barham's

play of 'Socrates,' in which Socrates calls his wife, Xantippe—Tippet. Wrote a note to the author upon it. Marked three acts of the comedy of 'Money.' Zouch Troughton called; went over with him the alterations of the tragedy of 'Nina Sforza,' with which he was satisfied; he took the book with him for insertions.

October 9th.—Played at piquet in order to learn the game for the new play, 'Money.'

October 13th.—Looked at the newspaper, in which I read the notice of the opening of Drury Lane Theatre with 'Concerts d'Hiver.' Not one word of regret, remonstrance, or concern at this perversion of the edifice from its purposes; not a whisper of complaint against the tyranny that gives to it the power of preventing other theatres from acting Shakespeare, whilst it cannot or will not represent the drama itself! Went to the theatre to rehearse 'The Stranger.' Returning, called on Dickens and appointed to go with him to the theatre. Gave the afternoon to make Willie do and understand his lesson, in which I hope and think I succeeded. Called for Dickens, and went to see 'The Spanish Curate' at Covent Garden; with the exception of Messrs. Anderson and Keeley, the play was very, very badly acted, dressed with no regard to costume, and, upholstered for all times, the characters were not understood. I expected and sat shrinking to hear the hiss, which did not come; the audience applauded, though coldly and flatly. I cannot but see the vast difference between what Covent Garden was, and what it has descended to.

October 14th.—Mr. Simpson of the Birmingham Theatre called, and, talking with me of an engagement, left me with the understanding that, if I was free and willing to visit Birmingham at Whitsuntide, I was to write and apprise him of the fact, and to receive for five nights £250. Answered the application from a Mr. Tiffany with an autograph. Mason called. I mentioned the London Library to him and gave him a prospectus.

October 24th.—Looked over what I could of the comedy of 'Money.' Went to the theatre and read it to the company, who were very much excited by it. It was quite successful with them.

October 25th.—After dinner continued my work on 'Money,' about which I begin to have my usual apprehensions.

October 27*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Braysher, Miss Faucit, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Blanchard, W. Boxall, and Stone dined with us.

October 28*th.*—Went to the rehearsal of 'Money,' at the end of which Bulwer came with a note of the dresses of the various characters. Came home extremely tired, and slept, or tried to sleep, the whole afternoon—at least, as much as I had of afternoon. Acted Claude Melnotte very fairly; was called for and well received.

November 2*nd.*—Rose in tolerably good time, and attended to Nina's sum. Read the newspaper and used the interim between the hour of rehearsal in writing out the letter to Dr. Griffin, proposing £300 for the play of 'Gisippus,' and £50 more, if its run should extend to twenty-five nights. My right to last only five years from the date of the agreement, two of which, it is obvious, I must lose. Went to the theatre and rehearsed the two last acts of the comedy of 'Money.'

November 5*th.*—Went to the theatre, where I spent two hours in the rehearsal of one page of the club scene in the new comedy. As I write, doubt and misgivings arise in my mind. I have nothing great or striking in situation, character, humour, or passion to develop. The power of all this is thrown on Mr. Strickland and partially on Mr. Webster.

November 6*th.*—Catherine took me down to the Shakespeare Society in a carriage. I met there Collier, Tomlin, Dilke, Ayrton Amyot, Bruce, T. Campbell, Courtenay, and Kenney. The laws and resolutions of the society were discussed in a very harmonious manner. Received Dr. Griffin's answer, with full acceptance of my proposal for the MS. of 'Gisippus.'

November 10*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Brockedon, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Beazley, Cartwright, and Price came to dinner.

November 13*th.*—Went to the theatre, where I rehearsed three acts, or the better part of three acts, of the new comedy.

November 17*th.*—Called on Rogers, and sat some time with him. Proposed to him the plan for the monument to Mrs. Siddons, into which he warmly entered, observing that Mrs. Siddons had said to him, on the occasion of her brother's monument, "I hope, Mr. Rogers, that one day justice will be done to women." He cordially took it up.

November 20*th.*—Went to theatre. Rehearsed with much

pains the three first acts of 'Money,' in which I find I have very little to do, but I must strive to make the most of it. Bulwer came to the rehearsal. D'Orsay called to see what I wanted. I inquired of him his hatter, the mode of keeping accounts at the clubs in play, about servants, &c. It was very kind in him. A long debate about announcing the play, which was fixed for Thursday, &c. Gave the whole evening to the cutting, arranging, and preparing 'Money.' Wrote out the whole club scene. Very late.

November 21*st.*—'Lady of Lyons.' 23*rd.*—'Werner.' 24*th.*—'Lady of Lyons.'

November 25*th.*—My blessed Joan taken from us. God's will be done.

November 30*th.*—Funeral of Joan.

December 8*th.*—Went to the Haymarket and rehearsed the play of 'Money.' I was very much depressed and low-spirited. Coming home, read over the part, and resolved to do my best with it. Laid out and put up my clothes. Acted the part of Evelyn. Not satisfied. I wanted lightness, self-possession, and, in the serious scenes, truth. I was not good—I feel it. In the last scene Miss Faucit, as I had anticipated, had quite the advantage over me; this was natural. Bulwer came into my room; he was, as usual, obliged by my exertions.*

December 16*th.*—Acted Evelyn better than I had previously done, but it is an ineffective inferior part.

December 23*rd.*—Received the Lord Chamberlain's answer, who refers my request to the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden—the oppressed to the oppressor.

December 31*st.*—The last day of a year has now become a grave and solemn thing to me: I feel my approach towards a change of being, and I cannot contemplate without sad and serious thoughts the "shadows, clouds, and darkness that rest upon it." My heart lifts up its prayer to God for blessings on my beloved family through time to come. Amen.

* 'Money' had a long run, and no other play was given at the Haymarket until the end of Macready's engagement there, on 13th March in the following year (1841).—Ed.

1841.

[Additional Sentence prefixed to diary:]

"Quant à la religion, je pense que Dieu n'est ni Presbytérien, ni Luthérien, ni de la haute église; Dieu est le Père de tous les hommes."

London, January 1st.—With prayers, earnest and devout, to Almighty God for His Divine protection against all the evils which the machinations of others or, what I more fear, the bad passions and infirmities of my own nature, may bring against me, and with heartfelt supplication for the health, in mind and body, of my dear family, I enter upon the present year. "O God, deal not with me after my sins; neither reward me after mine iniquities." I implore of Thee, O God, grace and gentleness of spirit, charity of heart towards my fellow-men in word and deed, and resolution over my evil inclinations, that I may atone by my conduct in the time to come, for the offences that have stained the past, and be in act and thought, a worthy disciple of Jesus Christ.

January 2nd.—Looked at the newspaper, and seeing an advertisement of a testimonial to Lord Holland's memory, sent five guineas in a note to Coutts. I think it was right and prudent to do it, otherwise the money was an object: it is my business to endeavour to accumulate.

January 3rd.—Arranged my week's accounts, and gave much time to scrutinising the last year's expenditure, which I find very heavy. Endeavoured to ascertain the average of my expenses for the current year; found them to be so heavy that, unless I use great caution and economy (which I pray God I may be able to do), I shall realise nothing out of a splendid income. Pursued my calculations, by which I find that, if I exceed in my expenditure an average of £190 per calendar month, I can never expect to realise independence.

January 4th.—Looked through the play of 'The Sculptor,' and found it a most outrageous absurdity. Wrote a note and

addressed it with the MS. of the author, to be left at the stage door.

January 5th.—Went to the theatre, where I read the play of 'Nina Sforza' in a room, or rooms, for we were driven from one to another, choking us with smoke. I was glad that I had chosen the part of Spinola; I must work hardly at it.

January 6th.—Forster read me a sketch of characters, for a comedy by Bulwer, of which I thought very poorly. He talked of Cromwell, but that I think beyond all but Shakespeare.

January 7th.—Read a little of 'Nina Sforza.' Went to rehearsal with Mrs. Stirling, who takes the part of Clara in the play to night. Nina called for me, and I went with her to Sir F. Chantrey's; he was out of town; we looked into the studio. We walked home through Belgrave Square, and the Park; the weather made the exercise quite an enjoyment to me. Nina did her sum in the afternoon. Edward sent a note with Napier's last two volumes, and borrowed first. He called, after I had rested, and I left him here, when I went to the theatre. Acted Evelyn tolerably well. Was much pleased with Mrs. Stirling in Clara. She speaks with freshness and truth of tone.

January 10th.—To my very great satisfaction, Catherine found the old family prayer book of my mother, in which the births of her family are entered, as I suppose by her father and mother, and of her own children by my father and by herself. It is an evidence of my age, and might possibly be required to prove my real time of birth; and correct an erroneous entry in the parish register which makes me a year older.

January 11th.—Went up to the drawing-room, after reading a scene of 'Nina Sforza,' to see Forster, who was there. He read me a letter from Bulwer, starting the idea of Sir Robert Walpole as a dramatic character. I caught at it.

January 12th.—My dear children not very satisfactory over their early lessons; perhaps my desire of seeing them advance may make me too exacting and impatient, yet I try to check my tendency to haste. Looked through chapters of History of England for information on Walpole.

January 13th.—Mr. King called to give Willie a lesson, but we were coated and hatted to go out and I begged him off. We went to Sir Francis Chantry's. I showed Willie his statue of Washington; we went into his library, and I sat with him an

inordinate length of time. I opened my views, into which he cordially entered; I told him of Rogers and he said he would see him. He evidently likes the undertaking, and would wish to make a bust of Mrs. Siddons. He preferred speaking himself to Milman about the place in the Abbey for it, before I again addressed the Dean and Chapter. He pressed us to stay luncheon, which we did, and went with him and Lady Chantrey into the drawing-room.

January 17th.—Saw my darling Henry *dressed* for the first time these many, many days. Since his bed has been his garment, his sweet little sister, blessed Joan, has been laid in her cold bed, never to gladden my sight again, the dear, sweet child! How long, how very long it seems since then! The time seems to have no distinct marks, it looks as I turn back, a long, dreary, heavy distance; it has no clear marking by which to trace back the course of one's life in it.

January 21st.— Called on Dickens and gave him Darley's first copy of 'Ethelstan.' We walked out, called on Rogers; I told him that Chantrey was to see him, and mentioned my proposal of setting the subscription on foot: he readily approved all. Asked Dickens to spare the life of Nell in his story ('Master Humphrey's Clock'), and observed that he was cruel. He blushed, and men who blush are said to be either proud or cruel; he is not proud, and therefore—or, as Dickens added —the axiom is false. He invited us to dine on Sunday sennight. We went on to leave my note and card for Darley at the Clarence; called in at the Athæneum, where Dickens took some refreshment. Went on to his printers' in Fleet Street. Called and bought spectacles and thermometer at Cary's. Walked home, was tired, and rested.

Tried to act Evelyn, and did my best, but it was not good.

January 22nd.—Arranged the persons to whom I would apply for Mrs. Siddons' monument, and wrote notes on the subject to Bulwer, to Young, to Talfourd; Catherine wrote to Fanny Twiss. Went to the theatre, and acted Evelyn with much effort; I was quite wearied down. Found at home notes from Ransom, and one from Dickens with an onward number of 'Master Humphrey's Clock.' I saw one print in it of the dear dead child that gave a dead chill through my blood. I dread to read it, but I must get it over.

I have read the two numbers; I never have read printed words that gave me so much pain. I could not weep for some time. Sensation, sufferings have returned to me, that are terrible to awaken: it is real to me; I cannot criticise it.

January 25th.— Gave the dear children their lessons and looked at the newspaper. Went out in carriage, and proceeded to the Equitable Insurance Office, where I paid my yearly due, £120 5*s.*, thence to the Bank, where I received my own and Twiss's dividends. Called on Campbell, whom I found at home, and to whom I mentioned the purpose of placing Mrs. Siddons' bust in the Abbey; he entered into it as cordially as he could into anything, for he has not the *œstrum* in his manner. He expressed himself anxious to improve our acquaintance. Called at Forster's, thence to Ransom's where I paid in my dividends, onward to find Sheil's dwelling, which I could not discover, to Sir Francis Chantrey's, with whom I had again a long talk. He interests me much by his downright manner and his confidence with regard to his conceptions. He approved the committee. I saw Allan Cunningham, and expressed myself willing to receive his play of 'Wallace,' about which he had written to me. Called at Lord Lansdowne's; he was just going to the Council at the Palace. I merely left my card. To Sir M. A. Shee, whom I found at home and Gally Knight sitting to him.

Shee was inclined to object, but I mentioned the limit of the subscription and he courteously assented.

January 26th.—Wrote notes about Mrs. Siddons' monument to Lord Lansdowne, to Lord Denman, to Lord Aberdeen, to Lord Francis Egerton, to Milman.

January 27th.—Thought a good deal upon my prospects and claims; calculated for my children's good, and see little to reason me from the necessity of again entering management, if I can do so without hazard of what I possess. The stage seems to want me. There is no theatre, but that to a man with a family is no argument; there is no theatre for me, and that is an overwhelming plea. Then much may be done of good in all ways.

January 28th.—Wrote to Horace Twiss, to Lord Northampton, to Thomas Moore, to Sheil, to Lord Normanby, to Hallam, to Babbage, to Mr. Milnes, all on the Siddons monument.

January 31st.—Dickens called for me and I accompanied

him to Rogers', where we dined. Met Eastlake, Colonel Fox, Kenney, Maltby, Sir George Talbot, Babbage, and a young man whom I had met at Lord Lansdowne's. A pleasant day. Showed Rogers my committee list, with which he was pleased.

February 1st.—Wrote notes to Lockhart, Procter, Sir G. Calcott, Barry, Cockerell, H. Taylor, inviting them to be on the Siddons committee.

February 7th.—Wrote a note, as copy for one to Lords Carnarvon, Leigh, and Mahon, on the Siddons committee. Wrote a note of congratulation on his birthday to Dickens.

Collier, Kenney, Z. Troughton, and Ainsworth came to dinner.

London, March 3rd.—I am forty-eight years old to-day.

March 22nd.—Called on Bulwer and talked with him on the business of the Siddons committee. Went to Exeter Hall. Milman came, Gally Knight, then Lord Lansdowne. We talked and waited some time, and no one coming, proceeded to business. Rogers dropped in, as we had voted three or four resolutions,* which were approved. Then Bulwer came; an excuse from Dickens and Tom Moore. The bankers, advertisements, &c., were all arranged. Lord L. undertook to write

* The Siddons Monument.

At a meeting of the committee held at Exeter Hall, on the 22nd of March, 1841, the most noble the Marquis of Lansdowne in the Chair, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

Resolved,—That as monuments have been erected in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of many distinguished professors of the dramatic art, it is an omission on the part of those, who drew delight and instruction from the sublime personations of Mrs. Siddons, that the name of that actress, who, by a singular union of the highest intellectual and physical qualifications, transcended the artists of her own, or perhaps, of any other time, should have so long remained without public record or notice.

Resolved,—That in order to render justice to her rare perfections, and convey to posterity some idea of the estimation in which her surpassing powers were held by her contemporaries, a bust or statue of Mrs. Siddons be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Resolved,—That in order to afford the opportunity of participating in this object to those who enjoyed the delight of witnessing the representations of this great actress, or who have profited, in the performances of inferior artists, by the lessons her genius taught, the expenses of the proposed monument be met by a public subscription.—Ed.

to Chantrey. Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Pierce Butler, Kenney, Dickens, Travers, Harness, and Rogers dined with us.

March 23rd.—Beazley and Dunn called and we talked over the feasibility of reopening Drury Lane Theatre *as a theatre.* I mentioned what must form the basis of any agreement—liberty to close at a day's notice; no compulsion to pay any rent; no rent to be paid before Christmas; my salary to be included among the working expenses of the theatre; the theatre not to be opened before Christmas; to be mine in virtue of a clear lesseeship; not for the committee to have the power of letting it during my vacation, &c. Babbage, Mr. and Mrs. Swinfen Jervis, Lady Jenkins, Lord Nugent, Sir E. Bulwer, Dr. Quin came to dinner.

March 24th.—Wrote out the heads of my stipulations in any agreement with Drury Lane proprietors. Lord Glengall and Dunn called; I read my stipulations, which were considered admissible. Lord Glengall was earnest to carry the proposed agreement into effect. When they were gone, I wrote notes of summons to Serle and Anderson.

Northallerton, Tynemouth, March 28th.—Felt a pleasure in seeing in the inn yard the name of the landlord which I had always known at this house; he has passed away, but the name was still something of what I once knew. The waiter, too, though I could hardly recognise him, proved on inquiry to be the same who had waited on me about thirty years ago. Everything teaches me that this is a world of change, and yet how slowly and reluctantly we learn the lesson. I breakfasted and posted on, reading Richelieu first. Often checked by scenes well remembered and connected with persons now no more, and with feelings long since dead! My early youth, its passions, despondings, uncertain views, imaginings and dreams were here, and many, many thoughts and feelings, sufferings, and enjoyments returned to me with the scenes I revisited. Considered 'Romeo and Juliet' as a play to be restored to the original text, and saw its pathetic simplicity and legendary character so far above the Frenchy melodrama of Garrick. Looked over Macbeth. Intended to post to South Shields and cross the ferry to Tynemouth, but stopped and turned the postboy and made him go to Newcastle, from thence to take the railway. Was half an hour before the train started;

lunched, wrote a note for Miss Martineau. Saw Hedley Vicars, who called, and received a note from him. Went by railway to North Shields. Walked to Tynemouth, and inquiring at the post-office Miss Martineau's address, called on her, sending up my note: she was very glad to see me. We talked over many things and persons. She is a heroine, or to speak more truly her fine sense and her lofty principles, with the sincerest religion, give her a fortitude that is noble to the best height of heroism.

Newcastle, March 29th.—Mr. Ternan called, and I walked with him to the theatre, where I rehearsed Macbeth; rehearsed it well, so well that I felt myself not quite *hors de la tragédie*. I feared I should not act it so well.

Acted Macbeth with all the spirit I could press into it. Considering my *rust*, not having acted it since 1839, I did not make so bad an effort. Was called for, and very cordially greeted.

March 30th.—Letters from Mr. Thorne, manager at Durham, with invitation, and one from Wightwick urging, in a guarded way, the experiment of Plymouth, which I think I shall make. But no more consecutive five or six nights, I have not the power of doing justice to myself in them. Rehearsed Richelieu with forebodings of a dire event. Peregrine Ellison called twice upon me, and walked with me up to Hedley Vicars', showing me the new Exchange Room by the way. He was most kind. There is, however, a melancholy at my heart, which often rises to my eyes, in thinking of, and feeling these marks of kindness and respect, these tributes to the feelings of younger and blither days, which I receive from the remaining individuals of families that once took a friendly interest in me. It makes me ask, what is life—what is its real good? Is it peace—is it fame? It is, if it could be found, the talisman of Orimanes—content—which cannot be without virtue.

Acted Cardinal Richelieu in all the horrors of an imperfect company, but we got through. Was called for, a foolish custom as an ordinary one.

March 31st.—Peregrine Ellison called, and walked with me over the new streets; pointing out to me the old map by sundry relics, such as the school where Lord Eldon was brought up, the

Forth, Waldie's house, &c. The market, the Philosophical Institution—*open to everybody*—(bravissimo!) and the general appearance interested and pleased me very much; but I was sorry too to see the old streets, which used to look so handsome and lively, neglected, squalid, and forsaken.

I used the afternoon to the best advantage, between rest, and thought of Othello. I was very anxious to act the part well, and I think I have never acted it better—certainly, never in a more sustained heroic style. I thought the audience must have felt that much was real and original—by that word I mean the feeling taken directly from the part.

London, April 4th.—Young, the pantomimist, called, and agreed to set to work.

Anderson and Serle called, and we discussed the various facts before us. I mentioned my intention of writing Miss Kelly to take the *old women*. They left me. Elliotson called, and prescribed for me.

April 5th.—Went to Drury Lane and, with Serle, met the Drury Lane Committee, Lord Glengall, Messrs. Allen, Durrant, (Burgess, Secretary; Dunn, Treasurer), and, afterwards, Sir William Curtis. They discussed the heads of the proposals submitted to them, and were all avowedly anxious for my tenancy. They wished to put the taxes of the theatre in the current expenses.

April 6th.—Called on Miss Kelly, who showed me over her theatre, which is very pretty. I stated my business to her, proposing to her the line of old characters acted by Miss Pope, Mrs. Mattocks, &c., talked long with her and left her, promising to send her a proposal. Forster dined with me. I went to call for H. Smith, and he accompanied me to the theatre. The General Committee was sitting; we met them. I explained my views; they deliberated. We met them again, and they gave me the theatre, in which undertaking may God prosper me.

Birmingham, April 13th.—Acted Macbeth with great spirit, i.e., began it so, and felt that my acting begins to want spirit, which I must attend to. Was marred and utterly deprived of my effects by the "*support*" of a Mr. —— and others in the last act. Was in a violent passion, and in that behaved very ill. Oh, my cottage, my cottage! shall I die without visiting thee,

and learning, from nature and communion with my God, the blessed lesson of self-control!

April 14th.—Sent £1 to a Miss —— whom I only just knew, but who knew acquaintances of mine. She is now apparently destitute. I remember thinking, as a boy, her father a very proud man, who kept a gig, and a person of consequence; he had a toy-shop, well and long known in this street. The changes of things and thoughts!

I tried to act Richelieu well, and did my best with a company and a Mr. C—— that would paralyse a Hercules. The house was enormous; I went forward to a call that I could not evade, but reluctantly. I have not had time to think before of my early days here. As I returned to my hotel, I looked for the house where I passed many days of my boyhood. It was the last house in which I saw my blessed mother alive; I received her last kiss there, to return it on her marble forehead, as she lay in her coffin (the blessed woman) in Norfolk Street, Sheffield. Good God! for what are we here? The years of passion, of suffering, that have passed; the unsatisfactory sum of all they have produced; the dissatisfaction that remains, urge on the question—How much of chance is there in life! Yet how much more is there in conduct than in fortune! Of that I am sure, and I only quarrel with my imperfect education, and the painful consequences of a faulty example.

April 15th.—Acted Virginius with care and pains and I thought in some parts well. The audience seemed interested, but did not applaud with the fervency they used to do. They called determinedly, and I went reluctantly; was well received. Mr. Simpson spoke to me after the play. In thinking over the very few occasions left me in my life to repeat my visit here, I fell into a train of thought in which the question of the actual value of life, as to my individual personal enjoyments, came palpably before me. My children are my life. My ruminations led me to see, in my mind's eye, my own body stretched out in its stiff and yellow coldness, my sunken rigid face, my clenched jaws, and the whole picture of shrouded death in my own person. It brought that blessed and lovely child, my darling Joan, to my mind, whose death has very much loosened the sort of bond of instinct that held me on to life. I feel now, in dying, I shall have something to go to.

April 16*th*.—An old friend, a friend of my early boyhood, when eight or nine years old, or younger, called on me—a fat old gentleman of sixty—talked of old days, brought back the dawnings of a life, high spirits, an impressible nature. What a creature of impulse and wild delight I remember myself! Acted Werner with much care, and in most respects very well, but was inconvenienced by Ulrich, who was raw though willing, and cut up root and branch by Mr. C——. Was called for, and very enthusiastically received. I addressed the audience, who stood up, referring to their early patronage of me, &c. What I said seemed to please very much. Wrote to dearest Catherine, with cheque, &c.

Birmingham to Rugby and back, April 18*th*.—Took the railway to Rugby and, arriving at the station, walked to the town by a new road that puzzled me to know my exact locality. I at last escaped through a broken paling into a little dirty lane, which was evidently of the olden time, and I soon began to guess at my whereabouts, which the sight of Sir Egerton Leigh's Anabaptist Chapel presently assured me of. I asked an old woman if it were not so, and her answer confirmed me. I walked into the well-known streets, remembering when I was but a promise, and now—what has been my performance? for we are approaching the "*fifth act*." What is life? A false thing—or rather a thing of falsehoods. What are the men that Carlyle calls his *heroes* but fanatics, followers of some peculiar imagination? But of all the falsehoods that make up man's life, the common "religion" of the world is the worst of all. With a real religion so simple, so pure, so full of good, so secure of recompense in its practice as the true religion of Christ is, we have in its place the Church of England, Romanism, Presbyterianism, and the innumerable shades and schisms of each, but no Christianity in the feeling or the practice of them. Oh, for an Apostle of the Truth! He must be near at hand. I walked into the little dining-room of my dear old friend and benefactor, he looked hardly at me, not knowing or expecting me; at last he recognised me with delight. I was affected in seeing him. I feel very uncertain, if I am ever able to see him again. I saw Mary Winstanly and her family, a very fine one, growing up, the eldest to an adult age. I went with Birch to the old church and sat where, as a boy, I used to say my prayers. I

looked for old faces, but saw very few; old things, but not many persons. We talked over the school-days, and the fates of various men who were at school with me. We parted. Birch kissed me, and was affected. Nature would whisper to him, as it did to me in meeting—God knows if we may ever meet in this world again! He has been to me the friend of my life, my relation, my tutor, my benefactor. God bless him. Posted back to Birmingham with all speed, every house almost along the road familiar to me. Bilton, where I could not repress a smile at the recollection of my boyish impudence. Arrived in good time in Birmingham.

[*April 19th to April 28th.*—Engagement at Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth.]

Exeter, April 23rd.—Received a letter with extract from paper from Wightwick, who seems working double tides, I fear too much, to reason the Plymouth people into going to see me. I opened my letter to him and wrote an answer to his last. Wrote to dear Catherine. Rehearsed 'Richelieu,' a foretaste of the performance. Oh, this does not repay me, even when gaining money! As it is, it is mere hard suffering, mind and body.

Acted Cardinal Richelieu as well as the wretched murdering of the other characters would let me. Was called for and politely received, the people standing up when I came on. Saw a short notice of myself in one of the papers.

On reflection I very much censure myself for not exhibiting more sensibly my estimation of the respect which the audience showed me; they stood up when I came on, and though I acknowledged this compliment with respect and apparent pleasure, yet it was not felt, nor demonstrated as if felt, which was very wrong. I did not merit the honour that was done me. I lament my presumption and folly. I would never be guilty of such absurd want of proper feeling in any similar instance.

Plymouth, April 26th.—Acted Macbeth in my very best manner, positively improving several passages, but sustaining the character in a most satisfactory manner. "*J'ai été le personnage.*" Was felt by the audience. They called for me and received me most cordially. Colonel Hamilton Smith and Wightwick came into my room. Wightwick came here to tea with me and sat late. Closed dear Catherine's letter.

I have improved Macbeth. The general tone of the character was lofty, manly, or indeed as it should be, heroic, that of one living to command. The whole view of the character was constantly in sight: the grief, the care, the doubt was not that of a weak person, but of a strong mind and of a strong man. The manner of executing the command to the witches, and the effect upon myself of their vanishing was justly hit off, I marked the cause. The energy was more slackened—the great secret. A novel effect I thought good, of restlessness and an uneasy effort to appear unembarrassed before Banquo, previous to the murder. The banquet was improved in its forced hilarity of tone; the scene with the physician very much so. It was one of the most successful performances of Macbeth I ever gave.

London, May 3rd.—Went to rehearse at the Haymarket Theatre. Acted Evelyn. A gentleman sent me a snuff box, a very pretty one, from the boxes as a token of his admiration.

May 5th.—Catherine put on a half-mourning dress to-day; it made me sadder than the deepest black could have done: my heart was quite sunk in thinking that it seemed like beginning to take leave of sorrow for and association with the memory of my blessed Joan, yet in my heart of hearts that sweet, angelic child lives. I cannot feel that she is not. Obtained Mademoiselle Rachel's address and called on her after rehearsal. Saw first some male *attachés*, and afterwards herself and mother. She is a very engaging, graceful little person, anything but plain in person, delicate and most intelligent features, a frank, a French manner, synonymous to pleasing. I talked with her some little time; invited her to dine on Sunday, which she accepted; asked her if she would visit the theatre, which she wished to do. I went to Sams' and purchased the card for Mr. Morris's box, which I took to the theatre, and sent to her.

May 9th.—Madame and Mademoiselle Rachel, Colonel and Mrs. Gurwood, Mrs. Norton, Eastlake, Young, T. Campbell, Kenney, Dr. Elliotson, and Quin came to dinner.

I was, indeed, all were, delighted with Rachel; her extreme simplicity, her ingenuousness, earnestness, and the intellectual variation of her sweet and classic features. There was but one feeling of admiration and delight through the whole party at and after dinner. Mrs. Jameson. Mr. and Mrs. Swinfen Jervis,

the Sheils, Wyse, Mr. Curran, Troughton, Babbage, Fitzgerald, Boxall, Miss Faucit, Hetta, Horace Twisses, Lovers, Forster, Rogers, Fred White, Mrs. Procter, Edward Kater, Travers, came in the evening.

May 12*th*.—Thought of what I ought to say at the Literary Fund dinner. Dined at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Ripon in the Chair. Lord Colborne, Sir C. Napier, Sir S. Canning, Mr. Milnes, Amyot, K. Macaulay, Barham, Brockedon, &c., were there. The speeches were mostly good.

May 15*th*.—Last night of Haymarket engagement. 'Money.'

Dublin, May 18*th*.—Rehearsed, but was ill, and put myself out of Macbeth. Could not with all my efforts rally into the character. Returned to my hotel, dined moderately, and went to bed. Rose better and, inspirited by the audience, made every endeavour, but it was all effort. I could not revive the Plymouth feeling.

May 29*th*.—Acted Werner *and* Claude Melnotte, a very foolish thing, which I will never do again.

Liverpool, May 31*st*.—Acted Macbeth very well to a very dull audience. Was very angry. Called for but did not go on.

June 11*th*.—['Money.' Last night of engagement at Dublin.]

Birmingham, June 12*th*.—Went to the theatre—the theatre where my early youth was made no youth—where, at fifteen, I had to watch the proceedings of the management. Ah me, it was a very unhappy, unprofitable time! But thank God that so much good has followed on the prospect of so much ill! Walked about the stage and came home to dinner. Looked at the paper, and overran the French books of the officer who usually tenants this room. Acted Cardinal Richelieu unequally, checked by ill-humour, and ended the play apparently very much to the satisfaction of the audience.

Eastbourne, June 20*th*.—Read and began to try to arrange Dryden's 'King Arthur,' but I found it reminding me several times of the machinery and position of the characters in 'The Tempest.' Was not satisfied with it. Liked better 'Acis and Galatea' and 'Comus.' Gave part of the evening to my dear children. Thought over plays for Drury Lane.

Eastbourne to London, June 23*rd*.—Rose with sensations of pain and weariness; packed up my small wardrobe, and set off

for London. On my way read Scribe's comedy of 'La Calomnie.' Serle, T. Cooke, and Forster came to dinner. We talked over much business, but the principal subject was the engagement of Staudigl. Went to the German Opera; saw 'Robert le Diable.' Thought very highly of Staudigl's performance of Bertram; but do not think him an artist to be an attraction.

Birmingham, June 25th.—'Lady of Lyons.'

Manchester, June 26th.—'Richelieu.'

London, July 3rd.—Went to Haymarket Theatre; acted Evelyn. [Engagement at Haymarket to 7th December.]

July 5th.—After dinner went to the Opera House. Read in Corneille's 'Cinna' the scenes of *Emilie*. Watched with intense eagerness the performance of the part by Rachel. I must confess I was disappointed; she has undoubtedly genius; grace in a high degree, and perfect self-possession. But she disappointed me; she has no tenderness, nor has she grandeur. She did not dilate with passion; the appeal to the gods was not that grand swell of passion that lifts her up above the things (too little for its communion) of earth to the only powers capable of sympathising with her. She did not seem to commune with the *Manes* of her father. Her apostrophe to the liberty of Rome was not "up to the height of the great argument." She was stinging, scornful, passionate, but *little* in her familiar descents, and wanting in the terrible struggle, the life and death conflict, between her love and her revenge. The "sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride" and fondness were not felt. She is not equal to Mars or Miss O'Neill, but she is the first actress of her day.

July 7th.—I went to the English Opera House, and saw a piece on 'Barnaby Rudge,' Miss Fortescue acting the part of Barnaby with great vivacity and grace and power.

July 9th.—Took dear Willie with me to the Kensal Green Cemetery, where my blessed Joan sleeps. Was soothed by the quiet of the place. Saw names there that I had known in life. Went down into the catacombs with Willie, and saw the receptacle for me and mine, where my darling lies—my sweet blossom, she lives yet in my heart!

July 13th.—On this day my blessed Joan would have been four years old. My heart blesses her, and yearns towards her, and feels as if it was to renew its communion with the sweet

child. Oh, that I could see her in all her lovely cheerfulness! But my birthday greeting to her sweet spirit is, "Beloved, hail and farewell! Sweet sorrow of my heart! Dearest child, farewell!" Gave dear Catherine a locket with our sweet child's hair.

July 16th.—Walked with Catherine in the Regent's Park. Hetta (H. Skerrett) came to dinner. We went to the Opera House, to see Rachel in 'Horace.' My opinion of her was very greatly raised. If I might apply a term of distinction to the French acting, I should say it is sculpturesque in its effect; it resembles figures in relief, no background, and almost all in single figures, scarcely any grouping; no grand composition: this sort of individual effect may be good for the artist, but not for the illusion of a play. With the drawback consequent on this national peculiarity, Rachel in Camille was generally admirable. She stood alone, her back turned to her lover or brother, as it might happen, but her feeling was almost always true. In a grand opportunity, "Courage! ils s'amollissent"—I thought her deficient. But in the last scene she was all that a representation of the part could be. It was a splendid picture of frenzied despair.

July 26th.—Serle called, and discussed some business with me, and then accompanied me to Drury Lane; the committee had not assembled. Looked at some casts at Brucciani's; went in search of a book to Bohn's. Returned to Drury Lane Theatre; met in committee Lord Glengall, Allan, Durrant, Ramsbottom, Dunn, Burgess, Beazley. Laid before them the state of the theatre and what it requires: the front and dresses, the scenery and wardrobe for four plays; state of the cellar and stage; wardrobe; attractions of pit; separations of the circles of boxes, and awning, &c., in Vinegar Yard. All was to be taken into consideration, our plans being stated. Went down to Charing Cross, and just caught Catherine and Willie (from Eastbourne).

July 29th.—Serle called and read me a sketch of Faust, proposing that music should be selected from the works of Beethoven for it. To this I decidedly objected, on the ground that a work to be good should be a whole—should have a pervading sentiment, relation, throughout its parts.

August 4th.—Browning called. On his departure, Catherine

and myself went out and met T. Cooke, who left two MSS. of operas, and walked with us to look at the Botanical Gardens, which are very beautiful and to which I shall subscribe. I spoke with Cooke about the proposal of Serle as to the opera of 'Faust;' developed my theory, as to a musical work, that the design must be one and complete, a whole made up of harmonising parts, one character and purpose visible throughout; that a mosaic or *rifacimento* of composers' various works upon a subject foreign to their imagination could not be effective or creditable. He heartily concurred in all I said, and rejoiced to hear it. We went to Sarti's and saw some alto-reliefs of Flaxman, which I liked. Went on to Drury Lane and inquired for Ellison. Went into the theatre to see the position of the scenery, &c. Jones received me, and we had some conversation on business.

August 8th.—Considered for more than an hour the subject of Sir Robert Walpole as one for Bulwer's pen. Resumed my search in 'History of England' for matter for Bulwer.

August 11th.—In bed, not feeling quite well, I resumed the reading of the tragedy of 'St. Thomas's Eve,' which I read with increasing interest, until at last I became quite abandoned to a transport of enthusiasm. I was deeply affected, surprised, delighted. I wondered at the moderate, measured terms in which Serle had suggested the necessity of its perusal. It seems to me a great play, equal to Shelley's 'Cenci' in poetry and depth (*no*). Wrote a note to Mr. Knox, author of 'St. Thomas's Eve.'

September 7th.—Read in bed several scenes of 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' which I think I have now clearly arranged in my own mind.

September 8th.—Glanced at the paper before I hurried down to Drury Lane Theatre, where I went, reading 'Luke' by the way. Found Serle at the theatre; went into the ladies' wardrobe, &c.; gave directions; examined all the parts of the house I had not seen before; went into every dressing-room, property-room, passage, and, I believe, corner of the theatre; obtained most important information respecting it. Was very much fatigued with my tour.

Beazley came, and, with Serle and Brydone, we went over the saloon, &c.; most fortunately I had penetrated a closed stair

filled with rubbish, just before, and mentioned it to him. We finally settled upon a plan to keep the two circles free from the women of the town; he was to furnish plans and estimates. We then examined the pit, and came to our conclusions there, to stall it and enlarge it. Returning home I read Luke. Was very tired. Found letters from Browning, Henry Smith; invitation, Colonel Hamilton Smith, Mrs. Braysher, Catherine.

September 9th.—In bed read the fable of Acis in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' Looked at the newspaper, and attended to business actively. Mr. Hoyle called, and examined the roof of the house, and also took directions on other matters. Wrote answer to Dowton's application for orders.

September 10th.—Went over Shelley in bed, searching for lines for 'Acis and Galatea.' Went to Wigmore Street to inquire about a model of Drury Lane Theatre; found it had been sold, and was the old theatre.

September 11th.—Rose early, and, writing a note to Serle and making a packet of Brydone's official letters, I went down to Drury Lane Theatre, reading Luke by the way, and found the Hall empty—not a creature in charge. I called and looked, and at length left my card on the table, with a note of the time of the clock before me. I went into the theatre, but saw no one. Spoke sharply to the doorkeeper as I went out. Walked by the Strand to Bond Street, enjoying my walk; called at Smethurst and Pratts, and came home. Found note from Serle, and summons from Shakespeare Society. Hoyle came and put up the bas-relief. Read the papers. Received a letter from Catherine, which I answered. Gave up my remaining time to the arrangement and adaptation of 'Acis and Galatea,' for which I had still to search. The man came to colour the bas-relief.

September 12th.—Mr. Knox called; had a long conversation with him on the subject of the act of 'Tancred and Gismonda,' which he had left with me; satisfied him that he had proceeded on a false view of the effect. He decided on abandoning it, and taking up another subject. Very much occupied with affairs about the house. Turned over books in search of a subject for Bulwer.

September 25th.—Went with Serle to Drury Lane Theatre. Looked at the very good arrangement of the property room; at the model; the rooms for supers; passed over to the men's

wardrobe; examined carefully the room, and saw what a sweeping measure ought to be adopted affecting the supernumeraries, the wardrobe, armoury, &c. Transacted some valuable business. Returning home wrote to Helen Faucit, who, I grieved to hear, was still unwell; to Bulwer. Paid Thompson. Thought a little on my opening address. Acted Werner well; was called for, and warmly received.

October 4th.—On this day I enter upon the lease and management of Drury Lane Theatre. I humbly implore the blessing of Almighty God upon my efforts, praying His gracious Spirit may influence me in adopting and carrying through all wise and good measures in a discreet, equable, and honourable course, and only pursuing such a line of conduct as may benefit my blessed children, may be of service to the cause of good, and benevolent to those dependent on me.

October 7th.—Rose very early, and reached Drury Lane by a quarter past seven o'clock; found the men's names entered. Went round the work-places; retired to my room, and, having first addressed my thoughts to God, began to read. Employed myself with thinking over Hamlet till nine o'clock. Caught Mr. Holloway, and asked him about views in Verona and Venice. Went to the Athenæum, where I breakfasted, read the paper, and looked at some books; delighted to find a Montfaucon there. Called at Colnaghi's, and again inquired about the picture of a Court of Justice at Venice. Rehearsed Hamlet.

October 25th.—Looked through books on Venice for authority respecting the courts of justice.

November 1st.—Went to the rehearsal of 'Nina Sforza' at Haymarket Theatre. Letter from Colonel Hamilton Smith, with costumes and directions for 'Merchant of Venice.' Acted Spinola well; took great pains, and carried the audience with me. Was called for, and very warmly received. Forster, Talfourd, Browning, Kenney, came into my room.

November 7th.—Gave my whole day to the preparation of 'Romeo and Juliet,' of which I finished three acts. It is a work of more labour than I had calculated upon. Mr. and Miss Emily Spicer, Dr. Quin, Knox, McClise, Stanfield, Z. Troughton, came to dine, with whom we had a very pleasant day. Was held a long time in conversation with Stanfield and Maclise on the subject of the illustration of 'Acis and Galatea.'

November 23*rd.*—Settled with Marshall and Tomkins the scenery of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.'

November 25*th.*—Rose earlier than usual in order to visit the sad place that contains the mouldering body of my sweet infant, my beautiful and blessed Joan. My thoughts were upon her, which I did not wish to communicate or betray, as I was unwilling to shed any gloom about me. But she was present to me—in her laughing joy and beauty, in the angelic sweetness that she wore when lying dead before me. O God, Thy will be done. She seems dearer to me even than these so dear around me. That wound of my heart will never be healed. But I shall meet her again, or I shall be of the element with her. What shall I be? And for what are we taught these sad and bitter lessons? I went to the cemetery, and saw the cold and narrow bed where she lies; my heart poured out its prayer by her body for the welfare and happiness of those spared to me. I had to wait the performance of a funeral service before I could go down into the vault. It brought all back to me; but what words are those to offer to the heart of grief, or to the reasoning mind? God, the true God, is all. His love to us, and circulated amongst us, is our only consolation. Bless thee, my beloved babe; often, often, when it could be little thought, your image is with me.

November 26*th.*—Acted Sir Oswin Mortland as well as I could under the heavy press of business. Read the two concluding numbers of 'Humphrey's Clock,' which ends very sadly and very sweetly. Wonderful Dickens.

December 7*th.*—'Lady of Lyons.' As the last day of my Haymarket engagement, I begin it with some feeling of uncertainty as to the future. If success in worldly means is to be denied me, I bow to God's will with true humility and fortitude, and let justice, honour, and love be the impulses of all my actions. Miss Fortescue came and continued her lessons. I am greatly interested in her success.

December 10*th.*—Reconsidered the question of acting the unimportant parts of Harmony and Valentine, and came to the decision that everything should be done to raise and sustain the character of the theatre; that my reputation could scarcely be affected in any way by the assumption of these parts, or, at least, not injuriously; and that it would be a sad calculation to

think of propping my reputation by the ruins of the theatre. I saw that it was right to do them. Read Valentine. Read Harmony.

December 18*th.*—Dined with Horace Twiss to meet the Delanes. Sir. G. Clerk, Emerson Tennent, Fitzgeralds, Hayward, Mr. Atkinson, were there.

December 27*th.*—Rehearsed the 'Merchant of Venice.' Went round the various places. Gave direction on direction. My mind was over every part of the house. My room very uncomfortable. Lay down, but got little rest. Was much disturbed by being called for as the play began; resisted for a long while, but was at last obliged to go forward. My reception was most enthusiastic. I acted Shylock very nervously—not to please myself. I saw the pantomime afterwards.*

December 28*th.*—Rehearsed 'Every One has his Fault.'† Incessant business until nearly half-past four o'clock. I was fearful I should not have a command of the words of my part. Note from Sir H. Wheatley, wishing to see me about the Queen's Box. Notes. Read over Harmony. Acted it tolerably well. Was not known by the audience at first. Called for and well received. The play seemed to have made an agreeable impression, about which I was very anxious, as being a comedy. Mrs. Carlyle was in Catherine's box, and very glad to see me.

December 29*th.*—Rehearsed the play of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' which occupied us a very long while; it was not finished until five o'clock. Acted Valentine imperfectly, and not well. Was called for on account of the play, and warmly received.

* Drury Lane Theatre opened under Macready's management with the 'Merchant of Venice,' and the pantomime of 'Harlequin and Duke Humphry's Dinner; or, Jack Cade, the Lord of London Stone.' The cast of the play included Mr. G. Bennett, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Hudson, Mr. H. Hill, Mr. Marston, Mr. Selby, Mr. Compton; with Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Keeley, Miss Poole and Miss Gould. The prices were the same as at Covent Garden, when under Macready's management. The play-bill contained the announcement that the room for promenading and refreshment attached to the boxes, would be strictly protected from all improper intrusion.—Ed.

† By Mrs. Inchbald.—Ed.

1842.

London, January 1st.—Dear Dickens called to shake hands with me.* My heart was quite full; it is much to me to lose the presence of a friend who really loves me. He said there was no one whom he felt such pain in saying good-bye to. God bless him.

January 4th.—Listened to the music of 'Acis and Galatea' on the stage, which is much too long for dramatic purposes; all agreed in the propriety of very much reducing it. There was much debate, but it soon spoke for itself.

January 5th.—Received a letter from the editor of *John Bull*, wishing to know from me if "the women of the town" were really admitted or altogether excluded, as he supposed them to be, his "duty to the public" requiring his notice, &c. It is not easy to suppress one's indignation at such monstrous malignity, but my course is to do right, and not to give heed to these wicked attempts to slander me. Serle proposed, after some debate upon the letter that he should reply to it, telling the editor that, as he had two nightly admissions on the theatre, he had the power to come and observe himself, which was the more necessary as a prosecution for a groundless libel had already been commenced against a paper on the same subject.

Read part of Harmony. Acted it pretty well. Called for and well received. Consulted my officers on the expediency of doing the play of 'The Gamester;' all were of opinion for it.

January 6th.—I arranged the whole business of the opera of 'Acis and Galatea.' It occupied the whole morning.

January 7th.—Listened to the rehearsal of 'Acis and Galatea,' with which I was really pleased. I liked the music, and think it must be a beautiful musical entertainment.

January 12th.—Rehearsed Beverley, regretting very much, and blaming myself very much, that I had undertaken this part without the opportunity of knowing my power of performing it. I will do this no more.

* On going to America.—Ed.

Read a little of Beverley and rested. Was very nervous, very unhappy about the part, and scarcely knew how I was to go through it. Determined to infuse as much spirit and earnestness into it as I could. Got through much better than I had anticipated; was called for and well received; and had much reason from appearances to congratulate myself for having done the play.

January 18*th*.—Called at Bielefield's to see the model of Polypheme's head.

January 19*th*.—Rehearsed scenes of 'Acis and Galatea;' had difficulty with the ballet, but mastered them. It is laborious.

Sent to the different print-sellers for print of Polypheme. Rested, being very tired; rose to write the bill and to read my part. Acted Beverley fairly. Called for and well received.

Ordered that, after this evening, the money of women of the town should be refused altogether at the doors.

January 22*nd*.—Rose very early on purpose to see how matters were carried on at Drury Lane Theatre. Reached the theatre at ten minutes past seven; found a few persons only at work; waited in the hall until my fire was lighted, and then went to business. Wrote answer to Phillips, the pit hat-and-cloak man, to Patmore with a free admission. Spoke to Mr. Anderson about the system I wished to see pursued, to Blamire, to whom I opened the door to his acceptance of the continued office of property man. He did not grasp at it, and I did not press it on him. Spoke to Sloman and the two fly-men, guilty of inaccuracy last night, went up into the flies to examine the working of the borders, &c. Looked over the wings for the play of 'Gisippus,' Rehearsed with much care the farce of 'The Windmill.' Afterwards rehearsed till a late hour the opera of 'Acis and Galatea,' with which I took great pains. Received a note from Mr. Oakley, one of the general committee, acknowledging the civility of a card of admission, and speaking highly of the conduct of the theatre. Other notes. Business with Stanfield, with Mr. Phillips about his head for Polypheme. Business with Serle, with Miss P. Horton about her dress, with C. Jones on his payment. The *Record* newspaper, and a note from Mr. Butler, inquiring into the truth of the article in it copied from *John Bull*, other letters, one of acknowledgment

from Patmore. Miss P. Horton dined with us, and afterwards sang and acted over her songs to me, on which I advised her.

January 24th.—Acted Shylock well. Thought before the play began that I would, during the vacation, contract for the scenery and machinery of any new play I might intend to produce. Business with Miss Smith and *figurantes* as to the clothes of Acis, &c., with Miss Gould, Mrs. Keeley. Forster and Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle came into my room, much pleased with the play—I was pleased that they were.

January 25th.—Letters from Mr. Martin, junior, with a volume of costumes, from Phillips, coat-keeper, and a very earnest beautiful letter from an anonymous friend about the attack in *John Bull;** upon which I made out another copy of my letter

"*January 25th*, 1842.

* "SIR,—The *John Bull* of January 15th contained a charge against you of a very grave nature. Thinking it possible that this may not have met your eye, I transcribe the paragraph in which it appeared:

"'In our notices to correspondents last week, we observed that we should direct our attention to certain private arrangements alleged to have been made at Drury Lane Theatre, and stated that, if our information proved correct, we should act as our duty prescribed. We alluded to reports we had received, that a staircase had been provided for the accommodation of those unfortunate women whom we had supposed to be excluded from this theatre, that a refreshment room had been set apart for their use, and for that of such of the public as might choose to resort to it, and that they were admitted into the house along with the respectable portion of the audience from the second circle upwards. These reports we regret to say we have found correct.'

"To dwell upon the infamy that is inferred by such an accusation, an accusation which charges you with having forwarded the admission of those unhappy creatures to your theatre, whose solicited presence in the play-houses of London you once justly pronounced a '*national disgrace*,' in addressing one of your high character and delicate sense of honour, would be useless; it would be useless to point out the obloquy that must attach to the man, who, while he is gaining general esteem by his declamations against vice, is secretly lending his support to such as follow its courses.

"This would be useless, but it may not be useless to point out the necessity there is that such a charge should be answered, that from such an imputation you should hasten to free yourself. It may be, that high and conscious virtue conceives dishonour to rest in the supposition of a necessity for asserting its innocence; it may be that you think the pure integrity of your character a shield sufficient in its strength to rebuff such attacks and to render them harmless. Such an opinion, however exalted the feeling from which it may have sprung, must be pronounced an erroneous one; an unhappily erroneous one. When malignity pours itself forth only in gross abuse, silence is indeed the best revenge, for it indicates contempt;

to the proprietors of that paper and inclosed it with a note to Mr. Butler, the gentleman who wrote to me on Sunday last.

January 26th.—A letter from Carlyle informing me that Gay was the author of the words of 'Acis and Galatea.'

January 30th.—Looked at the *John Bull* newspaper, and saw that the editor had suppressed my letter, and published his own observations on such parts of it as he chose to allude to. Forster called. We discussed the subject, and I cordially

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but when calumny asserts injurious facts, contradiction is due to the reputation they wound, and silence can only be esteemed a proof of weakness.

"Here is a fact asserted which the dignity of your character calls upon you to refute—which you must refute! It is due to all who admire, to all who esteem you (and the admiration of your genius has ever been coupled with the esteem of your worth); it is due to yourself to refute it. If I speak freely, Sir, it is because I feel deeply. It may be that I am the only one who has ventured to appeal for a reply to this accusation, but I am not the only one who has felt the injury you would sustain by leaving it without one. The higher the character aimed at the more dangerous the attack, for if genius and worth have many admirers, many friends, they have also many enviers, many detractors. Your silence under the accusation brought against you would lend weapons to such detractors, which your friends would have no means of parrying; armed with no proof, how could they defend themselves against the accusers? Their own faith might be strong, but how little significant would be a reply that rested in their mere conviction. Earnestly, most earnestly, I appeal to you for a more triumphant answer. I would urge that, though I speak as one, I utter the sentiments of many, that I have seen the emotions of chagrin and indignation with which I read the accusing paragraph agitating others as they agitated me, that I have seen others equally anxious to find it answered, and equally disappointed when no answer appeared. It was with the hope that the *John Bull* of January 22nd would contain a refutation of the accusation contained in that of January 15th, that I so long delayed writing to call your attention to it. I trust that the *John Bull* of next Sunday will show your admirers and friends the vindication they must all wish to see, that either you will be able to deny the fact asserted, or else to explain it in such a way as will leave the integrity of your character untouched.

"Wishing you such success in all your undertakings as genius can obtain and honour deserve,

"I remain, Sir,

"One of the most earnest, though, it may be, the least worthy, of

"YOUR MANY ADMIRERS."

The writer of this letter was, at the time, unknown to Macready, and altogether outside theatrical circles. Shortly before the great actor's retirement from the stage, the wish of many years was fulfilled, his personal acquaintance was made by the anonymous admirer, and a very intimate friendship commenced which continued without interruption to his death.—ED.

assented to his advice to write to the editor of the *Times*, and request him to insert the letter to *John Bull*. I asked him to write it for me, as I was occupied with a letter to Dickens. Sir W. Martins called to say the King of Prussia would visit Drury Lane Theatre to-morrow night, and wished to hear the play of 'Macbeth.' I explained to him the impossibility of that or any other play but those now acting. He recommended Serle's journey to Windsor to settle the matter. Copied out the letter which Forster had written for me, copied out also the letter to the proprietors of *John Bull*, and, with a letter to Delane, closed the affair. Serle returned with the information that the King of Prussia had selected 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' He wanted 'Hamlet' or 'Macbeth.'

January 31st.—I see with great satisfaction my letter in *The Times* newspaper.* Felt most grateful for this vindication,

* The letter sent to *John Bull* and afterwards printed in the *Times* was as follows:

"To the Proprietors of the 'John Bull' Newspaper.

"Gentlemen,—"I desire your immediate attention to the following circumstances, in connection with an article on Drury Lane Theatre which appeared in your paper of the 15th instant.

"When I entered upon the management of Covent Garden, three years ago, my first determination was to rescue the theatre, as far as at that time lay within my power, from the degradation of being accessory to purposes of public prostitution. This object I never lost sight of. I found my means of attaining it more limited than the public sympathy and support have rendered them since; but the result, though not entirely satisfactory to myself, was such as to prove an earnestness and sincerity of intention.

"In that spirit it was received, and everywhere heartily encouraged. It was frequently the subject of praise in your paper, and, as late as the 2nd of last October, was made matter of special contrast with the condition to which Covent Garden had returned.

When I entered upon the management here, I felt it due to the assistance I had received, to make a greater and more effectual exertion. Having redeemed most fully every pledge given in my public address, I became anxious to ascertain whether all I hoped to do, and to which these measures eventually tended, might not be accomplished at once. But having been given to understand that, upon the issue of a play-bill, I had not a legal right to refuse the money of any person at the door of the theatre, I could only resolve to do my best, by measures of extreme discouragement, to altogether deter the unhappy class of persons in question from entering the house. I excluded them from the two first circles, the rooms, halls, passages, and lobbies attached to those circles. I confined such as might still for a time persevere in coming to the third circle, which they could only reach by a separate pay-office, and by passing through a dismantled lobby, where the walls were purposely left

which sets me at ease in regard to these false and malicious attacks upon me. Thank God.

February 1*st.*—A noble article, the third leader, in *The Times* on the attack of the *John Bull.**

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unpainted and unpapered, in which no seat of any kind was placed, and which was constantly patrolled by a policeman. In this lobby is a bar for refreshment, held under lease, dated some years since, not from me but from the proprietors, which I cannot revoke; but I have already received notice that this lease is infringed by the state of the place, a state, indeed, so bare and miserable, that, were it not for the object in view, I should myself admit it to be discreditable. That object having been answered, it cannot be called so. On the average of nights since the theatre was opened, only from two to three persons of presumed disreputable character have been by a vigilant police noted within the house, on some occasions not one.

"In the *John Bull* of the 15th instant these arrangements are made matter of severe reprehension, as insulting to morality and decency, and the result of my exertions, so far exceeding anything I had ever dared to attempt three years ago, is said to place me on no higher level than the most degraded practices of other theatres, Covent Garden being especially named. It is not my business to point out the inconsistency of this, but it is my serious duty to demand of you reparation for its injustice. It is not, I hope, too much to presume that, with these facts before you and with means of verifying them, which, to their utmost extent, I offer you, it will be a pleasure to you to grant this reparation through the same channel by which so grave an injury has been inflicted.

"Meanwhile, I have to add, strengthened by the results of the measures I have described in this letter and warned by so strange, so unjust, and yet cautious an attack in a quarter so respectable, that nothing but the extreme trial of the point of law will protect me from calumnies, direct or insidious. I have given instructions, since Wednesday, the 19th instant, that the money of all persons of supposed improper character shall be refused at the doors. Since that day, the few who have presented themselves have been turned away, and the same course shall continue to be adopted as long as I hold the lease of Drury Lane Theatre.

"Again desiring your instant attention to this letter,

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your faithful Servant,

"W. C. Macready."—Ed.

* The article concluded thus: "It is not our custom to interfere in matters of a commercial nature where there are competitors for public favour and private interests involved; but we cannot pass over the opportunity afforded us by the letter of Mr. Macready, which appeared in the *Times* of yesterday, without expressing the opinion which we (in common, we believe, with the public generally) entertain of the exertions of that gentleman, for the restoration of the genuine English drama, and for the purification of our national theatres from every just cause of offence to a virtuous or religious mind. We

February 2nd.—Business with Mr. Faraday (brother of the great philosopher) about the concentric burner, which he brought. Allason brought draperies. Superintended the rehearsal of the choruses of 'Acis and Galatea.' Business with various people. Acted Beverley tolerably well. Called for and well received.

February 5th.—Gave my whole attention during the day to the various matters connected with the opera. Directed the rehearsal of 'Acis and Galatea.'*

The curtain was let down, and the stage swept five minutes before the half-hour past six. Stanfield and the assistants painting to the last minute. Saw the performance of the opera, which was beautiful; have never seen anything of the kind in my life so perfectly beautiful. Gave my whole attention to it. At the conclusion was called for and most enthusiastically received; I gave it out for repetition. Mrs. Jameson was in Catherine's box. Gratulations were passing everywhere. I feel very grateful for this success. Too much excited to think of sleeping.

February 6th.—The excitement of last night was not over this morning; the forms, colours and movements of the pictures of last night were passing still before my eyes. I have not

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cannot but express our indignation at the attacks made upon him for this good work, not merely by ribald publications, whose censure is praise, and the writers of which are naturally led to resent every discouragement given to immorality as a blow at themselves, but in quarters from which more generous conduct might have been expected. The man who has done more than any other individual to make Shakespeare popular deserves the thanks of every one who wishes to educate the people and raise the national character. The man who has driven *Jack Sheppards* and *Jim Crows* and exhibitions fit only for Roman amphitheatres from the stage, has a right to the good word of all who would not see the popular mind brutalised and demoralised. The man who has enabled us to tell Puritans that there is a theatre in which every effort is made to exclude vice, and in which no modest person is likely to meet with contamination or insult, is entitled to the co-operation of every lover of the fine arts, and (what is more) of all who delight in rational and innocent enjoyment."—Ed.

* The play-bill announced the opera (not divided into acts) of 'Acis and Galatea,' adapted and arranged for representation from the serenata of Handel. The orchestral arrangements by Mr. T. Cooke. The scenic illustrations by Mr. Stanfield, R.A. The principal parts were: Cupid, Miss Gould; Acis, Miss P. Horton; Damon, Mr. Allen; Polyphemus, Mr. H. Phillips; Galatea, Miss Romer. The dances under the direction of Mr. Noble.—Ed.

recovered from them. Several papers were sent to me, some containing accounts of the last night's performance. Rejoiced in my absence from Mr. Ducrow's funeral. When will my funeral come? Let it be as simple as the return of dust to dust should be, and somewhere where those that love me may come to think of me.

February 7th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre. Directed the rehearsal of the 'Prisoner of War,'* and bestowed much pains on it. Read several letters, attended to business of wardrobes, &c. Note from Delane for a private box, which I sent to him. *The Times* was more encomiastic than the other papers, but the tone of all was in "sweet accord," and the opinions that reached me unanimously enthusiastic. Stanfield came in and would not tell me his charge, until he saw what the piece did for me.

February 8th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre and saw again 'Acis and Galatea.' It is beautiful. Was called for after Mesdames Horton and Romer had been on, and very warmly received. Went into Catherine's box to see the 'Prisoner of War,' when I was sent for to Bulwer, who went with me into our private box to see the piece, which he liked very much.

February 10th.—Rehearsed 'Gisippus.' Liston called to ask for a family box.

February 15th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, where I attended to business, and directed a rehearsal of 'Gisippus' that, with four acts, occupied me the whole day.

February 21st.—Received a note from Babbage about a rainbow dance. I am in the dark about it.†

February 23rd.—Acted Gisippus, I must admit, not well, not finished; not like a great actor. The actor was lost in the

* By Douglas Jerrold.—Ed.

† Mr. Babbage, in his 'Passages from the Life of a Philosopher,' London, 1864, relates how he devised a rainbow dance for the ballet of the Italian Opera House, then under the direction of Mr. Lumley. Various coloured lights were to be thrown on groups of *danseuses*, dressed in pure white. The oxy-hydrogen light passing through different media was to have been employed to produce the most brilliant effects. Mr. Babbage arranged a ballet called 'Alethes and Iris,' to introduce the rainbow dance, and a rehearsal took place on the stage of the Opera House; but the danger of fire in the theatre was alleged by Mr. Lumley as a reason for going no further with the philosopher's contribution to the splendours of the ballet.—Ed.

manager. The effect of the play was success; but I am not satisfied. I hope I shall be able, if I escape severe handling in this instance, to be more careful in future. Was called for, and very warmly received.

February 24*th.*—Walked out with Catherine in the park, and in the Botanical Gardens, enjoying, Oh, how I enjoyed the fresh air! I seemed to drink in spirits, and temporary re-invigoration with every breath I drew. I have not known such a luxurious sensation for many a day.

March 2*nd.*—Superintended the rehearsal of 'The Poor Soldier,' with which I was very much pleased. Notes from Mr. Bates of the Diorama, from Dr. Griffin, Limerick, on the success of 'Gisippus.' Held a conference with Serle, Willmott, T. Cooke, &c., on the propriety of dismissing the idea of 'Cymon,' and concentrating our efforts on 'King Arthur.' Rested, being much wearied, and tried to think of my character. Acted Gisippus, I thought, better than I have yet done. I hope to improve the part very much. Was called for, and well received. Went into a private box to see 'The Poor Soldier,' which was very well done in all respects, and with which I was much pleased. Went into Catherine's box, and saw Mrs. MacNeil (Mary Brownlow, the belle of Bath in 1814), her daughter, Colonel MacNeil, Fanny Haworth, and Boxall.

March 10*th.*—Looked over old flats, &c., and settled scenes for 'Macbeth.'

March 11*th.*—Attended to the rehearsal of 'The Students of Bonn,' which I think I put into a better shape. Received a note from Colonel Buckley, informing me the Queen, &c., were coming this evening; gave necessary orders. Mr. Godwin, secretary to Art Union, called, and spoke with me on the matter of the public meeting. Acted Gisippus better than I have yet done. Called for and well received. The Queen and Prince Albert occupied their box.

March 12*th.*—A letter from Sir W. Martins, expressing the Queen's wish for 'Acis and Galatea' to be acted after 'Gisippus' on Friday. Lord De la Warr sending word she was "delighted with the play and my acting."

March 19*th.*—The Gurwoods and Miss Mayer, Lord Beaumont, Ch. Buller, Mr. Milnes, C. Young, Dr. Quin, Knox,

dined with us. In the evening the Procters, Mrs. Kitchener, the Chisholm, Maclise, the Spicers, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Allen, came in.

March 20*th.*—Lord Nugent, Miss Adelaide Kemble, Mrs. Reid, Hetta Skerrett, Messrs. C. Kemble, Travers, Cartwright, Pierce Butler, Beazley, G. Raymond, Dr. Elliotson, Jerdan, came to dine with us. Adelaide Kemble was very agreeable, and sang in the evening with a passion and fervour that satisfied me of her claims to distinction.

March 21*st.*—Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Westland Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Brockedon, Boxall, Mr. Roberts, R.A., Professor E. Taylor, Allen, Z. Troughton, H. Smith, came to dinner.

March 26*th.*—Dined with Kenyon. Met Rev. Dr. Hawtrey (Eton), Dr. Ashburner, Babbage, Browning, Dyce, Harness.

April 2*nd.*—Went to see the burletta at Covent Garden, which was humorous, gorgeous, whimsical, and well adapted in such a theatre to its end. In this species of entertainment (not properly belonging to a national theatre, but rather to a house for burletta, &c.), the Covent Garden Theatre people bear away the bell.

Acted Macbeth very fairly. The Queen and Prince Albert were present.

April 5*th.*—To Maclise, and was very much pleased to see his grand picture of Hamlet, which was splendid in colour and general effect. With some of the details I did not quite agree, particularly the two personages, Hamlet and Ophelia. Drove to Edwin Landseer's and saw some of his charming works. Went on to Etty, and was delighted with his gorgeous colours and ravishing forms. I went from thence to Drury Lane Theatre, where I transacted business with Willmott, Serle, Sloman, the painters, &c. Returned home, having read through the second act of the farce 'The Lady-Killer,' 'The Trip to Margate,' one act and part of another of 'The Water Carrier,' and part of 'Intimate Friends.' Employed the evening in looking through some folios of the 'Galerie de Versailles' for subjects for rooms and costume for 'Plighted Troth.'

April 8*th.*—Acted Gisippus, for the last time, pretty well. Called for and well received. Now here is a complete defeat of my calculations. I thought it a material object in opening

a theatre to have such a play. It has produced nothing, and been well spoken of. There is some weakness in it, which I have not yet exactly pointed out.

April 17th.—Gave the employment of the day to the thought and reading of my part of Grimwood in 'Plighted Troth.' A note from Monckton Milnes, wishing me to meet the Prussian Minister (Bunsen) at his house on Thursday.

April 19th.—Rehearsed the play of 'Plighted Troth,' which occupied me the whole day. Mr. Darley was present. Business with all the departments. Fully and momentarily occupied. Coming home, found Forster, who had come to dine. In the evening read the part of Grimwood.

April 20th.—Rehearsed the play of 'Plighted Troth.' Became confident in hope about it. Looked at the chance of a brilliant success. Serle spoke to me. Rested. Acted nervously; but the play was unsuccessful. Long consultation afterwards on what should be done. Anderson, C. Jones, Serle, Willmott, and Forster. I wished to do justice to the author, and we agreed at last to give it another trial. Chance, I fear, there is none. A most unhappy failure; I have felt it deeply, deeply.

April 21st.—Mr. Darley called. We talked over the matter of last night. He was much depressed, and I agonised for him. He deserved to succeed. The result of our conference was, that he could not make the alterations suggested to his play by this day's rehearsal, and, therefore, that he would wish the play to be withdrawn.

April 23rd.—Herr Schneider, a German actor from Berlin, speaking English remarkably well, called on me and sat a short time. Colonel Wilde, Prince Albert's equerry, came with Fred. Haworth, and asked me to assist him about his costume as knight-attendant on Edward III., for the fancy ball at the Palace. Bradley called to offer to paint the portraits in 'Plighted Troth.' Very much fatigued; quite unable to rally to go to Murchison's and Babbage's *soirées*. I cannot do it with this load on my mind and body.

April 24th.—Colonel Gurwood called with Lord Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley, the latter wanting a knight's armour of Edward III.'s reign to attend, by order, Prince Albert, at the fancy ball at the Palace. I showed them all the attention in

my power. Gave much attention to 'Marino Faliero,' which I begin to like, but I never dare venture to hope again!

April 25th.—Acted Macbeth with much energy, sustaining the character to the last. Was called for, and well received. Herr Schneider came to express his admiration in a state of great excitement; he said that he had observed to two elderly gentlemen in the boxes that he constantly read in English newspapers the "decline of the drama," the "great days of the drama that are gone;" but he would ask, when was there such a drama as this? Englishmen do not think so.

April 26th.—Lords Douro and Charles Wellesley called about the dress of the latter. Showed them the armour and gave Lord C. W. directions what to do. Colonel Wilde came shortly after on the same errand.

Bulwer called and tried on some dresses; fixed upon that of Ruthven.

April 27th.—Milnes called and I gave directions about his dress for the fancy ball.

April 28th.—Lord Charles Wellesley called about his dress. I left him with the wardrobe-keeper. Colonel Wilde came on the same errand. Attended to business with scene-painters, wardrobe, &c. Very much fatigued. After dinner wrote a letter to Marianne respecting a state visit to the theatre by Her Majesty. Note from Bulwer about his dress.

April 29th.—Rehearsed with care the play of 'Hamlet.'* Acted Hamlet very fairly.

April 30th.—Dined with the Royal Academy. Enjoyed the dinner very much, though suffering from cold. Spoke with the different Academicians, who were all most courteous to me, with the Bishop of Norwich a long while. Lord Longford, Lord Normanby, &c. Much pleased with the speech of the French Ambassador,† and not quite satisfied with the general tone taken as to the relative merits of British and foreign art. Wondered at the want of idea in the old Duke's strange reply.

* The cast was: King, Mr. G. Bennett; Polonius, Mr. Compton; Laertes, Mr. Elton; Horatio, Mr. Graham; Guildenstern, Mr. Lynne; Rosencrantz, Mr. Selby; Osric, Mr. Hudson; Marcellus, Mr. Marston; First Grave-digger, Mr. Keeley; Ghost, Mr. Phelps; Queen, Mrs. Warner; Ophelia, Miss P. Horton.—Ed.

† Le Comte d'Aulaire.—Ed.

May 3rd.—Babbage called about the Duke of Somerset's dress. I could not help him out.

May 7th.—Note from Lord Normanby about armour, which I lent to him. Colonel Buckley (six feet three inches!) called about a dress. I did my best for him.

May 8th.—Called on Sir R. Comyn; very glad to see my old acquaintance again, very little altered, older, but not showing it very much. Called on Darley, and took him in the carriage with me. Left a card at Lansdowne House. Called at Lady Blessington's; sat with her some time.

May 10th.—Milnes called about his dress, tried it on. Rehearsed part of 'Marino Faliero,' which promises to act well, but which I fear will be too much for me in the time; consulted Serle and Jones about it, and as to the financial consequence of not doing it. Withheld the advertisement to make an effort.

May 14th.—The Twisses, Goldsmids, Sir John Wilson, Sir Robert Comyn, Chilton, Delane junior, Harness, Leslie, Fanny Howarth came to dinner.

May 15th.—Lord Beaumont, Rogers, Sheil, Eastlake, and Mrs. Norton dined with us.

May 20th.—Weary, weary! Rose with prayers in my heart for the success of the night's experiment.

Rehearsed with much care (what occupied a long morning) the play of 'Marino Faliero.'

Rested and thought over my character. I could not sleep. Acted Marino Faliero in parts very well; the interest of the play grew upon the audience, and the curtain fell upon the death of Faliero with their strong sympathy. Was called for and very warmly received.

May 22nd.—Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Sir John, and Miss Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Tennent, Barry, R.A., Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., Edwin Landseer, R.A., and Darley dined with us. We had an evening party, Staudigl, Miss Hawes, T. Cooke, &c. Grattan Cooke, Miss Williams, beautiful duet singers, Mr. and Mrs. Lover, the Fonblanques, Twisses, Lady Stepney, Elliotson, Babbage, Wheatstone, Carlyle, Miss Wild, Marstons, William Smith (Athelwold), Procters, C. Buller, E. Katers, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, H. Skerrett, Mr. Nightingale, Dunn, Nicholson, Maclise, Forster, Kenyon, Boxall, Z. Troughton,

Browning, &c. An agreeable dinner party and a very pleasant evening.

May 23rd.—Last night of the season. Laboured through the day to get the speech into my head, had overmastered it, but was so oppressed with fatigue of mind and body that I could not keep my eyes open; rested for about half an hour. Acted Iago very unfinishedly, very poorly. Spoke my speech falteringly and ill. I have had too much upon my head. Fox and Forster came into my room. I was so nervous, for all recollection of the words left me entirely. I had too much to do.

London to Dublin, May 26th.— Took leave of my assembled dear ones—the blessed ones—and went to the railway station. Had one of the mail carriages to myself all the journey except from Coventry to Birmingham.

Read 'The Recruiting Officer' of Farquhar, which does not suit the theatrical genius of our time. Read 'The Twin Rivals,' in which there is very much to admire, part of 'The Plain Dealer,' in which there is much more.

Arriving at Liverpool at seven o'clock (!) I went down to the packet and got a sofa for my berth. The evening was mild and calm. I remained on deck talking with Hudson till nine o'clock and then lay down. I listened, when woke out of my doze, to the politics of some neighbours, the captain, a Dublin citizen, &c., over their whisky punch, the captain's reasons for the law of primogeniture, all ending and beginning in his wish that there should be a head of the family.

Dublin, May 30th.—Went to theatre, rehearsed Gisippus; very, very wearied. Wrote a short note to Catherine. Rested, felt wearied even to illness. Acted Gisippus better than I have ever yet done, so well, that I think, if I could have given the same truth and effect to it the first night in London, it must have attracted, and yet who can say? Called for and very well received.

June 13th.—[Last night of engagement at Dublin.]

Birmingham, June 17th.—Richelieu.

London, June 18th.—Received a copy of 'Edwin the Fair' from Henry Taylor, having sent to purchase it at Murray's.

June 19th to June 24th.—[Engagement at Birmingham.]

June 26th.—Packed up my clothes, &c., paid my bill, and set out by railway to Rugby. A very *roué* and low couple were put

into my *coupé*, but I could not read, and dozed through the greater part of my journey. Walked from the station to Rugby, where almost all traces of my boyish days are obliterated in the improvements of the town. Called on Birch, and was glad to find him so well; agreed to dine with him, and went on to call on Mary Bucknill. I saw her, Lydia, Sam, George, Mr. S. Bucknill, and Georgiana. Sat with them till one o'clock. Heard from them most interesting details of Doctor Arnold's death. I was very much touched with the sad but beautiful account they gave me of his last moments, and the conduct of his wife.

Dined with Birch, three of the little Winstanleys being at the table. He also related some pleasing anecdotes of Arnold. He walked with me down to the railway station, and stayed with me till the train came up. Found all well at home.

London, July 1st.—I am not well; weak and worn in body, and depressed in mind; its elasticity seems gone; I have no spirits, no ardour; hope gives me no strength; my course seems near its close. I often have sensations that make me feel indifferent to this world. Will there be a knowledge in another state of being of those we have loved in this?—if so, and if we may love them in spirit and without reserve, I could be well content to change the present.

July 3rd.—After breakfast called on Elliotson, reading Tennyson's beautiful poems by the way. Consulted him on my indisposition; he prescribed for me, scarcely giving me any medicine, and that only conditionally.

Eastbourne, July 6th to July 11th.

London, 13th July.—My first thoughts were of that beloved child, who lives in my memory as something angel-like in its innocence and beauty. I think of her with a sorrow and a love that seems to me stronger than my feelings are to any of those dear ones whom God has spared me: but it is possible I may mistake the exact emotion which I cherish towards that beloved infant. May my spirit meet hers in another state of being. I hope and pray it may be so. Amen. Went to the cemetery at Kensal Green to visit the vault where she lies. Blessings on her sweet spirit.

Went by railway to Brighton. Finished on my journey the beautiful dramatic poem of Philip Van Artevelde.

Eastbourne, 14*th July*.—Gave the morning to the consideration of the plan and estimates of the scenery for 'King John,' by Telbin. Wrote a letter to him with an offer of £250 and directions for several scenes. Lay down upon the grass after dinner to rest; the sea was very beautiful.

July 16*th*.—Took a short run on the sands with the children after breakfast, then returned to the continuation of 'King John,' which I applied myself strictly to and completed by the afternoon.

Pleased with the beauty of the evening and the scene around us. Gave Willie his lesson in Virgil and in scanning, read his hymn to him, and heard him read. Heard Nina repeat. Went again over 'King John,' and arranged cast, &c. Began the arrangement of 'As You Like It.'

London, August 23*rd*.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, looking over Colonel Hamilton Smith's letters on costume. At the theatre entered at once on business. Spoke to Telbin. Cast the play of 'King John,' and cut out parts. Arranged the disposal of the music of 'As You Like It.' Mr. Burgess called, and I spoke with him about the Queen's box furniture. Business with C. Jones. T. Cooke and Mapleson came, and we made a thorough examination of the music of 'King Arthur,' apportioning all the parts, and deciding finally on the mode of doing it—a long and laborious task.

August 27*th*.—*To Eastbourne.*

August 29*th*.—On my way to London I read Marston's tragedy of the 'Patrician's Daughter,' which is a most interesting and touching play; I will act it, if I am prosperous.

Liverpool, September 2*nd*.—'Lady of Lyons.'

Manchester, September 3*rd*.—'Lady of Lyons.'

Bristol, September 12*th*.—'Richelieu.'

London, September 14*th*.—Went to painting-room; thence to wardrobe, where I went over each individual dress of 'As You Like It,' fixing costume, &c., for each.

September 20*th*.—Went to see 'Norma.' Miss A. Kemble played Norma. It was a very, very clever performance, entitled to the highest praise for the skill and energy with which it is done; but, Oh, heavens! an Opera! That human beings can be found to disregard Shakespeare, and run after such *nonsense!* What must be the nature of a medium of

expression that strips every comedy of its laughter, and every tragedy of its pathos?

October 1*st*.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, calling at Delcroix's to purchase rouge. Attended to the business of the theatre, which was most harassing. Rehearsed the play of 'As You Like It,' which kept me very late. Business, business all the day and all the evening. Was called for by the audience before the play began; was very enthusiastically received. Our play of 'As You Like It' opened our season. May it be a prosperous one. I acted Jaques as well as I could. Was called for after the play, and led on Mrs. Nisbett.*

October 6*th*.—Acted Jaques better than I have yet done. Dickens, Maclise, Forster, and Mr. Longfellow, a professor at one of the U.S. Universities, came into my room.

October 9*th*.—Settled with Mr. Head, who called, the dresses of the court characters in 'King John.' Afterwards gave the whole day to arrange the armour dresses correctly, and then the properties required. Dined with Dickens. Mr. Longfellow, Stanfield, Maclise, Forster, and Harley were there.

October 10*th*.—Rehearsed the two first acts of 'King John.' Business with the various people about 'King John.' Saw the difficulty of producing it. Acted Hamlet well—better than I have done for many days. Was called for, and well received. Consulted with Serle and Willmott on the production of 'King John.' Decided on not hurrying it.

October 18*th*.—Was occupied the whole of the day by the business necessary on the production of 'King John.' The whole day, and at times I felt as if I were near distraction. Quin, the Butlers, Mr. Sartoris, Dickens, Longfellow, and Carlyle, came to dinner.

October 22*nd*.—The Duke of Beaufort called, and inquired of me about the deer-skin I wanted for 'As You Like It.' He

* The cast was: Duke, Mr. Ryder; First Lord, Mr. Elton; Second Lord, Mr. H. Phillips; Amiens, Mr. Allen; Jaques, Mr. Macready; Duke Frederick, Mr. G. Bennett; Le Beau, Mr. Hudson; Oliver, Mr. Graham; Jaques (son of Sir Rowland), Mr. Lynne; Orlando, Mr. Anderson; Adam, Mr. Phelps; Touchstone, Mr. Keeley; William, Mr. Compton; Pages, Miss P. Horton and Miss Gould; Rosalind, Mrs. Nisbett; Celia, Mrs. Stirling; Phebe, Miss Fortescue; Audrey, Mrs. Keeley. In the play-bill Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Ryder, Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews, were announced as the additional engagements of the season.—Ed.

very courteously and kindly said he would send to Badminton, and if there was not one ready he would desire his keeper to send one *exprès*. It was extremely kind.

October 24*th*.—Acted King John fairly. Called for and very well received. Gave out the play.* Serle, Dickens, Forster, Emerson Tennent, Stanfield, Maclise, came into my room. All pleased.

October 26*th*.—Jaques. 27*th*.—Othello. 28*th*, 31*st*.—King John. *November* 2*nd*.—Jaques.

November 16*th*.—'King Arthur' produced. Called for afterwards, and very enthusiastically received.

December 4*th*.—Dearest Letitia's birthday. I was much affected in wishing her "Many happy returns of the day" (and I pray God all those to come may be most happy to her), feeling that we both have numbered too many to expect very many more. God's will be done. God bless her.

December 10*th*.—First night of 'The Patrician's Daughter.' Spoke the prologue (by Dickens) tolerably well. Acted uncertainly the part of Mordaunt, but the play was much applauded. Fox and Marston came in; Marston went on the stage in obedience to the call. Note from Lady Morgan, &c.

December 26*th*.—My beloved Catherine was safely delivered of a daughter.†

1843.

February 4*th*.—Rehearsed Browning's play, 'The Blot on the Scutcheon.'

——— 6*th*.—Mr. Phelps was too ill to play to night. I decided on under-studying his part in Browning's play.

February 11*th*.—Production of the play of 'The Blot on the Scutcheon.'

February 24*th*.—Rehearsed 'Much Ado About Nothing' and

* In 'King John' Elton was the Earl of Salisbury; Phelps, Hubert de Burgh; Anderson, Faulconbridge; Ryder, Cardinal Pandulph; Miss Helen Faucit was the Lady Constance.—Ed.

† Lydia Jane, died 20th June, 1858.—Ed.

Comus. Acted Benedict very well. The audience went with the play and with Comus. They called for me after both pieces.*

March 15*th*.—Received a very cordial note from Etty; in great delight with the 'Much Ado' and 'Comus' of last night. Listened to the rehearsal of the music of 'Sappho.'

April 1*st*.—Saw the opera of 'Sappho,'† which was certainly put upon the stage as no opera I have ever seen has been for truth and completeness; Miss Novello was very good. The house in amount was even below my calculations. I am heart-sick of it all.

April 4*th*.—Called on McIan. His wife was at home; she was at work on her picture, of an interesting woman holding a child's shoe in her hand, and looking mournfully at a cradle in which the clothes were tumbled about. I looked for the child, and not thinking of what I said, uttered, "The cradle is empty?" "Yes." I could not speak, and the tears welled to my eyes; I thought of that blessed one with whom I have so often wished to be companioned.

April 10*th*.—Rehearsed the Easter-piece of 'Fortunio.' The chorus, to whom I had given the indulgence of full salary last week, were in an apparent state of rebellion this morning. Attended to business with Serle, Planché, &c. Left Drury Lane Theatre at seven.

April 21*st*.—Letter from Lord Chamberlain's Office, closing the theatre on account of the death of the poor Duke of Sussex, a kind, good-natured man, of the most liberal opinions—I very much lament him.

April 22*nd*.—Dined with Emerson Tennant; met the Hanoverian Minister, an Absolutist, M'Culloch, Delane, Law, and several others. Tennent talked to me much about bringing the fashion to the theatre. I doubt the possibility.

* The cast of 'Much ado about Nothing,' at Drury Lane Theatre, included Mr. Hudson, Mr. Lynne, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Phelps, Mr. W. Bennett, Mr. Allen, Mr. G. Bennett, Mr. Selby, Mr. Compton, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Bender, Mr. Hance, Mr. M. Barnett, Mr. Ryder, with Miss Fortescue, and Mrs. Nisbett. In 'Comus,' Miss P. Horton and Miss Helen Faucit took the parts of the Attendant Spirit and the Lady. Miss Romer took that of Sabrina. The music was from Handel and Arne, with the exception of one air from the original composer, Henry Lawes.—Ed.

† By Pacini.—Ed.

April 24*th.*—Acted Colonel Green * I know not how. Called for and well received. Knowles came and thanked me repeatedly and very gratefully for what I had done.

April 26*th.*—The darling children acted 'Comus' in the drawing-room after dinner, interesting and amusing me very much; they recited the poetry very well indeed, and only gave me a fear lest they should imbibe a liking for the wretched art which I have been wasting my life upon. God forbid. Went in the evening to Mrs. Pierce Butler's. Saw the Sartorises, Sir C. and Lady Morgan, who introduced me to Mrs. Dawson Damer, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Hallam, whom I was so glad to meet, Milman, Babbage, Everetts, &c.

April 28*th.*—Acted Colonel Green very poorly; called for and well received. Went to Mrs. Sartoris's. Saw Young, Benedict, Mr. Procter, Hayward, Butlers. Rogers and Lord Lansdowne were there.

May 1*st.*—Acted Brutus for the most part very well. Called for and well received.

May 5*th.*—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, reading 'Comus.' Found Stanfield there refreshing the scene of 'Acis and Galatea,' and afterwards 'Comus.' Went to the Athenæum to dine with Stanfield, E. Landseer, and Eastlake; Barry, Wells, Romilly, &c. were of the party. We all went to the theatre; I acted Comus.

May 6*th.*—Rehearsed 'The School for Scandal.' Met the committee and had a long conference with them. They will not be able to come to terms with me. Acted Joseph Surface very fairly.

May 13*th.*—Rehearsed Athelwold. Dear old Sir W. Allan called. I gave him the Gloucester box, that he might see at his perfect ease. He seemed quite affected in shaking hands with me.

May 18*th.*—Acted, or rather scrambled through Athelwold; was called for. After the play spoke with W. Smith, the author, who came in. I have acted against my own judgment in taking this part, but I did it for the author's interest.

May 29*th.*—Acted King Henry IV. The house was very good, for which I am most thankful.†

* In 'The Secretary' by Sheridan Knowles.—Ed.

† The receipts of this evening's performance were to be given as the subscription of the Drury Lane Company to the Siddons' Memorial Fund. The

May 30th.—Fox called to express his gratification at last night's performance. Cobden and Wilson of the Anti-Corn Law League called to speak about taking Drury Lane Theatre next year for fourteen nights! Acted Leontes tamely. Called for and well received.

June 7th.—Received a note from W. Anson, informing me that the Queen would command on Monday, an act of kindness which I felt very much. Sir William Martins called to give me the official intimation of Her Majesty's visit.

June 10th.—Mr. Bethune * called and sat with me some time. In a strictly private conversation he talked with me on the subject of the Bill he is commissioned to prepare with regard to theatres. Appointed to see him at his office on Thursday next at three o'clock.

June 12th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre. A day of business, speaking to people, settling little matters, giving orders, &c. Gave the actors invitations, refused several applications for admission. Saw Lord Delawarr about the Queen's box, &c. Sent and took Andrew's box for Her Majesty's suite. Acted Jaques very well. Was called for and the Queen sent to order me to go on, but I was undressed. Lord G. was as officious as if he had been stage manager on £2 per week. When the Queen came from her box, she stopped Lord Delawarr and asked for me. She said she was much pleased and thanked me. Prince Albert asked me if this was not the original play. I told him: Yes, that we had restored the original text. After lighting them out, I went into the scene-room, which was filled with people, all delighted with their evening.

June 14th.—Wrote out my address in anticipation of inquiry for it this evening. Went to Drury Lane Theatre. Attended to business; very low in spirits; could scarcely repress the tears that rose to my eyes when Miss Horton spoke to me. Rehearsed the two or three short scenes of 'Macbeth.' Gave

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fourth act of 'Henry IV.' was performed. Two acts of 'Der Freischutz' (in which Staudigl was the Caspar). The farce of 'Is He Jealous?' with Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Keeley, and Mr. Hudson; and 'Fortunio.'

* Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, then Parliamentary Draftsman to the Government.—Ed.

directions to Sloman, &c., to put the scenes and properties in good order to be rendered up to the proprietors. Saw Serle on business. Dined very early. Rested and thought over my character and my address. Was in the lowest state of depression—was actually ill from my state of mind. Spoke to Mr. Willmott upon what was needful to be done.

On appearing in Macbeth, the whole house rose with such continued shouting and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, that I was quite overcome; I was never so affected by the expression of sympathy by an audience. When wearied with shouting, they changed the applause to a stamping of feet, which sounded like thunder, it was grand and awful! I never saw such a scene! I was resolved to act my best, and I think I never played Macbeth so well. I dressed as quickly as I could, and went forward to receive another reception from that densely crowded house, that seemed to emulate the first. It was unlike anything that ever occurred before. I spoke my speech, and retired with the same mad acclaim.*

June 16th.—Wrote to Mr. Anson a letter of thanks to Prince Albert and the Queen. Called at the Thatched House Tavern and put down my name for the Rugby dinner. Went on to

* The play-bills had announced the relinquishment of Mr. Macready's direction of the theatre, and his last appearance in London for a very considerable period. The season (1842–3) had been marked by the production of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' 'King John,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and 'Cymbeline;' of the new plays of 'The Patrician's Daughter,' 'The Blot on the Scutcheon,' 'The Secretary,' and 'Athelwold;' of Mr. Planché's 'Fortunio' (as an Easter piece), and of the opera of 'Sappho,' and of the operetta 'The Queen of the Thames.' To these must be added Congreve's 'Love for Love;' adapted for representation, and Dryden's 'King Arthur,' which neither obtained nor deserved the success of 'Acis and Galatea,' Planché's 'Follies of a Night,' Morton's 'Thumping Legacy,' and the other new farces of the 'Attic Story' and 'The Eton Boy.' There had also been performed, of Shakespeare's plays, 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Henry IV.' and 'Catherine and Petruchio;' the other plays of 'She stoops to Conquer,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Rivals,' 'The way to keep Him,' 'The Provoked Husband,' 'The Jealous Wife,' 'The Stranger,' 'The Road to Ruin,' 'Jane Shore,' 'Virginius,' 'Werner,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Marino Faliero;' also 'Acis and Galatea,' 'The Prisoner of War,' and 'The Midnight Hour;' the operas of 'Der Freischutz,' 'The Duenna,' 'Gazza Ladra,' and 'Sonnambula,' and the minor pieces of 'Patter *v.* Clatter,' 'The Loan of a Lover,' 'Is He Jealous?' 'The Windmill,' together with the usual Christmas pantomime, which was founded on the story of William Tell.—Ed.

Drury Lane Theatre. Saw Serle, Anderson, Willmott, C. Jones, business with all; gave orders; saw my closets emptied—my heart was over full. At Sloman's request I passed round the scene-rooms and saw all put away in the best order. I could have wept to think of all these efforts and expenditure come to nothing! I desired Jones to give up the theatre to Dunn, I could not bear to look at it again. Came home dejected to the last degree. Dined with Everett; met the Leicester Stanhopes, Mrs. Norton, E. Landseer, Hayward, Rives.

June 19th.—Woke early to go over the speech; got up to hammer at the speech. Mr. Brewster called; still the speech. Note from Johnson; continued driving at this speech, disheartened, dismayed, and despairing, till the hour arrived for me to attend at Willis's Rooms. I drove down there, saw Dickens, Forster, D'Eyncourt, Maclise at the door. D'Eyncourt took me into the Committee Room; Bourne was there and two sons of D'Eyncourt. The Duke of Cambridge came soon after, and asked many questions about the testimonial, which stood in the room, and which he very much admired. I was introduced to him, and he talked to me for some time about Drury Lane Theatre very complimentarily. At one o'clock we went into the Great Room. The platform was crowded, but I could not look, and therefore recognized very few. The Duke spoke better than I have ever heard him. I hesitated and could not proceed at the passage of the stage business. I was enabled only through the applause to recover myself. The Duke took his leave, and I, after a few words with Bulwer, whom I saw, left the room, sought my carriage, and drove home.

[The most important passages in Macready's speech, as given in *The Times* newspaper report of the proceedings, were as follows:

"On my own behalf, and in the name of the members of my profession, I may be permitted to offer to your Royal Highness our heartfelt thanks for the honour you have conferred upon the Drama, in condescending to appear upon this occasion. It is a condescension of which I am deeply sensible,—one that I can never forget. To all who have honoured me by registering their names in the cause of the Drama, I return my warmest thanks. I thank them for their generous sympathy in my endeavours to elevate my art. I thank them for this substantial memorial of their appreciation of my motives. I thank them for this crowning gift, which assures me that, whatever may have been the pecuniary results of my attempts to redeem the Drama, I have secured some portion of public confidence. If, during my career as manager, it was my lot to meet with some difficulties, I have been sustained and cheered on by the

approval and support of most indulgent and discerning patrons. By those who regard all things with the eye of Mammon, ever looking downwards, it may have been, indeed it has been, hinted that I was actuated only by sordid motives; but, in spite of all their ungenerous insinuations, I can repose in this proud assurance of your approval. I can look back without repining at the experiment made at Covent Garden Theatre, during my management of it, and subsequently renewed at Drury Lane. The result is not for me to speak about. You cannot have forgotten the state of the theatre in 1837—it is notorious. I thought a favourable opportunity was then presented for the restoration of the national Drama—for raising my degraded art. I made the attempt, though at the prospect, I may say, indeed, the certainty, of a diminution of income. I was not without hopes that the experiment would have answered my expectations; and I trust that even now it has in some degree succeeded. I have been encouraged and cheered on by the respectable portion of the public press, although there were some writers pleased to assert that my motives were not altogether disinterested. They hinted that I resorted to these means only to entrap favour, but I beg to assure those gentlemen that it was not by any such means that I sought to succeed. I aimed at elevating everything represented on the stage. I sought to furnish the dramas in which the genius and talents of the players, the painters, and the musicians, could be combined. I hoped to introduce them successively as illustrators of the poet. It was my object to carry upwards all the parts of a drama, the poet being the first consideration, but that no actor, however subordinate, might not help to elevate his art with himself. I feel myself unequal to say all that I could wish to say. I have only now to return to your Royal Highness my most grateful thanks for this proof of public confidence in my motives. This beautiful memorial of public approbation of my humble efforts in the cause of the Drama I must regard as the augury of a brighter era. It encourages me to hope that that cause will yet be efficiently supported in a well-regulated theatre. Once more, accept my best thanks—I might vary my phrase, but I will only reiterate the expression of that gratitude which your kindness has inspired, and which will be ever engraven on my heart."

The testimonial itself (left by Macready to descend as an heir-loom in his family) is thus described:

"The group, which has been manufactured at the establishment of Mr. Smith, of Duke Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, represents Shakespeare standing on a pedestal, at the base of which, Mr. Macready, habited in the costume of the early stage, is seated, having in his hands a volume. He is attended by the muse of comedy, Thalia, and the muse of tragedy, Melpomene, and as connected with the subject on which the actor is supposed to be employed—the restoration of the original text of the plays of Shakespeare, the muse Clio is also introduced. On the other side of the pedestal is Apollo with an attendant group of subordinate figures. Masks, &c., are seen on the ground on which the figures are placed. The whole of this portion of the testimonial stands on a base of triangular form, on one side of which, within a metope, is represented the senate scene in 'Othello;' in a metope on another side of the base is a representation of the prologue scene in 'Henry V.;' and in the third metope, on the remaining side of the base, the senate scene in 'Coriolanus.' At the angles of the base three boys hold tablets on which are represented the

storm scene in 'Lear,' the meeting of the witches in 'Macbeth,' and a scene from the 'Tempest.' The scenes are all in relief in frosted or dull silver, of very delicate and exquisite workmanship. The base itself is highly polished, and forms an admirable contrast and background to the figures and auxiliaries. The whole rests upon a plinth of good form, supported by feet. The composition is remarkably fine and the combinations perfect. All the figures accord, harmonise, and concur to carry out the design and sentiment. The execution is equally good, and the likeness of Mr. Macready correct and full of spirit. It bears this inscription:

"To William Charles Macready,
In commemoration of his Management of the Theatre Royal,
Covent Garden,
In the seasons of 1837–8, and 1838–9,
When his Personation of the Characters, his Restorations of
the Text, and his Illustration of the best Intellectual
Aids of the Historical Facts and Poetical
Creations of the Plays of
Shakespeare,
Formed an Epoch in Theatrical Annals
Alike Honourable to his own Genius, and Elevating in its
Influence upon Public Taste,
This Testimonial is presented by
The Lovers of the National Drama."—Ed.]

Sir Edward Codrington called, a very delightful old gentleman and sailor. An idly busy afternoon; the Emerson Tennents, Talfourds, Procters, Travers, Milnes, McKinnon, Babbage came to dinner.

June 27th.—Note from Cobden with appointment at eight; from Milnes. After dinner went to Norfolk Street to meet Cobden and Wilson; talked over politics, and principally the means of the Corn Law League. Advised them with regard to Drury Lane Theatre. Cobden told me he knew the theatre well; that he had written a play, called 'The Phrenologist;' he had taken it there, and knew Price and old Reynolds.

July 1st.—Went to breakfast with Milnes; met a captain from China, a Mr. Rowley, from the borders of Abyssinia, Carlyle, Chevalier Bunsen, Lord Morpeth and several other agreeable people whose names I did not catch. I spent a pleasant morning, liking Bunsen very much indeed, Lord Morpeth very much. Went down to Westminster Hall and saw the cartoons; most pleased with Caractacus led in triumph through Rome and the Trial by Jury, but also pleased with the Landing of Cæsar and the Battle for the Beacon. Saw several

persons that I knew, to whom I did not speak, as I did not know how far they might think themselves lowered in their own opinion by speaking to me.

July 13*th*.—The birthday of my beloved Joan. I see the sweet beauty of that darling child, and hear the music of her innocent merriment, and see her in helpless state of suffering —the blessed angel. I feel that in dying I have something to rejoin that I dearly, dearly love. My mother and my child are spirits to my thoughts, to meet me in another state of being. God grant it. Went out with dear Catherine and Nina to Kensal Green Cemetery to see the vault where my beloved child lies.

July 22*nd*.—Went out and called at the Athenæum to look at Macaulay's article. Walked across park to Home Office. Saw a person who had known me all through my career, from Newcastle, Paris, onwards. Saw Sir James Graham,* and Mr. Manners Sutton. Asked Sir James to present my petition.† He talked upon it; said he believed the Lord Chamberlain had the power of granting licences; and, in confidence, gave me the draft of the Bill to be brought forward before the House. Read the draft of the Act.

July 24*th*.—Went to Home Office; waited and had a conference with Manners Sutton, to whom I complained of the injustice done to myself and the dramatic art by the Bill of Sir J. Graham as it stands. I urged the right of acting Shakespeare being given to the licensed theatres if the patent theatres were unable to act his works. He promised to take it into consideration.‡

August 11*th*.—Went to Westminster, and called upon the Dean,§ whom I found an agreeable and most good-natured man. I explained my business to him, viz., to ask the remission of the

* Sir James Graham was then Secretary of State for the Home Department. Mr. Manners Sutton (now Viscount Canterbury) was Under Secretary.—Ed.

† The Petition was presented on 1st August, 1843, and is printed in the Appendix to the 44th Report on Public Petitions, 1843, p. 527. (See end of Diary for 1843.)—Ed.

‡ The Licensing Act afterwards passed in 1843 extended the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction to the whole of the metropolis; and since its passing, the monopoly of the old patent theatres to perform the regular drama has ceased to exist.—Ed.

§ Dr. Turton, afterwards Bishop of Ely.—Ed.

Dean and Chapter fees in the case of Mrs. Siddons' monument. He went with me into the Abbey, and I showed him the sites selected by Chantrey; we talked much. He wished me to return to see a portrait of Ben Jonson by Vandyke, a very charming thing. He showed me many others; some, very good ones, a Rembrandt, a portrait of Wilson, &c. He then wished me to return to his study, and I sat with him some time.

August 18*th*.—Parsons came, as clerk, to our Committee; gave him his work to do. Procter and Stanfield came, and Lord Lansdowne, which was very kind. We talked for some time and then proceeded to business. I stated the amount received in the bank, and read the various letters from the various sculptors. Campbell's alto-relievo was shown, and we went downstairs to look at his design for a statue. Lord Lansdowne strongly, and all of us very warmly thought that the relievo was so simple, so original, and so completely within our funds, that it was entitled to adoption. Resolutions were made and drawn up and carried to that effect, &c. Lord Lansdowne left us with very warm expressions to me, and we talked over matters, till it was done. Rejoiced in having done so much, advanced so far, in this work that I had taken in hand.

Ryde, August 21*st*.—Mrs. Norton has sent a note inviting us to meet Lord Melbourne at her house to-morrow, as he wished to speak to me about the theatre. Catherine accepted the invitation.

London, August 22*nd*.—Dined with Mrs. Norton; met Lady Conyngham, Lady Melbourne, Sidney Herbert, Köhl and the Sheridans. Rogers came in in the evening.

August 26*th*.—I went with Stanfield to the Abbey, where we met Campbell; we went over the eastern end of it, admiring the pictures and views it afforded us. I showed them the different sites for the Siddons bust, and they, as I foresaw, acknowledged the superior effect of that in the Nightingale monument chapel. We instructed Campbell to apply to the Dean and Chapter for it, and Stanfield agreed to act as my deputy during my absence. Called with Stanfield on Barry, and got an order to see the Houses of Parliament. Called at Briggs, where Stanfield saw his portrait of myself, with which

he expressed himself very much delighted. Found Mr. Ryder at home, and went over the scenes of 'Othello' with him.

Went to Richmond, to the Star and Garter, where I was received by the party expecting me, Dickens, Maclise, Barham, E. Landseer, Fox, Dillon, F. Stone, Stanfield, Forster, George Raymond, Quin, H. Smith, Carew, an amateur singer. A very elegant dinner, and enjoyed by a company in the most perfect harmony of feeling and spirits. Dickens proposed the only toast of the evening, my health, &c., in a very feeling and eloquent speech. I had not had time before to ponder the circumstances of my departure, and I quite broke down under it. I could not speak for tears, or very inefficiently. Afterwards a most joyous evening, and the warmest emotions of regard and regret pervaded the party.

August 29th.—Letters from D'Eyncourt, wishing me to visit him at his country seat, and from Carlyle inclosing two letters of introduction to the United States. Went to my last sitting to Thorburn. Catherine called for me and we walked home together.

September 2nd.—Read the number of 'Chuzzlewit,' the most powerful of the book which Dickens is now employed upon, but as bitter as it is powerful, and against whom is this directed? "Against the Americans," is the answer. Against how many of them? How many answer to his description? I am grieved to read the book. Received a letter from him telling me that he had received a strong expostulatory letter from Captain Marryat on the subject of his accompanying me, and that, on my account,* he would therefore deny himself the indulgence of shaking hands with me on board ship. His letter was generous, affectionate, and most friendly.

Went to London Library, where Catherine and the children, returning from their breakfast with Rogers, met me. Dickens and Forster came, and H. Smith and Rogers. We met Catherine at the door of Buckingham Palace Garden, were shown the pavilion in the garden, (how beautiful the garden is!) and the frescoes of Etty, Stanfield, Maclise, Leslie, Sir

* Because he thought that Macready's reception in the United States might be prejudiced if it were known that he had been accompanied on his departure from England by the writer of 'Chuzzlewit' and of the 'American Notes.' (See Forster's 'Life of Dickens' under this date.)—Ed.

W. Ross, a beginning by Edwin Landseer. Stanfield's looks best. Went through the state rooms of the Palace; the pictures are excellent. Took leave of Rogers, running after him in the garden; we parted most cordially. Took leave of H. Smith and Dickens, who were most affectionate. Sent note, with Catherine's signature and my book, to Ransom's. Called on the Bishops, Sir Isaac Goldsmid, Holford, Jonathan Birch, J. Morris, Mr. Butler, Mrs. Rolls. Packed up my little bag. Forster dined with us. Set off for Brighton; read a few lines of Madame de Staël. Notes and letters of introduction from Leslie, most kind.

September 3rd.—Rose early and left Brighton by the first train, reading by the way Madame de Staël's 'Treatise on the Art of Acting.' Thought much. Arrived at home; instantly applied myself to business, packing with all speed. Captain Marryat called to shake hands with me. Thorburn, whom I paid for his miniatures, &c., C. Jones, General Alexander, kind man. Arranged my accounts; continued packing. T. Landseer called as we were in the carriage to call on him; he went with us to his brother's, who was from home. Called on King, Lady Blessington, whom I saw; Elliotson, not at home; Procter and Kenyon. Wrote to Leslie. Dined with the children. God for ever bless them. D'Orsay and Edwin Landseer called; just shook hands with them. Note from Lady Blessington. Sent Siddons' paper, with note and order on Coutts, to Stanfield. Wrote a note to Lord Hatherton. Packed up. Heard my blessed children their prayers, and then read prayers among us all. My God, hear Thou and grant me to find in a happy return those precious beings improved in health of mind and body, and progressing in the paths of wisdom and virtue, happy in their own belief of doing right. Amen.

To Liverpool, September 4th.—Rose at a very early hour; prepared for my departure; kissed my beloved children. Reached Birmingham; amused with the passengers there. Landed and set off in the Liverpool train. Went to Adelphi, from thence to the river, where we took boat to near the *Caledonia*, a very comfortable ship, in which I saw my luggage land.

September 5th.—Took leave, after some fond and sad talk, cheerfully and well of my dearest wife and sister. Went with

Forster to the quay. We reached the ship and came on board. What a scene! Bade dear Forster farewell; he was greatly affected. I looked at my fellow-passengers—eighty. Thought of my wife; watched the gorgeous sunset and the soft moon. Took tea; watched Liverpool, or where it was, till the lights could no more be seen.

September 8th.—After coming on deck I introduced myself to Judge Haliburton, *alias* Sam Slick, and had some pleasant conversation with him. I chiefly noted in him the strong expression of humour in his countenance when he smiles; there is fun in every wrinkle.

Halifax, September 18th.—Rose before sunrise, and saw a glimpse of land through the haze. Dressed, and went on deck as we entered the harbour of Halifax, which, with its rocky hills on either side, its smooth green island in the centre of the bay, and the lively looking town before us with its citadel, its ships and wharves crowded with eager spectators, looked as in lively welcome to us. Our deck was equally alive with land costumes, gay with faces I had not seen during the voyage. The bustle of welcome and farewell was amusing and exciting. I went with one of our ship's company into the town, of streets at right angles, of wooden houses, reminding one of the half active sort of character that a Scotch eastern town seems to have. The shops seemed good, as I looked into them, and it appeared quite a place that a man might live in. Before leaving the ship I had a few words of farewell with Mr. Haliburton, and exchanged cards with him. He breakfasted with us in one great party of about thirty from the ship, at the hotel, and certainly never was greater justice done to a breakfast. The air, and the sense of being on land quite sent my spirits in an unusual flow back to me. After taking leave of Mr. Haliburton, he came back to introduce Mr. Webster of the Rifles to me, who with great courtesy asked how he could be of use to me, &c.; if I would breakfast at the barracks, &c. I declined, but accepted the offer of his escort, and walked with him up to the barracks and to the citadel, from whence the view of the harbour, its islands, forts, shipping, the lake on the opposite side, part of the inner harbour, &c., all come within the eye. It is a beautiful scene, laid out as in a map before one. He returned with me to the ship, and then I took leave of him.

Boston, September 20th.—The mate summoned me at early twilight with the news that we should soon approach the Boston Harbour Light. I had slept very little; there were noises all night on deck, from the time of stopping to take in the pilot, that disturbed me incessantly. I left my bed with little reluctance to see in the cold grey light the land before me stretching away to the right, with the lighthouse a-head. It was land, and the eye strained to it and rested on it as on security and comfort. I desired to be called when we neared the Narrow, and attended to my luggage until time to see our entry into this beautiful harbour. It must be a very unsightly haven that would not have beauty for eyes that have looked on sea and sky for nine or ten days, but the islands so various in form, the opening again of the view of the sea through the Northern Channel after passing the narrow entrance, the forts, the houses that spot the rising shores, and the seemingly rich and thriving villages that spread far along the circling shores on either side of the receding land, with the clustered masses of the city's buildings in the central distance, surrounded by the dome of the State House and the Obelisk of Bunker's Hill: all these lit up and illumined by a most gorgeous sunrise that fretted with golden fire one half of the heavens, and was reflected in the dancing waves through which we made rapid way, all these effects of form and colour gave a beauty and splendour to the scene that required not any interest unborrowed from the eye to awaken delight and enjoyment. A small shoal of porpoises came leaping and bounding along in our course, and the vessels glided by or were passed by us, as the scene grew upon our sight in our rapid advance. The thought of the Pilgrim Fathers, the fervent, stern, resolute and trusting men, who, in their faith in God, became the authors of all the glorious and happy life I saw about me, was a touching recollection: the privations and sufferings of those men are not held in account by us.

New York, September 25th.—Went to the theatre, and acted Macbeth. What shall I say? With every disposition to throw myself into the character as I had never so completely done before, I was, as it were, beaten back by the heat, and I should certainly have sunk under it, if I had not goaded myself repeatedly to work out my thoughts and vindicate my reputation.

The audience did not applaud very much, but really it would have been too much to expect successive rounds of applause under such an atmosphere. My reception was most enthusiastic, and very loudly cheered and with repeated cheers. I am glad I have brought Mr. Ryder. I was loudly called for and very fervently received; the audience expected a speech, but I bowed under great weakness.

September 27*th.*—Hamlet. 29*th.*—Richelieu.

October 2*nd.*—Acted Macbeth tolerably well: took pains, but was, I think, unequal. Called for and well received. David Colden came into my room. On this very day, seventeen years ago, Monday, October 2nd, 1826, I opened in New York in the character of Virginius.

October 3*rd.*—Dined with Forrest; met a very large party. too large for comfort, but it was most kindly intended. Bryant, with whom I talked very little; Halleck, and Inman the artist, were of the party. Our day was very cheerful; I like all I see of Forrest very much. He appears a clear-headed, honest, kind man; what can be better?

October 4*th.*—Acted Werner anxiously and partially with effect. The audience were interested, but are very sparing of applause. Was called for and well received. David Colden came into my room. At last I have got into my promised bedroom. My heart thanked God for the comfortable tidings brought from home.

October 5*th.*—Richelieu. 6*th.*—Hamlet. 9*th.*—Macbeth.

——— 10*th.*—Went to the theatre and rehearsed Virginius. From what I can learn the audiences of the United States have been accustomed to exaggeration in all its forms, and have applauded what has been most extravagant; it is not therefore surprising, that they should bestow such little applause on me, not having their accustomed cues.

October 11*th.*—Virginius. 12*th.*—Werner. 13*th.*—'Lady of Lyons.'

October 15*th.*—Longfellow called for me, and we went to dine with Mrs. L. and D. Colden, at the ladies' ordinary. Above 130 sat down. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Willis next to Longfellow. He (N. P. W.) wished to be very civil to me. I was much amused. I looked for the eaters with knives, but detected none.

October 16*th.*—Acted Hamlet very fairly; striving to overmaster my evil tendencies. I must guard against unreal tones, &c.; I must practise to be the thing, despite the coldness of these audiences. I must.

October 17*th.*—Richelieu. 18*th.*—Othello. 19*th.*—Werner. 20*th.*—Macbeth.

October 23*rd.*—Acted Macbeth equal, if not superior, as a whole, to any performance I have ever given of the character. I should say it was a noble piece of art. Called for warmly, and warmly received.

The Miss Cushman who acted Lady Macbeth interested me much. She has to learn her art, but she showed mind and sympathy with me: a novelty so refreshing to me on the stage.

October 24*th.*—Hamlet, Werner. 25*th.*—Hamlet.

——— 28*th.*—Acted Cardinal Richelieu in such a manner as evidently to produce a great effect on the audience.

October 30*th.*—In my performance of Hamlet I suffered a little from what Scott has described as the cause of Campbell's backwardness—I was, if not frightened, certainly flurried, at the shadow of my own reputation; the impression of the previous evening had been so strong, I feared to disappoint expectation. It was, however, not a bad performance. The soliloquy ending the second act was very natural, passionate, and good. That on life and death was reality—as my French friends term it, *inspiration.* I never before approached the real self-communing which possessed me during its delivery. The audience fully appreciated, for they applauded until I actually stopped them.

November 1*st.*—Acted Othello in a very grand and impassioned manner, never better. The audience I thought cold at first, but I would not give way to the influence; I sustained the character from the first to the last. Called for and very warmly greeted.

November 2*nd.*—Richelieu. 3*rd.*—Virginius. 4*th.*—Werner. 6*th.*—Macbeth. 7*th.*—Iago. 8*th.*—Benedict.

Boston, November 13*th.*—Looked over Macbeth, being most anxious about my performance. Acted Macbeth—how, I really cannot say. Note from Sumner.

November 14*th.*—Dined with Longfellow; everything very

elegant. Mrs. L. is a very agreeable woman. Felton, Sumner, and Hillard dined with us.

November 15*th.*—Hamlet.

November 16*th.*—Waldo Emerson called, and sat with me a short time, expressing his wish to make me acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Ward, whom he extolled greatly. I liked him very, very much—the simplicity and kindness of his manner charmed me. Mr. Abbott Lawrence called and sat with me some time. I liked him extremely; he invited me.

November 17*th.*—Received a note from Colley Grattan, praying me to come to him to meet General Bertrand and Webster. I thought he made a point of it, and I went. Was introduced to Bertrand; certainly, from appearance, one who could only obtain distinction by the greatness of another—a "growing feather plucked from Cæsar's wing," may be shown as of the eagle kind, but it is only the fidelity of an Eros to an Antony that has given reputation to the kind-hearted little General. He talked very pleasantly—asked me if I had acted at Paris; I told him I had, and reminded him of the period, which he recollected associated with 'Virginius.' We talked of Talma, and of the Emperor's partiality to him. I asked him if it was true that they were friends previous to Napoleon's assuming the crown—he said, doubtingly, "No, it was not likely." He told me in reply to my inquiries, that Napoleon liked tragedy very much, but comedy little. That he judged well, was a good critic; described his home of retirement, the seat of small social parties in which he indulged and which he preferred; that at one of these, a tragedy on Lady Jane Grey was read by Talma; that Napoleon appeared asleep during the reading, but that he gave a clear and critical opinion upon its merits; that if it had developed any truths as to the political state of England, the condition of parties, the influence of religion, or any great effect, it might have been something; but the mere story of Lady Jane Grey—Bah! The play was introduced some time after, but not with success.

Was introduced to Cinti Damereau, to Mrs. Otis, who talked French to me for some time, to Bancroft, who seemed very glad to see me, as I was to meet him. Returning home I found a basket of flowers, and a note—in rapture at Richelieu—from Miss Otis.

November 18*th.*—Called on W. Prescott; saw the old Judge, who just came in, shook hands with us, and passed on like an apparition through the room. Sat some time with W. Prescott and his wife, both of whom I liked very much.

Dined with Felton, meeting C. Sumner's brother, Jared Sparks, Dr. Beck, Felton's brother, and Longfellow. Mr. Ware and his son came in after dinner.

November 20*th.*—Othello.

———— 21*st.*—Dined with Grattan; met the Mayor, Brimner, Mr. and Mrs. Otis, Abbott Lawrence, Commodore Kennequha, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Sears. Passed a cheerful afternoon. Went to Lawrence's, expecting a small party, as "the death of one of his kindred prevented him from seeing company;" found his rooms full; was introduced to *herds.* Saw Ticknor, Gray, Prescott, Curtis, Bancroft, Sears, Sumner, and most I knew; was introduced to Mrs. Bancroft—one of the sweetest and prettiest women I ever saw—to Ward, Miss Ward, Mrs. Chase, very agreeable. Mr. Webster, Mrs. Webster, Miss Webster; in fact, it is impossible to recollect the very many. All were very agreeable; would have been more so if I had been a little more a free agent, but I was a lion, and in good earnest. I talked with a great many people; in fact, was not one moment unoccupied, for I was taken away from one to the other, as if there was to be a guard against any preference. I liked almost all the people I saw. Very many spoke to me of the *Readings,* earnestly and with some persuasive arguments. Grattan came to me from a body to ask me. It makes it a subject to think upon.

November 22*nd.*—Hamlet. 23*rd.*—Richelieu. 24*th.*—Macbeth.

November 26*th.*—C. Sumner dined with me, and we went together to Cambridge. Called on Longfellow, and sat some time with him and Mrs. L. Went to Judge Story's; passed a most agreeable evening there; met Felton, Jared Sparks, Professors Beck and Williams, Mrs. and Miss Story, Mr. William Story and his wife, Judge Foy, &c. A most lively and pleasant evening.

November 27*th.*—Acted Virginius in a very superior manner. Went with Sumner and Felton to the Oyster Saloon Concert Hall, where Hillard joined us. Supped on broiled oysters,

with some of the ingenious and beautifully composed—I should say *constructed*—drinks that are conspicuous in this country. We had a very agreeable evening—at least, I had.

November 28*th.*—Werner.

———— 29*th.*—Quite worn down by fatigue and want of sleep. Not well; rose late, and spoke to Ryder about attending the rehearsal for me. What should I have done without him? I could not have got through.

November 30*th.*—Boston to New York.

New York, December 6*th.*—'Bridal.' 7*th.*—Werner. 8*th.*—Benedick.

December 9*th.*—Dined with Griffin; met Prescott, Hall, J. Hamilton, Barclay, Pryor, Dr. Francis, Girard, &c. An American dinner: terapin soup, bass-fish, bear, wild turkey, canvas-back duck, roasted oysters, &c. Delicious wines; a very agreeable day.

December 11*th.*—A long letter from Mr. Marshall, the Philadelphia manager, proposing to me, and evidently thinking he had hit upon a most brilliant device: to act at Philadelphia in the spring "on alternate nights the same plays with Mr. Forrest." Monday, Hamlet, Mr. Macready; Tuesday, Hamlet, Mr. Forrest; Wednesday, Othello, Mr. Macready; Thursday, Othello, Mr. Forrest; &c. I answered him, of course declining.

December 12*th.*—Werner. 13*th.*—Richelieu. 14*th.*—'Bridal.' 15*th.*—Marino Faliero.

Boston, December 18*th.*—Werner. 20*th.*—'Bridal.' 21*st.*—Hamlet.—23*rd.*—'Bridal.'

Baltimore, December 25*th.*—Macbeth. 26*th.*—Werner. 27*th.*—Richelieu. 28*th.*—Hamlet. 29*th.*—Richelieu.

[Note.—(See p. 212). "The Petition of William Charles Macready, of Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, an Actor of Plays,

"Humbly sheweth,

"That your Petitioner has, from early youth, devoted his time to the study and representation of the plays of Shakespeare and other dramatic poets. That, in the exercise of his profession as an actor, your Petitioner has had constant opportunities of observing the practical effect and operation of the patents granted to the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, of both which theatres he has also been at different times the sole lessee and manager.

"That the rights and duties implied in those patents, granted for the exclusive performance of plays, were, for the public benefit and the advancement of dramatic literature, delegated in the first instance to men selected on

account of their peculiar qualification for the trust, their theatrical talent and experience, their proficiency and interest in their art; to wit, Sir William Davenant, the dramatic author, Booth, Wilkes, Cibber, Doggett, and other actors of repute. That these patents or trusts have been permitted, contrary to their import and intent, to fall into, or be transferred to, the charge of persons wholly inexperienced in theatrical affairs, generally unacquainted with dramatic literature, and confessedly ignorant of all appertaining to the dramatic art. That these persons have, in consequence, used their trust as a mere piece of property, letting it out to any adventurer who would hire it, without reference to the character or capacity of the individual, or to any other consideration than the price to be obtained. That, by these means, all kinds of degrading exhibitions, tending not to humanise and refine, but to brutalise and corrupt, the public mind, have been introduced upon the patent stage; with which practices of licentiousness and habits of debauchery, unknown at places of theatrical entertainment in any other civilised country, have also, by the same system, been connected as matters of profit and gain.

"That such misapplication of these patents is an abuse of an important public trust, and a national scandal; and your Petitioner is prepared to prove that the persons in whom these exclusive privileges are now vested are, for these reasons, unworthy to possess them,—supposing your honourable House should be of opinion that any stronger proof of their unworthiness and incapacity is needed than the condition to which they have reduced the two patent theatres. That such condition has been caused by their own misconduct, and is not attributable to the public disregard of dramatic entertainments, is fully shown, as your Petitioner submits, by the history of his own connection with those establishments, in capacity of lessee and manager; for, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, when, through the mismanagement of the patentees and their tenants, the Covent Garden Theatre was sunk to the lowest point of public contempt, your Petitioner undertook its direction, and in two seasons it not only attained a high character for its dramatic representations and its regulations in regard to decency and good order, but became a place of great public resort. In like manner, in one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, your Petitioner undertook the management of Drury Lane Theatre, when it was in a similar state of degradation, and in two years he succeeded in rendering that establishment also a place of general and respectable resort, and an nstrument of public instruction, as presenting the highest class of theatrical representations. And your Petitioner submits that the absurdity of these monopolies is further established by reference to the position of Drury Lane Theatre, when he became its lessee, at which time, with a patent right of preventing elsewhere the performance of the masterpieces of Shakespeare and other great poets, it was unable to present them itself, having been specially re-furnished for, and exclusively devoted to musical concerts, announced in a foreign language, and chiefly performed by foreign musicians.

"That, in his management of both the patent theatres, as aforesaid, your Petitioner endeavoured, at a great expense of time, labour, and money, to make the patents available to the purposes for which they were originally granted, and always to keep in view the great aim and object of the drama, and that he always found his efforts responded to by the public in general;

but that, being unable as lessee of either theatre to meet such demands of the patent-holders, as the great debts and incumbrances entailed upon them by the before-described mismanagement and abuse of a public trust had made necessary, he has been obliged to relinquish the management of both; and thus your Petitioner is brought to this pass, that whereas those patent-holders are not able either by themselves or their tenant to maintain the national drama in their theatres, yet they are armed by law with power to prevent your Petitioner from exercising that his art and calling in any other theatre, and to declare that, unless he live on such terms as they may prescribe to him, he shall not, by his industry and the use of such abilities as he may possess, live at all.

"Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly prays your honourable House to take his grievance into consideration, and provide such remedy as in your wisdom shall seem fit.

"WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY."]

1844.

On board, Charleston, January 1st.—Woke at an early hour in the steamboat, as, after a tranquil night and rapid run, we were approaching the Charleston light. Offered up my prayers to God for help and sustainment through the year which this day begins, and wishing to my beloved wife and family a happy new year, and many renewals of it. Prayed for these blessings on them. Dressed and went on deck. The morning was most beautiful, the first gleams of sunlight just beginning to break in upon the grey, as I went upon the upper deck: I watched the glory of the sunrise, and the growing objects as we neared the city, rejoicing and grateful for our safe arrival. Came on at once to my hotel, where Mr. Forbes soon called; I gave my opinion, that it would be best to defer my appearance one week.

January 2nd.—One good, I hope, if no more, will result from my visit to America—it will assure me, certify me, of what figures, face, the appearance of others, all things have failed sufficiently to impress upon me, viz., that I am far advanced in life—with Othello, "declined into the vale of years." I must endeavour to keep this before me in my words and actions, and let them bear the impress of my own consciousness: for, at present, I am too much the creature of habit in allowing myself

to be subject to a retiring and deprecatory style that only properly becomes a young man. I do not feel old in mind, however I may perceive a diminution of my bodily strength, but I must be careful not to let age overtake me.

Called at Mr. Miller's, bookseller, to look for Dr. Irving, who had been anxious to see me. He met us as we were leaving the shop, and we were introduced. His frank, hearty greeting made me feel friends with him directly; he was at Rugby, a junior boy, when I was in the sixth form.

The air was humid, but so mild that my spirits felt its influence. It was to me an exhilarating sight, which I stopped to enjoy, to see various kinds of roses in full bloom in a garden with the bulbous plants, and the hollyhocks, wild orange, &c., in healthy leaf, with several tropical plants.

January 3rd.—Took a long walk down Meeting Street, along the Battery, to top of Broad Street beyond the boundary, returning by King Street; was delighted with the warm sunshiny day, the fresh air, the foliage of the wild orange, the palmetto, the roses in bloom, the violets, the geraniums, &c., but was pained to see the coloured people go out of the way and show a deference to us as to superior beings. The white houses, with their green verandahs and gardens, were light and lively to me, and the frequent view of the river afforded often a picturesque termination to the street.

January 4th.—Irving called and sat some time. He told me he had written a notice of me for Saturday, which he had finished with the incident of the "child." I told him "it was not true." He was surprised, but said "never mind, it will do for our religious people," and was earnest to use it. I objected to it, that as I never had practised humbug, I should not like now to begin. After some demur, he relinquished it.

January 6th.—Received a note, a very kind one, from Dr. Irving, telling me that by an inadvertency the paragraph with the anecdote of "the child" had been kept by the compositors in the paper, and begging me not to notice it. Now I cannot like this, nor can I close my lips upon a falsehood that gives me consideration to which I am not entitled. I rehearsed Hamlet, taking pains with it.

Judge King called for me, and asked me to accompany him to Ogilby's, where we both were to dine. I was much pleased

to go with him. At Ogilby's I met Pettigrew, a lawyer, very clever and very humorous.

January 8th.—Acted Hamlet, I scarcely know how. I strove and fought up against what I thought the immobility of the audience; I would not be beaten cravenly, but such a performance is never satisfactory—at least to the actor. When he is contending with the humour of his audience, adieu then to all happy moments; to all forgetfulness of self, to the *élan* of enthusiasm. I died game, for I tried to sustain myself to the last. Called for.

January 19th.—Ryder called in, and gave me some information respecting the audience of last night, and further that Vieuxtemps passed through (I saw his fiddle-case) this morning on his way to New Orleans.

January 10th.—Macbeth. *11th.*—Richelieu.

January 12th.—Dr. Irving called for me. We went to the gaol—it is a very small building—for both debtors and felons, who are, however, apart. It was very clean. I saw the negro crew of a ship locked up together until the sailing of the vessel, the law of the State not allowing them to be at liberty. I saw some prisoners for minor offences; one had been whipped for petty larceny; some negros below who were kept in the premises of the gaol till they could be sold! Good God! is this right? They are an inferior class of man, but still they are man. They showed me the condemned cells; one in which a murderer had spent his last night last summer. The world is a riddle to me; I am not satisfied with this country as it at present is. I think it will, it must, work out its own purification.

January 13th.—Ogilby called, and confidentially related circumstances of great atrocity occurring in this State. An overseer, against his master's orders, flogging a runaway negro, tying him up all night, getting up in the night to repeat the torture, and repeating it till the wretched creature died under the lash. The felon was acquitted. A person supposed by another to trench upon ground which he claimed, was, in the midst of his own labourers, shot dead by the villain in open day; the felon was acquitted! These are heart-sickening narratives.

Judge King called for me and took me to Chancellor Dunkin's,

where the judges of the State met to dine. I was introduced to all. Chivers I knew, Chancellor Harper, Judge Butler; Johnson I liked best—about eighteen or twenty dined; here was no want of character or manner, nor of any needful gravity or grace befitting a meeting of republican judges.

I could not help feeling that these judges of a country asserting itself free were waited on by slaves!

January 16*th.*—Another day of rain, rain, rain. "The heavens do frown upon me for some ill;" but I do not feel as if through my life they would ever smile again. The glimpse of bright hope and comfort which I received in the commencement of my career in this country is now overgloomed, and I have little prospect onward but of hard labour and indifferent payment. I am not young enough to live on hope, for the period over which my hope has to extend is very short. I try to cheer and fortify myself, but I fear it is a lost game. At all events I begin often to feel very, very weary of it. I have no pleasure here but in thinking I am making means for my family, and when that is scanted I am "poor indeed." Looked at the paper. Rehearsed Claude Melnotte.

Acted Claude Melnotte in a fractional sort of manner. Cut up repeatedly by the bad taste, &c., of the actors.

January 17*th.*—Continued the reading of 'My Neighbours;' was deeply affected by much of it, and greatly interested with all. Thought of home and dearest Catherine; kissed her dear picture and blessed her and all. The book did me good, if only in the desire to do right, and the resolution to try to do it. I was much impressed by many painful truths, but valuable as all truth must be, I felt how justly merited by myself was the scourge contained in this passage: "Bad humour, the demon with which little souls often tyrannise over those about them." I suffer—Oh, what anguish and what shame!—from this vice of temper. I had once made progress in improving, but care and too much commerce with the world has caused me to relapse to moroseness and impatience. May God forgive me.

January 18*th.*—Werner.

———— 19*th.*—Ryder came to speak on business. Ran through the rehearsal of 'Hamlet.' The day was really beautiful, the air quite delightful, delicious, at once inspiriting and mild.

Both the windows of my sitting-room were wide open; I do not know when I have felt more pleasure from the influence of atmosphere. Called on Irving and walked with him to slave-market, where no business was doing.

Could not please myself in the performance of Hamlet with all the pains I could take. Ryder, as the Ghost, got upon the trap and could just get out the words "pale his ineffectual fire." When he had finished, the trap ran down and he disappeared, to his own consternation as much as mine. Was called for and got very well through an address of about half-a-dozen lines. If I do not keep watch upon myself I shall lose my art and power. Irving, Pringle, and Ogilby came into my room and seemed very sorry to part with me; there is quite an excitement about the theatre; the house to-night overflowed.

January 20th.—Began the day with packing my private wardrobe. Went on board the small boat that was crowded with the players and their luggage, even to the gong and, I think, the big drum. I was interested by the view of the bay and the vessel alongside of us with the negro-women grinding off the rice husks, and loading the hold, by means of hand-mills. The morning was thick as if from heat, but the water was smooth as glass, and the passage out of the harbour was full of interest to me. Previous to going on board had received a present of six bottles of Madeira for my voyage from Mr. Pringle.

Was amused on my way to the vessel by the observation of a sort of *conducteur*, that I had a "very clever house last night." Ryder told me that the excitement after the play was something quite extraordinary, the southern blood seemed to have been excited to fever pitch; it has been an unusual enthusiasm.

One passenger, a planter, talked to me of his views, his desire to mix in political life, his treatment of his negros, and his account of his resenting the contumacy of one and afterwards whipping him, giving him 300 lashes. I thought to myself I would not have held property on such a tenure. I expressed to him, not offensively, my objection to the system. He explained to me the partial, and of course unjust, operation of the tariff as affecting the interests of North and South, and the case of the Southern States is hard. It grew dark after we passed the lighthouses, and the merchant ships lying

at anchor before the river's mouth. There were burning woods in different parts along the banks, and we went on our dark way between narrow banks till we reached the window lights of Savannah.

Costas met me on the boat; he accompanied me to the Pulaski House, the landlord, Captain Wiltberger (I had a true instinct at the name), was standing at the door. I was introduced, of course shook hands, and a stiffnecked old piece of fat importance I found him; he could not give me my meals in my room, then I could not stay, then he led to several rooms, all indifferent, and I finally took a double-bedded room.

Savannah, January 22nd.—Rested. Acted Hamlet pretty well; these are not theatres for Shakespeare's plays! Walked home in darkness, not visible; quite a journey of difficulty through deep sand, and threading a way through posts, &c. Costas came and spoke to me.

January 23rd.—Macbeth.

——— *24th.*—My spirits were very much depressed. I was not quite well, and suffering from the exertion and the temperature of last night. Spoke with Mr. Ryder. The treasurer called and paid me. The day was wretched; a deluge was descending the entire morning: *densissimus imber!* I could not go out; looked at the papers, and began a letter, which occupied me all day, to my dear Lydia Bucknill.

Rested a short time. Acted Cardinal Richelieu very fairly.

January 25th.—Packed up as far as I could for my journey to New Orleans. Walked down below the bluff, and saw the places of business, &c.; admired the novel appearance of the street, upon the face of the bluff, planted as it is with trees and looking over an extent of low land, river, and sea. Was accosted by a rough person, who gave his name Nichols, whom I heard say—to the observation that "Crowds were hurrying down below"—"They need not be in such a hurry; the duel is not to be till twelve." I turned round and looked with amazement in his face. "How do you do, sir?" he answered to my surprised and shocked gaze. "Did you say a duel was to be fought?" "Oh, yes; just over the water, but not before twelve." "And can such a thing be publicly known, and no attempt on the part of the legal authorities to interfere?" "Oh Lord, no, they dursn't; they've too many friends about them for any number

of officers that could be got together to have any chance with them." "And are the crowds going down to see them fight?" "No; they go to wait for the news—it's across the river they fight." "Do they fight with pistols?" "I don't know; either pistols or rifles—but they generally fight with rifles in this part of the country." "Um!" "They are two gentlemen of the bar here. It was a quarrel in court: one said, 'the lie was stamped in the other's face,' so there was a challenge. I suppose you don't do such a thing as take a glass of wine in the morning?" "Oh, no, never." "Ah, well, it's our way; just come in and see the reading-room; it's the best room in all the South; come, it's just here." I complied with the importunity of my new acquaintance, who informed me all about himself, but my stomach felt sick with horror at the cold-blooded preparation for murder with which he acquainted me.

Macon, January 26th.—On going into the hall of the hotel about five o'clock met a Bostonian waiting for the omnibus; we all went to the *depôt*, where, in the open air, we had to pay in at a window, on a very dark cold morning, our fares—my amount, $39. I got on the car, but stopped on entering to look at a crowd of human beings, mostly wrapped in blankets, standing together near. A fellow on the opposite box, for it was of a very inferior grade even to the wretched cars provided for white travellers, called out, "Let the boys and women come first." They went one by one—a long and miserable train—the men entering last. These were slaves who had been bought on speculation and were being conveyed up the coast to be put up for sale in about a fortnight. I looked in occasionally to their box, and there they were in double rows; food was served out to them, and I saw a woman cut off a portion of the meat given to her, and with an expression of the strongest disgust throw it away. Mr. Ryder asked, it seems, one of the men where he was going, his answer was, "Oh, God knows, sir!" I cannot reconcile this outrage on every law of right; it is damnable. Our road lay through one vast stretch of pine-barren, occasionally clearings, greater or less, swamps, large pools of water stretching to great extent through the woods, beautiful foliage often intermingling with the stems of the tall pines, that presented every state of the tree from early growth to decay and rottenness—many half burned, many taken by

their tops by whirlwind, many felled, uprooted, others propped or falling, reminding one of a scene of carnage after a battle. I slept some part of the way, but occupied myself chiefly with reading Brougham's remarks on the French Revolution, &c. We did not reach Macon till nearly ten o'clock, when we found a large inn, with a very respectable and civil landlord. But it is curious what important persons these landlords generally are: they receive you much more like hosts that are going to give you shelter and entertainment than as innkeepers who are served and obliged by the preference of your custom. But this man was an exception. I got a bedroom with a comfortable bed, a chair, table, glass, and what made amends for many deficiencies, a capital wood fire. After a sorry supper I was very glad to get early to bed.

An Irishman named —— was very anxious that I should go to the bar (so he told Mr. Ryder) as there were many gentlemen there anxious to know me. R. told him I was tired and, he thought, gone to bed, on which the Irishman took Ryder and introduced him.

January 27th.—Rose early. Thompson brought me a letter from a Mr. —— to the stage-coach agent at Griffin, which I felt as a great civility: it requested attention from Mr. Jones, "for Mr. Macready and suite," which amused me not a little. This was a day of western travel. We were at least an hour behind our time of starting, and the passengers actually *crowded* the carriage; the dirty and ragged neighbourhood that one is forced to endure is very distasteful, to say the least. It is not to be asserted that civilization has reached these remote parts: it is forcing its way, it is clearing. But "the gentlemen,"—the raggedest ruffian with a white skin receiving that appellation—need its enforcement very much. The town of Macon is a straggling growing place, with some very good houses and an imposing building, that of the Bank. The country, too, which is now hill and dale, is greatly improved, widely cultivated, growing cotton and corn, and often presenting very agreeable landscapes. The effect of the frost, for we have had much ice yesterday and to-day, on the porous sands and sandstone, was often very beautiful in its glassy feathery appearance. Our journey was most disastrous; up to one o'clock we had progressed at the rate of four miles an hour; at one of our

stoppages all hands turned out and pushed our car and engine. Our dinner, with coffee served by the *lady* of the house at the head of the table, was much the same as yesterday, Mr. Ryder observing to me, "If Mrs. Macready could see you, sir." After dinner, the stoppages became so frequent, and I so chilled, that I asked to walk, and walked with Ryder and another about three miles. They stopped, as there was no supply, to chop the wood by the roadside to keep the fire of the engine alight! The man at last said that the engine would not make steam, and I was in despair of reaching Griffin to-night. At last, however, the many choppings brought us to a station where we got wood and water, and proceeded tolerably well, reaching Griffin about half-past eight, instead of eleven this morning. My amusement through the day has been Brougham's book. Arrived at Griffin, I asked for a bedroom, and I am now in it, with a wood fire before me that just reaches one strip of me, whilst all the rest of my body is sore with cold. The room, as the house is, is of new wood, the chimney brick, not even plastered, no carpet, no lock to the doors, one nailed up for the occasion, the other buttoned. One table, one chair, the wind blowing in all directions into the place. My supper, temperance supper, I could not eat; I could not cut the meat, and ate three eggs. In short, it is as uncomfortable as it well can be, but I must be thankful that I am not out all night, and so, blessing God for His mercies and invoking His blessing on my beloved wife and children, I go to my uncomfortable looking bed.

Griffin, January 28th.—Kindled my fire, and made as comfortable a toilet as I could in this shivering room. Its walls are single boards, and through the chinks of their joinings and occasional splinters the keen frosty air whistles in: the skirting is completed, except that at the doors (there are three) are unfilled apertures, which give me views into two rooms below. The door is fastened by a button inside, and another opening to a bedroom for four or eight people, as it may happen, has been nailed up on my account, being buttonless. The unplastered brick chimney holds a good wood fire, that carries heat to one side of me, the other freezing with cold, and my writing-hand is nearly disabled with sensations of numbness. There have been knots in the deal walls whose vacancies now admit the draft. Every word of all my neighbours is distinctly

heard, and there is a large family in the room below: one chair, one little table, a broken jug and small basin—no looking-glass—an old broken sash-window, a trunk of the resident lodger and a few of his books and instruments—he is a civil engineer—are scattered about this domestic desolation. The room, not being ceilinged, is open at the top between the beams. I look out on a rough sort of flat, scattered over which one might count, perhaps, sixty or seventy houses; stumps, of course, everywhere except on the railway that terminates opposite. At a little distance I read on a small one-story house, "Broadway Exchange." Bags of cotton lie profusely scattered about the railway. A picture of one among many of these germs, populous towns pushed by these pushing people into existence and name. Around is the everlasting wood. Some signs are on cloth, instead of board. Trees and stumps alternating through the city, and cotton, cotton everywhere.

January 28th.—After my attempt to make a breakfast I sought out the persons who were to expedite us: we were thrown on a chance for places, but one great difficulty was the luggage, which, after much talking with several persons, I at last got an agreement for, to be conveyed by two-horse waggons to Checaw in four days, for the sum of $50, an extortion. That arranged, a person whom I did not know, took hold of my arm, and in a very familiar way, told me, Ex-Governor —— was in the place, and would be happy to see me, if I would call. I was taken by this youth to the opposition Hotel, and therein, a little better but very similar lodging, I was presented to his *Excellency* and lady, rather a smart woman. He had two visitors with him, of the lowest, poorest, and most unpolished of the American small farmers or yeomen. I thought he seemed to wish his constituent visitors far enough. I sat a reasonable time, listening to Mrs. —— expatiating on the comforts of slavery, and with many courteous expressions from the Ex-Governor, left them to find the stage coach at the door and all in hurry for my departure. Paid bills, gave luggage in charge to Thompson, and deposited myself in the stage. I think the roads here are unmatched. The country was wood, beautiful in its various fields of cotton and corn, stalks continually appearing in the newly cleared woods as we jolted, crawled,

pitched, tossed, and tumbled along the horrible road. We were constantly under the necessity of walking, which I enjoyed for the exercise and scenery. Fielding's pleasant 'Joseph Andrews,' was my inside companion, and the trees, the streams, the sky, the log-huts, and the ruminations on their free tenants with their slaves, sufficiently engaged me in my rambling.

Greenville, January 29th.—Dressed with difficulty from the extreme cold, which prevented me from sleeping, whilst the injunctions of the landlord not to disturb his ladies in the next room prevented me from rising long before. We continued our tossing, tumbling journey, through wood and clearings alternately, through streams and bogs, that made one wonder, not without something akin to despondency, how we were to reach our journey's end. Mr. Ryder was impatient of every jolt of the carriage, whilst I lay in my corner like a bag of cotton, and letting it toss me as it would, escaped much soreness and fatigue.

We reached La Grange in tolerable time. In this great infant country it is called a county town, but would be a goodly-sized and pretty village in England. There were many houses built with their columns and porticos, looking very neat and comfortable and pretty with their trim gardens in which flowers were blooming and the green leaf always visible, commanding views of a very picturesque country. It was on this route from hence to West Point that the driver, to avoid a piece of heavy bad road, drove into a field through the broken fence, and passing through it came out by some means at the other end. This is nothing in this primeval part. The peach-orchards here are very large and thriving; they have peach, quince, plum, grape, &c. At West Point, where we tried to dine, and beyond which we passed into Alabama, we got some hard eggs and ham for dinner. We see *la fin du commencement:* this infant settlement, wasting through disease, crime, and squalor into rapid decay; more than half the stores are closed, and the place itself looks like infant life dying of age's decrepitude. The beautiful river Chatteroocker —beautiful in American eyes for its water-power—divides it, and a covered bridge communicates between the banks. It appears that it was in a thriving state when the Indians came here to receive their presents, and the inhabitants enriched

themselves by selling liquors to these unhappy creatures; its present appearance is a just retribution; it will soon sink to a few rotting sheds.

Caseta, January 30th.—I am forcibly struck with the effect that kindness of manner and encouragement has upon these poor negros; it charms away their sullenness at once. Our old landlady quite answered W. Scott's description of a "kind old body." She was a pleasant old housewifely lady, with her preserved water-melons, peaches, &c., and her genuine hospitable spirit.

Our road to-day was worse than ever: through swamps, through wide streams; tracking our way through woods by the *blazing* of the trees, through actual rivers, and all this after an overturn, which detained us in the middle of the road under a heavy rain for above an hour. When thrown over, all were in confusion and alarm, struggling to get out. I called to them to be still and quietly take their turns. It was certainly a very bad journey: by cotton, corn-fields, cane-brakes, woods of oak, chestnut, hickory, beech, and pine. We passed by one bridge over a stream of surpassing beauty, divided and narrowed into a deep downward gush by a mass of granite; it continued its course between banks as charmingly diversified by rock and foliage as a painter's imagination could suggest. The ruined or deserted railway still accompanied our course. 'Joseph Andrews' was my companion till dark. Scarcely hoping to finish our journey, for our own management of our weight by ballasting the coach preserved us repeatedly from an overturn, we at length reached Checaw. A man with a wretched slave, whom he sent upon the top of the coach, had been our companion from La Grange. This poor negro told Mr. Ryder that he had lived with his master's father, and that now he, the master, had sold his wife and children in Georgia, and was taking him on to sell him in Montgomery, the poor wretch crying like a child as he told his story.

Checaw, January 31st.—Rose long before daylight to pursue our journey by railway to Montgomery. Saw our landlord's wife, a girl of fourteen, who had run away with him. Left Checaw at five; swamp, cane-brake, wood, our road lay along and through the high bluff that overlooks the Tollapoosie river, which made some fine landscapes. We had a seven-foot colonel in a

blanket coat, a major in a ragged one, and a judge in one of frieze. In cutting wood for the engine, some one said, "Come, Judge, take a spell of chopping," which he very readily did. The ragged crew that filled this car, spitting in every part of it, obliged me to change my seat. I was very much disgusted; I wish the people would be more cleanly, self-respecting, and decent in their general habits. Reaching Montgomery, which we did from the railway by a road through wood and swamp enough to engulf a caravan or frighten one, we saw some persons just starting for Mobile; they had met and travelled with us before; they advised our proceeding, and we, taking their counsel, went on to the boat, the *Charlotte*, in which we took our berths, and steamed away down the Alabama that, like a "proud river, overpeered its banks" towards Mobile. I received much civility from the gentlemen who went on board with me, they using their best efforts to procure me a good berth. I took a state-room to myself, and did not regret it. Our passage down the stream, whose windings extended the distance to 408 miles, the stage coach road being 180, continually excited my attention. Here was enough to satisfy the traveller, whose thirst for change is to find something new, that he had left nothing behind in Europe resembling this. Its banks were ever changing their forms: now bold bluffs, with trees rising perpendicularly from their very edges; then long tracts of wood running in levels beyond the eye's ken or the thought's conjecture; then vast expanses of water from which were seen rising up tall blighted trees, log-huts, fodder-stacks, gates, and lines of cottages. Frequently we saw whole fields of cotton submerged by the flood, and whole clearings showing only their mills and gins and fences, &c., above the wide surface of the waters. The trees, some of them covered and seemingly pressed down by the heavy-looking mournful draperies of moss, that lent a character, I might say an expression, to the tree that strikes the observer; the white and leafless sycamores often stood out in advance of the sad and gloomy forest like ghosts of what they had been, stretching their ominous arms or long white fingery boughs above the wide ruin. The grape-vine was hanging its thready and twining branches like strong net-work about some of the failing trees, like voluptuousness and luxury pulling down strength. Long

tracts of cane-brake below, houses on the heights, creeks, inlets, and widely devastating wastes of the waters were in frequent succession through our whole course. Bulwer's novel of the "Last of the Barons" divided, and only divided, my attention with this wild and grand and beautiful scenery of the Alabama. Amid thoughts of where I am, how far from home, and what they are thinking of, there came the news from England to crowd and to confuse my mind. Lord Lynedoch and Catalani dead. Alas!

Alabama River, February 1st.—My employment to-day was to read Bulwer's novel, and to catch glimpses and views of the river and its banks. The live oak and the magnolia are among the richest of the evergreens that give rich and deep colours to the woods, and the palmetto, in its low shrubby state is still graceful in its form and cool and pleasant in its colour. At a very beautiful indenting of the high bank, well-wooded to the top, our crew and company got upon some bales of cotton and paddled them with sticks down the little inlet to the boat. One of course rolled over, to the hearty enjoyment of all who witnessed him. At another landing a person of ordinary appearance, more inclining to the vulgar in manner than even the respectable, came with his family and slaves on board. His manner of speaking to them made me long to give him a tip with my foot and send the ignorant tyrant and oppressor overboard.

Went late to bed; lay down as the engine stopped; was told on my inquiry, about one o'clock, that we had arrived. At the dinner, the very raffish or ragged appearance of many, and the table equipage, made me long to have one of our *exquisites* placed hungrily amongst them. But as Charles XII. replied to the soldier, touching his bad bread, "It is not very good, but it is eatable." The tin bowl to wash in in my state-room was a peculiar privilege and very jealously permitted for a very short time; of course, a common comb and hair-brush in the saloon, which all used. One person was distressed on missing it, and asked if there was not a hair-brush, adding, "Can't you come across that brush?" All this, and with all, and above all, the beastly spitting, is very annoying, and disturbs very much one's taste and one's stomach. They are men here, and feel as men; to polish the exterior would not rub away

any of their better qualities, and would make them much more pleasant to come in contact with.

Mobile, February 2nd.—Rose very early and went on board the New Orleans boat, *James L. Day*, to secure my berth. Packed up, and walked away after breakfast to change my day's abode. Went on to the Exchange; a sale of men and women. It is not to be talked or thought of: I have blamed the Abolitionists, and do blame them, for the effects their indiscreet zeal produces, but I should neither wonder nor blame if I saw these black and dusky men strike their knives into the brutal bosoms of those who assert the right of might over them. A Mr. Cole, an acquaintance of Ryder's, told him they "had no feeling; they did not mind being parted from wife and children; they forgot it in a week. You see a cat when one drowns her kittens, she soon forgets it—it's just the same with the coloured people." Is it—oh, God!—the same? But time will tell. One man, about forty, a blacksmith, had his merits expatiated on in the true George Robins' style: "This hale man going for $550, it's throwing him away—no more bid? It's a sacrifice! Going, going, &c." Another mulatto, a field servant—the same language, the same odious blasphemy against nature and the God of nature.

Read in steamboat extracts from Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Hall, &c. It is scarcely possible to imagine any boat of the kind more complete than this—cleanliness, neatness, elegance throughout; the dinner served in the best manner.

New Orleans, February 3rd.—Rose from my hard and ache-giving berth about half-past four o'clock; dressed and sauntered up and down the wooden pier thinking of home, and the great distance I was from it, and all it contains. Passed into the sort of village, half French, half English, in its shops' inscriptions, and was interested and struck by the resemblance it conveyed, in the architecture of its small houses and gateway or arch, to an old French village or small town. I went to the St. Louis Hotel, and got one room, a very poor affair, till others should fall. Went to rehearsal at eleven; did not like either theatre nor actors. Rehearsed 'Hamlet.'

February 7th.—Acted Hamlet, if I may trust my own feeling, in a very Shakespearian style; most courteous and gentlemanly, with high bearing, and yet with abandonment and, I think,

great energy. Was called for, a compliment which I had really rather dispense with. I fancy the audience were borne along with the performance.

February 8th.—Called on Mr. Clay ; saw him, seventeen years older than when, full of life and vivacity, he introduced himself to me at Washington at our Minister's, Sir R. A. Vaughan. He seems to me to have shrunk in size, and his manners, though most kind, urbane, and cheerful, have no longer the vivacity and great animal spirits that then accompanied them. He remembered meeting me ; he talked of Talma and of his engagements, asked me to dine with him to-morrow, which I was unable to do. Our visit was limited by an appointment visit of the Judges of the Supreme Court. I gave him Miss Martineau's letter, and we talked of her. He seemed surprised not to see me look older, saying he should not take me for more than forty. In him and Webster, two great minds, I see the pressure of the heavy hand of time ; to descend to myself, I feel it. In speaking of slavery he deplored it and condemned it in the abstract, but thought the two races could not be altered in their respective positions without equal distress for both ; intimating that the coloured man is happier in his present state than he could be if free ! What would Alexandre Dumas say to that ?

February 10th. — Richelieu. *12th.* — Virginius. *14th.* — Werner. *16th.*—Hamlet. *17th.*—Virginius.

February 18th.—Went out in cab to Hewlett's Hotel to look at the rooms he had prepared for me. Agreed to enter them on Tuesday. Arranged my accounts ; looked at some papers. More news from England. Thought on the plays for the remainder of my engagement. Robinson called, above two hours after his appointment with Major Montfort, a good-natured American soldier. We went in his carriage through the city, and along the banks of the canal, and through wood and swamp, of cedar, cypress, out to the Lake Pontchartrain ; the morning was very pleasant, and these melancholy woods with their ghostlike trees, in their mournful drapery of moss and vine, are always interesting to me. Large *lighter* kind of sloops were coming up the canal. A very decent house of entertainment is on the shore of the lake, all ground recovered from the swamp. It amused me yesterday to know that the French

call the American portion of the city "Le Faubourg Américain." I dined with Robinson at the *table d'hôte* of Hewlett, who gave an excellent table; was much amused. After dinner rode along the Levee, saw the shipping and warehouses of this wonderful place; the waterworks, with their muddy contents; the steamboats coming in; the Mississippi winding round, and the buildings, wealth and bustle of the place. The people seem so happy! Mr. Bullett amused me; particularly by his intended mode of curing scarlet-fever. Came home; put by my assorted papers; addressed newspapers. Revised the play of 'King Lear' for American performance. Cut the part of Edward for Mr. Ryder.

February 19*th*.—Macbeth.

———— 20*th*.—Went with Robinson and Andrews to call on M. Pepin, who conducted us to the graveyards. There is nothing in their site to please the eye, nor is there anything in their language to interest or excite. But he must be very insensible who can contemplate any depository of the dead with indifference, and many and various emotions are awakened here. There are four or six of those squares formed by thick rampires, built of brick, in which are rows of square cavities one above the other, like the apertures of ovens (which is the term they are known by), and into these, as in the mausoleum at Trentham, the coffins are pushed and then built up; the inclosed spaces are covered, filled with tombs of all protensions as to cost and taste; the pride of the Spaniard, the sentiment of the French, and the plain business-like English inscription are mingled through the grounds. One was exclusively for people of colour! There were fresh flowers placed near some and planted near others; much that was tender and touching and chaste fronting or near to vulgar pride and ludicrous sentimentality. Tears painted on the slabs of some and pompous inscriptions upon others; some simple, sad, and solemn-looking structures, others ostentatiously and even ludicrously ambitious. I was interested and shall try to renew my visit.

February 21*st*.—Werner.

———— 22*nd*.—Washington's birthday. A curious subject for reflection is offered by this day: in Europe there are certain ceremonies of compliment and expense, such as dinners, levees,

drawing-rooms, illuminations of public offices, clubs, and specially appointed tradesmen's shops, which are called rejoicings (?) and are transmitted faithfully from one gracious and beloved sovereign to another. But throughout these free and independent States, the memory of the man who was born this day shall be hallowed by the gratitude and joy of millions of hearts, that will hand down to their children's children the debt of reverence and love which they and mankind owe to him for the benefits his life conferred and his example has left. The birthday of Washington shall be an eternal festival wherever a freeman speaks the English tongue.

February 23*rd.*—Richelieu. 24*th.*—Othello. 26*th.*—Werner. 27*th.*—William Tell.

February 28*th.*—Occupied with affairs upon my late and wearied rising. This daily rehearsal, and earnest acting at night (for I cannot—there is no merit—I cannot be a party, a willing party, to a disgraceful performance), seems, under the effect of this warm climate, this summer in February, to exhaust my strength and spirits. Whether it is the coming on of age or the quantity of strength and energy I expend in my rehearsals and performances, I know not, but they are more than I can well discharge; certain it is, that I can do nothing else. I can see nothing, see no one. I might as well be incarcerated in Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and where there is so much that I am anxious to observe, this is fretting and vexatious. Acted Hamlet.

February 29*th.*—The joy, the comfort I have felt this day in the ability to repeat to myself that it is the last day but one of my New Orleans engagement is not to be described nor to be explained, except that the labour is so heavy and the conclusion of it brings me nearer home. Rehearsed Iago. Saw Forrest, who came on the stage. Acted Iago well.

March 1*st.*—Rehearsed King Lear, with a perfect consciousness of my utter inability to do justice to my own conception of the character. I am weary of this atmosphere and this place. Dined early, rested, and thought over my great part of King Lear, feeling that I could not satisfy myself in it, but wishing to do my utmost.

Went to the theatre, very weak. The house not what it ought to have been, certainly not. I rallied against my

lassitude, and made a very fair fight for poor Lear; parts of it I acted very fairly, and I think made a strong impression on the audience. Some parts I did really well. Was called for; in a very short time I appeared before them and addressed them.

March 2nd.—Gave my first hours to the needful business of packing, which I completed in very good time. Met Mr. Ryder at the railway. Slept the greater part of the way to the lake, "quite wearied and o'erspent." We found a good deal of motion on the lake; the boats lay within the little harbour formed by wooden piers stretching out into the lake and leaving only a narrow entrance by which to pass in and out. The land, as we enter the narrow channel between the Lakes, is very low, marshy, duck, snipe-like looking ground; a neat little fort, with an artillery company, commands the passage.

Mobile, March 3rd.—We were within the bay of Mobile and pressing over its smooth waters, strewn over with the stripped and shattered trees borne down by the freshet of the Alabama, and landed. I went with a porter as a guide about the town, and was forced to ask as a favour a bed-room at the top of the house, and glad to house myself here to wash and dress.

March 4th.—Acted Hamlet. I thought I never acted the first scene with the Ghost so well; the audience this night was very numerous. Persons going away in some of the steamboats had prevailed on the masters to delay their start till midnight in order to visit the theatre. Many *rowdy* people were there, women of the town—in short, it was an audience attracted by sheer curiosity. Perhaps I was not up to my mark, although I strove very resolutely.

March 5th.—Richelieu. *6th.*—Virginius. *7th.*—Richelieu. *8th.*—Werner.

March 9th.—Anzé proposed to take me a drive in the environs of the city. Called on Magee, whom I saw. Found Anzé at the door of my hotel—accompanied him in his buggy through the city, along the direction of the shore of the bay by pretty suburban houses, into woods in all the wild and picturesque confusion of self-creation and renewal. The boxes, as they are called, of the dwellers near the city are very neat, and the hedge of the Cherokee rose—like our common wild white rose—most luxuriantly in bloom over a fence of neat lattice work, presented a very neat out-work to a very neat residence. The

woods and the views of the bay were most beautiful—the magnolia. Dined with Mr. Graciè—liked his wife—met Dr. Nott, Fisher, Ball, Castellan, Anzé, Ogden, &c. A very agreeable day.

My drive to-day among some very pretty suburban villas with their many flowers and richly blossoming peach-trees, oranges in blossom, fig, and various ornamental shrubs was very lovely. The air was quite delicious; we came frequently close to the water's side, looking from a low cliff over this extensive bay, with its shoals, its masses of rude timber, its distant shores, and passing through clearings and wood of lofty pines till we reached the Magnolia Grove—so called from the trees which chiefly form its shade. The shrubs were very beautiful, and flowers. I gathered some violets for Catherine—not quite so deeply blue as our own sweet flower, and with no perfume.

March 11*th.*—Macbeth. 12*th.*—William Tell. 13*th.*—Othello. 14*th.*—Werner. 15*th.*—Richelieu.

March 16*th.*—Started with a fresh breeze against us for New Orleans; liked everything in Mobile except the hotel and theatre; glad to go forward as beginning my return to dear, dear home. Walked the upper deck till wearied, looking at the woods or the shores, the drifting timber scattered over the bay, the fleet of merchantmen riding in the outer bay, the islands, and the gorgeous sunset.

New Orleans, March 18*th.*—Acted King Lear.

March 19*th.*—Acted 'The Stranger.' Leaving the theatre was attracted by the blaze of a very great fire in Royal Street. I had heard the tocsin during the last scene of the play. Went to it and watched the terrific and sublime spectacle for upwards of an hour; the flames rose in upward torrents of fire, and at times there was an atmosphere of sparks. I saw two houses fall in with tremendous crashes, and came away as the fire seemed to yield to the efforts of the firemen.

March 20*th.*—Benedick.

——— 21*st.*—Acted Shylock very fairly. At supper took a gin mint-julep by way of experiment: the most deliciously cunning compound that ever I tasted; nectar could not stand before it; Jupiter would have hob-nobbed in it.

March 28*th.*—Called on Mr. R———. To my surprise and amusement found that his wife, of whom he had taken leave

on board ship last night embarked for France, was at home; had returned; could not bear to leave her friends; lost heart at the last minute. I think I should scarcely have welcomed back any woman who had cost me all the pain to part with her and then returned—so much good grief all thrown away!

On the Mississippi, April 2nd.—In the evening, two brightly reflected lights stretching far on the horizon, with smoke before them, were pointed out to us as the prairies on fire. The foliage yesterday and to-day had been beautifully enriched by the red or dark pink blossom, covering the tree like the peach, of the Arbor-Judas or red-bud; these, often side by side with the snowy blossom that powdered the dog-wood tree, diversified by colour and form the lofty and leafless cotton-wood. The voyage of the Mississippi most beautiful.

St. Louis, April 6th.—Rose in good time. Mr. Franciscus and the carriage were ready, and we started for the Ferry: drove into the boat, crossed the Mississippi, and drove out upon the other floating pier without alighting. Our road lay through Illinois Town, a small place through which a little creek, crossed by a good wooden bridge, runs; we went over it and along the high causeway built for winter or wet travel, when the soil of the country admits your carriage to the nave of the wheel or deeper. Our road lay along a country that was fatness itself, the ground oozing out richness, black loam that might be scratched to give a crop; we passed several of those Indian mounds and reached some lakes, where to my great delight I saw the habitations of the beaver, at distances from each other in the middle of the water. Our way for many miles was tame, till we reached some much larger mounds, and standing in great numbers on the plain. I cannot guess if they were forts or tombs, one seems for one purpose, another for the other. We passed through some low woods before, and now we reached some high and well-wooded hills, where wood-peckers, the beautiful turtle-dove, the blue bird, and others were numerous on the wing. We met numerous families, with their waggons and oxen carrying their substance to some other State. I cannot understand this. We passed through Collinsville, where there are three churches, built by an old lady, to whom the place belongs, and who will not allow any one to live there who drinks or keeps fermented liquors. Stopped

at a *public*, kept by Clark, an English sailor, with a pretty wife, five children, nice house, garden farm, barns, in-house, &c. We dined (!), then passed through Troy and Marcia Town; saw the stretch of the prairie; plovers, prairie hen-partridges in abundance. Reached Colonel Madge's cottage; was hospitably received and entertained. Saw the prairies on fire in three places; it was beautiful.

April 7th.—We drove out about a mile and a half on the prairie, which, in its bare winter garb, reminds me very much of Salisbury Plain. I can fancy the sublime sort of awe that any one must feel in being twenty miles deep on such a wild, and it is in its extent that its grandeur consists; its beauty is in the flowers of all hues with which it is so gorgeously carpeted in the summer season. The soil is rich to rankness.

April 9th. — Acted Hamlet. *10th.* — Richelieu. *11th.*— Virginius.

April 12th.—Was gratified in my walk with the sight of the lilac in full bloom, and in some little gardens, tulips, narcissus. It is not only the sweet feeling which the beauty of flowers always imparts to me, a tranquil feeling of delight in their beauty of colour, form, and perfume, but they are associated in my mind with home, with dear England, and soothe me with their influence.

April 13th.—Rose very early, and coaxed the coloured waiter to give us breakfast, on which we set out in the carriage from Alton, bidding farewell to our very civil and good-natured host, and pursuing our way on a most lovely morning through the little town, through woods in all the variety of vernal beauty, passing the wreck of another railway, another monster monument of the headlong and precipitate speculation of this reckless people. We held the river occasionally in view and then the thick woods would shut us from its sight.

April 15th.—Iago. *16th.*—Shylock.

——— *17th.*—To my great satisfaction I received a large pair of buffalo horns, and a grand pair of elk horns from a Mr. Whatton. Rested. Acted Macbeth really well, too well for St. Louis, though the audience were much more decorous, attentive, and appreciative than I have heretofore found them. I suppose they begin to understand me. Was called for and bowed.

April 19*th.*—Went on board the *West Wind.* Saw on board two of the Scholefields of Birmingham, whom I was really delighted to meet. We went on our watery way, the river varying its form, the banks as constantly changing from bluff or wooded hill to low brake or wood, or wooded highland with rocks—most interesting.

April 21*st.*—Went up on deck in the early morning, and enjoyed the air, the river and the exercise very much. Began 'Samson Agonistes.' Read some interesting passages in the 'History of the Church,' a book I must endeavour to read carefully through. Talked with a gentleman from Iowa, who had been giving a fearful account of the wild and lawless condition of that territory, when it was first put into a state for territorial jurisdiction.

Louisville, April 22*nd.*—Went into Louisville. Passed court-house, jail, markets, &c. Very spacious streets, good shops, an appearance of wealth and comfort, well-dressed people, &c.

Attracted constantly by the beauty of either shore of Kentucky or Indiana, which now showed more continuous cultivation, better farms and houses, &c., of more pretension; the leaf-clad hills wore every variety of form, and the rocks peeping out or showing large fronts from amidst them were always picturesque—it was a chain of lakes.

Cincinnati, April 23*rd.*—After a sleepless night, the first light showed me the buildings, &c., of Cincinnati. The bell rang at a quarter to five, when I rose, dressed, &c., and despatched Thompson to inquire about my hotel.

Looked at 'Hamlet,' and went to rehearsal; took pains, but the weather was very hot.

Acted Hamlet, I think, very fairly. Came home to hotel, very much worn and exhausted, and almost dying for some tea, which for nearly an hour I could not get.

April 24*th.*—Richelieu. 25*th.*—Werner. 26*th.*—Shylock. 27*th.*—Macbeth.

April 28*th.*—A young man whom I do not know, I think the landlord's son, came up and, throwing his arm round my neck, asked me if I knew Colonel Taylor. I said, "No." "That is he behind you, he has been looking for you, shall I introduce you?" "If you please." He did so and I remained in conversation with Colonel Taylor till Mr. Foster came to accompany

me in my drive through the city. It is on the bend of the river, built over by streets at right angles numbered and named chiefly from trees; the streets are wide, planted generally with trees along the foot-paths, with many small plots of ornamented ground.

April 30th.—Foster called as I was dressing. I was very unwell, have suffered much. Acted Virginius very feebly to a very poor house; suffering from debility. Was called, went on, and bowed.

My southern and western tour is ended; thank God for all it has given me. I feel, however, overwrought.

May 1st.—Dear memorandum of England this sweet day of spring, bringing with it thoughts of home and much that is sweet and dear! Felt much better.

Pittsburg, May 5th.—Was much amused by Mr. Ryder's report of the observation of a resident to him, that the "citizens of Pittsburg were very much dissatisfied with Mr. Macready for not staying to perform there." Ryder observed, that I had an engagement, &c.

Harrisburg, May 6th.—We dined at McConnell's Town, a very well-built happy-looking little town. Our weary journey jolted us on at four and a half miles an hour through the night up to eleven o'clock, when we reached Chambersburg batteries, bruised and rheumatic. Lived out two hours there and then embarked on the railway—Oh, what a relief to Harrisburg.

May 7th.—Awoke to look upon this very pretty capital of Pennsylvania, situated on the Susquehanna.

The country from Harrisburg to Philadelphia through Lancaster is one rich tract of the highest cultivation, comfort, industry, economy, and wealth in the farms and gardens and orchards that cover the country. At the Schuylkill the views are most beautiful, perfectly charming. Reached Philadelphia, took railway, travelled rapidly to New York.

New York, May 8th.—Wrote to Miss C. Cushman, as I had promised Simpson, wishing her to play here during my engagement.

Received my dear letters from home; all well there. Thank God. Letter inclosed from dear Lydia to Letitia, answering their letters upon what struck down my heart, the news of poor dear Jonathan's death. We talk of patience under these

visitations, but none can truly investigate his feelings and say he does not repine, when those of virtue and high character, whom he loves, are for ever lost to him. "He stood by me like my youth." I should have been satisfied to have seen any one of my boys (God bless them) like him. He was a noble creature, dear, dear youth.

May 13*th.*—Acted Hamlet, I think, very well indeed; the audience were deeply attentive, and much more fervent than I remember them to have been; was called for and well received.

Came home and no tea, "no nothing."

May 16*th.*—Mr. Gould, author of 'Ludovico Sforza,' called and sat some time. I restored him his manuscript.

May 27*th.*—We are the chief attraction, I may say the only one, in New York at present. Reproved the Birnam Wood messenger very sharply; he deserved it. Spoke to Miss ——, who, it seems, laughed in the Banquet scene; my object in speaking to her, desiring her to call here, was to prevent the recurrence of such inconveniences as I had encountered; but she promised *to behave* for the future.

May 30*th.*—Acted Hamlet; the latter part, i.e., after the first act, in a really splendid style. I felt myself the man. Called for and well received. The house good. Hamlet has brought me more money than any play in America.

June 1*st.*—Calling for Colden, we walked up to Ruggles', where we met Mrs. R., his son, and daughter, a very pretty girl, Judge Kent, Sedgwick, Prescott Hall, Griffin, Hamilton, Inman, &c., at a very elegant breakfast, which passed off in most lively and pleasant conversation.

June 3*rd.*—'Bridal.'

—— 6*th.*—*At Albany.*

—— 18*th.*—*Saratoga.*

—— 19*th.*—*Utica.*

—— 21*st.*—*Auburn.*

Buffalo, June 24*th.*— Wedding Day. Rehearsed Hamlet. Dined and had a "plum-pudding." Drank a bumper of champagne to my dear wife. Rested. Acted to a bad house. Oh, Buffalo!

June 27*th.*—Richelieu. *June* 27*th.*—Macbeth. *June* 28*th.*—Werner.

Montreal, July 6*th.*—Looked at the papers for English news;

saw flattering notices of myself. Read the death of Thomas Campbell. "How dumb the tuneful!" He outlived his acceptability, and was latterly intolerable in society; but what a charming poet. *Eheu!*

July 17*th.*—Acted Hamlet.

Lay on my sofa at the hotel, ruminating upon the play of 'Hamlet:' upon the divine spirit, which God lent to that man, Shakespeare, to create such intellectual realities, full of beauty and of power, inheriting the ordinary wickednesses of humanity, the means of attracting so strongly the affections and wonder of men! It seems to me, as if only now, at fifty-one years of age, I thoroughly see and appreciate the artistic power of Shakespeare in this great human phenomenon; nor do any of the critics, Goethe, Schlegel, Coleridge, present to me in their elaborate remarks, the exquisite artistical effects which I see in this work, as long meditation, like long straining after sight, gives the minutest portion of its excellence to my view.

July 19*th.*—Richelieu. 22*nd.*—Werner. 24*th.*—Macbeth.

Philadelphia, September 8*th.*—Read in Wordsworth as reading exercise. I feel my voice growing more and more inflexible; the tones which I used to like to listen to, I cannot now evoke, alas! Read in Hamlet.

September 9*th.*—Hamlet. 11*th.*—'Stranger.' 12*th.*—Shylock. 14*th.*—'Stranger.'

New York, September 16*th.*—Hamlet. 19*th.*—Werner. 30*th.*—Richelieu. 23*rd.*—'Bridal.' 24*th.*—Othello.

September 25*th.*—The anniversary of my opening the Park Theatre, New York, since when I find myself, with all my expenses paid, about £5,500 bettered in pecuniary circumstances, for which I gratefully, devoutly and earnestly thank God.

September 26*th.*—'Stranger.' 27*th.*—Lear.

Boston, October 2*nd.*—Hamlet. 7*th.*—Richelieu. 9*th.*—'Stranger.' 10*th.*—Shylock. 11*th.*—'Bridal.' 14*th.*—Macbeth.

London, November 9*th.*—Mitchell and Serle called, and after showing him the danger of announcing the English performance at Paris before Miss Cushman's and Mr. Ryder's arrival, I consented to open, if they arrived in time, on the 2nd of December. It was settled that my plays should be produced in the following order, which I marked at the time in pocket-

book: 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Virginius,' 'Macbeth,' 'Werner,' 'King Lear,' and perhaps 'Merchant of Venice. God grant us success.

November 12*th.*—Read the little story of 'Grace and Clara' to my darling children. Calculated and pondered well my journey to Paris, and upon mature reflection and consideration of dear Catherine's state of health, and of Katie's constitution, resolved on going post to Paris.

Paris, December 15*th.*—Went with Catherine and Willie to breakfast with De Fresne; met there Regnier, an intelligent actor of the Français, a M. B. Fontaine, the architect of the palace, Jules Janin, several others, and Miss H. Faucit, Miss Wilkes, and Mr. Farren.

December 16*th.*—Acted Othello with great care, often with much reality, but I could not feel the sympathy of the audience; they were fashionable, and from the construction of the theatre,* not within the reach of my *electric contact*, to coin an expression; the shocking delay between the acts was another cause for a certain heaviness I felt to pervade the evening. I was not satisfied with the issue, uneasy and restless in mind. Alexandre Dumas, Regnier, Vattel, &c., came "pour faire leurs compliments," but I was not assured.

December 18*th.*—Looked at the papers, and was most gratified by a very cordial notice of 'Othello' in *Galignani*. Received a most fervent congratulation from Eugène Sue. Went to the theatre to see to some matters left unsettled in yesterday's rehearsal. Spoke very strongly to Mitchell about our future plays, insisting on the proper attention of the servants, &c. Rested and thought much of Hamlet.

Acted Hamlet fairly, though somewhat disturbed by the inefficiency of persons and things about me. Called for. The play over a few minutes before twelve.

Did not sleep two hours of the whole night, my excitement was so strong; painful dreams when I did sleep.

December 20*th.*—Othello.

———— 23*rd.*—Acted Virginius with much energy and power to a very excited audience. I was loudly called for at the end of the fourth act; but could not or would not make so absurd

* This series of English performances took place in the Salle Ventadour, the theatre usually devoted to Italian Opera.—Ed.

and empirical a sacrifice of the dignity of my poor art. Was called for and very enthusiastically received at the end of the play. De Fresne came into my room and detained Catherine and myself in long conversation.

December 27th.—Acted Virginius with some force; the audience were deeply interested, but not so tumultuous in their applause as on Monday. Called for and received with fervour.

December 28th.—Dined with De Fresne; met at dinner le Marquis de Pastoret, guardian of the Comte de Chambord (Henry V.), Paul de la Roche, the great artist. In the evening, Regnier, Bertin * and family, a son of Talma, &c.

1845.

Paris, January 1st.—Werner.

January 3rd.—Received a note from Eugène Sue proposing that we should go to the Théâtre Français to-morrow night, being the first representation of a new play by a friend of his. I answered, assenting to his wish. Acted Hamlet.

January 4th.—Dined with Eugène Sue, his *collaborateur*, and another friend, a very agreeable man. Went to the Théâtre Français; saw a play called 'Guerrero,' a Mexican subject. Madlle. Plessis was sometimes graceful, but not quite concentrated enough in her passion. M. Beauvalet was melodramatic in his style, strong, but sometimes beyond the modesty of nature. Eugène Sue left me to make his compliments to the author.

January 5th.—I called on De Fresne, who accompanied me to De la Roche, who received me most kindly, and in whose studio I saw two beautiful pictures, one of great power of colour, a Roman Beggar Family, like the strongest of Murillo; the other, in delicacy, sentiment, and harmony most exquisite, a Virgin and Sleeping Child, Joseph in the remote distance: it was a poem, and bought by Lord Hertford.

* M. Bertin was editor and proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*.—Ed.

The École des Beaux-Arts, a building and institution to shame the British Government and people. Saw De la Roche's picture in oil on the circular wall of the theatre, and the copy of the 'Last Judgment.' Thence to an old gentleman of ninety years of age, intimate with Garrick, Le Kain, &c. He was very interesting, but I do not wish for such a life.

January 6th.—Acted Macbeth, in my opinion, better than I have ever done before. The house was deeply attentive and interested, but did not give the quantity of applause which such a performance would have elicited in England. Was called for. Regnier, De Fresne, and Mitchell came into my room.

January 7th.—Called on Scheffer and saw his pictures; the two from Faust, the 'Seduction Scene' and the 'Sabbat,' were full of beauty; the St. Augustine and his Mother most characteristic; a sketch of the Dead Christ and Marys, quite touching. A note from Mitchell informing me that the Minister refused us permission to act beyond Monday night.

January 8th.—Acted Macbeth with effort, not so well as Monday, but I think with power and discrimination. The audience applauded Miss Faucit's sleeping scene much more than anything else in the whole play.

January 10th.—Macbeth.

——— *12th.*—Dined with Mr. Rowland Errington; met Lady Wellesley, Baring, Lord and Lady Kinnoul, Miss McTavish, Howard, &c. Liked very much Mr. and Mrs. Errington; a very pleasant evening.

January 13th.—Acted Hamlet for the most part extremely well; the audience were interested and attentive, but not so excitable as usual. Bouffé came into my room with Mitchell, "pour faire ses compliments."

January 14th.—Chapman called on business; he told us that our receipts had exceeded those of any theatre in Paris! Called on De Fresne and M. Perrez with Catherine. What things he told and read to me of '*Egalité*,' and what treason on treason of Talleyrand! One most amusing and interesting anecdote of Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia. Showed me Talleyrand's letter, autograph, urging the execution of D'Enghien. In the evening cut and arranged 'Hamlet' for the Palace.

January 15th.—Spoke to Mitchell, who gave me a letter from George Sand, most eloquent and elegant. Called with

Catherine on De Fresne. We went together to M. Pourtales, and saw his pictures and his gems.

January 16th.—I drove to the Tuileries. We inquired for the *concièrge*, M. Lecomte, and having found his bureau and presented the order from Mr. Lambert (which Mitchell had brought me with a box for Catherine, admitting two persons), M. Lecomte conducted us to the second door *en face*. By this we entered, and passing through the lobbies and galleries came upon the front boxes of the theatre. It was most elegant; much larger than I had anticipated from my recollection of Fontainebleau and some theatres in the Italian palaces; but it was such a theatre as befitted the palace of the king of a great nation. I went upon the stage, which was filled up exactly as at the Ventadour; even to the round trap for the Ghost's descent. With much difficulty, after being led where I could not follow, I obtained a room at a moderate height from the stage, and having secured the entrance of my servant and self, on which point there was great jealousy, I returned to my hotel. I thought much on what I had to go through, being quite aware that there could be little or no applause, and fixedly making up my mind to occupy my thoughts alone with Hamlet; to be Hamlet, and think neither of King, or Court, or anything but my personation. We reached my room, and I was tolerably accommodated. The play began, and I adhered to my purpose; had neither eyes nor thought for anything but the feelings and thoughts and demeanour of Hamlet. In my mind I never gave such a representation of the part, and without a hand of applause; but indeed there was an attempt in the first scene by some one who, I suppose, became sensible of his offence against decorum, and "back recoiled, he knew not why, even at the sound himself had made." In the fourth act, where I have nothing to do, I did cast a glance at the royal box; saw the white fuzz of the Queen's head and the old King on the other side of the centre; the *salle* had altogether a very brilliant appearance, the pit was filled with military. After the play one of the King's *suite* in court uniform waited on me, and, with expressions of his Majesty's pleasure, &c., presented me with a long packet or parcel. I hastily dressed. Mitchell just spoke to me. Miss H. Faucit, as I passed her, said, "Such a pretty bracelet." I hurried home to Catherine,

told her all the news, and looked at the poignard * sent by the King.

January 17*th.*—Henry IV.

——— 18*th.*—Went to the Opera Comique, and saw the stage, &c., which was arranged for the scene of 'King Henry IV.' M. Henri, the *sous-régisseur*, was very civil in doing the honours of his establishment.

When on the stage and prepared to begin, a person came forward and introduced me to the manager of the theatre. The curtain drew up, and the audience were deeply attentive. One person tried at the commencement to disturb the performance by mimicking my voice, but it was put down instantly, and the act of 'King Henry IV.' was listened to with the deepest attention. Whilst I was undressing, the Committee of the Authors, &c., requested to see me and, entering, presented me with a letter and (as I afterwards found) a gold medal inscribed to me! I thanked them, &c. M. Halévy was the principal.†

January 19*th.*—Called on M. Leduc, who was in bed from an accident; he gave me a very cordial reception; told me of the unanimity of the enthusiasm of the literary men in Paris on

* The poignard given by Louis Philippe to Macready, was bequeathed by him to his daughter, Benvenuta—Mrs. Horsford.—Ed.

† This performance was given at the request of the Committee of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Authors, for the benefit of their fund. The letter of thanks was as follows:

Paris, le 18 *janvier*, 1845.

Monsieur,—La Commission de la Société des Auteurs Dramatiques Français, a besoin, avant votre départ pour l'Angleterre, de vous renouveller ses remerciements. L'appui, tout puissant, que vous venez de prêter à sa caisse de secours n'a pû, augmentera sans doute l'admiration que tout Paris professe pour votre grand talent; mais il a doublé l'estime que l'on doit à votre noble et généreux caractère.

Permettez nous, monsieur, de vous offrir, comme un témoignage de cette haute estime, la médaille d'or que nous venons de faire frapper à votre nom. Elle vous rappellera quelquefois ce que vous avez fait pour des infortunes honorables, la reconnaissance que nous en conservons, et les liens indissolubles que existent désormais entre les artistes Anglais et Français.

Agréez, monsieur, la nouvelle assurance de notre haute considération.

(Signé) Eugéne Scribe. Victor Hugo. Etienne. (*President.*)
Mélesville. (*Vice-President.*) Dalton. F. Halévy. Viennet. (*Vice-President.*)

À M. Macready, artiste dramatique. Ed.

my acting; gave me George Sand's address, quite the *entente cordiale*. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Errington; on George Sand.

Went with De Fresne to call on Victor Hugo, in the Place Royale; the storm obliged our driver to drive the carriage under the colonnade. The house, old and cold, was quite a poet's mansion. The *salon*, hung round and ceilinged with tapestry, had large pictures; it had a gloomy air, though not dark, and looked like a poet's room. Victor Hugo received me very cordially, and was most earnest in his expressions of admiration and respect to me. I talked with several there, and had a circle of the young men around me. I saw his daughter, who was pretty. He accompanied me to the door when we left, and was most cordial in his *adieux* to me.

January 20th.— Called with Sumner on George Sand; saw her son and daughter, a sweet interesting girl; talked much of Shakespeare and of England; I liked her very much. She said she would come to England, if I would act in London, though she disliked the country so much. Purchased a *pendule* for my study. Went to Mrs. Austin's early in the evening. Mr. Austin was in the room when I entered but, after salutation, retired, and I saw him no more. M. Barbier was present, and he read part of his translation of 'Julius Cæsar' into French prose. Left them to go to the Ambassador's. The people were so crammed in the reception-room that I could not approach Lady Cowley, but almost immediately the crowd began to move into the theatre, fitted up in the ball-room of the hotel or palace; our way was through a deliciously cool gallery lined with exotics—it might have been a conservatory, but I do not distinctly recollect. I got a very good seat; the ladies occupied the front benches. I sat near Broadwood and Errington, who introduced me to Lawrence Peel's son; Galignani was also near me. The theatre was very prettily arranged, and some of the beauty and plenty of the pride of the English aristocracy was collected in it. The prologue, written by Lady Dufferin, and spoken by Charles Sheridan and Greville, was very smart. The scandal scene, first scene of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and the screen scene of the 'School for Scandal' was the play; 'The Merry Monarch' was the farce. To me it was all amusing. The star of the night, and really one to shine on any stage, was

Miss McTavish in Mary. I did not think her very pretty when I met her at dinner at Errington's, but her acting was naïve, sprightly, arch, simple, and beautiful. Saw Mrs. Errington after the play; saw Palgrave Simpson; also Lord Cowley, to whom I was presented by Mrs. Errington; talked some time with me, complimented me upon my success in Paris, &c.

January 21*st.*—Called on De Fresne, and, although with very great reluctance, in compliance with his particular wish, accompanied him to the Conservatoire. Heard the pupils of Sanson go through their course of theatrical instruction. It is an institution of the Government to train pupils, who are elected to the school, for the stage. I was interested, and saw the inefficacy of the system clearly; it was teaching *conventionalism*—it was perpetuating the mannerism of the French stage, which is all mannerism. Genius would be cramped, if not maimed and distorted, by such a course. Saw Halévy there, but could only exchange a few words with him, as I was in haste to return.

London, January 29*th.*—A Mr. ——, a barrister, called on the subject of some dramas of about 3,600 lines each, which he had made, and put into Longman's hands, upon the reigns of the Plantagenets, joining with it a history of the Church; I backed out as courteously as I could.

Newcastle, February 17*th.*—Acted Hamlet, I think for the most part well, and to the satisfaction and with the interest of the audience. Certainly, my performance of Hamlet is a very different thing from what it used to be, it is full of meaning. Called for and well received. In the first scene of the play, when I turned to ask Horatio again, "What, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?" I had, without any pain or uncomfortable sensation, a sort of swimming in the head that made me feel as if about to fall. I was at last, for it endured some time, obliged to rest on Horatio's arm; it passed off, but I felt it for some time. Is this a warning? Well, all in God's good time. God bless my children, and His will be done.

February 18*th.*—Went to rehearsal. Oh, how I want some motive to keep up my excitement in this profession, to act before provincial galleries, with provincial companies, feeling how very few there are that do not look contemptuously on my calling—to feel this when the power of vindicating myself as something better is past; to see a bully like —— and a poor

creature like —— held in honour. O God, what is this world for!

February 19*th.*—Acted Virginius very fairly, thanks to my light dinner. Called for. Everything here makes me reflect. I see a life gone in an unworthy, an unrequiting pursuit. Great energy, great power of mind, ambition, and activity that, with direction, might have done anything, now made into a player.

February 26*th.*—Made an extract of some lines upon 'Richard II.,' and an autograph for Margaret E——. That play lives in her mind, so does it in mine, when I, the first who ever acted it since the time of Shakespeare, produced it here. She was a girl then, and I not more than a boy, with no power to see the course before me, no hand to point it out, no mind to direct me—my talent, energy, and youthful activity a mere trading property in the hands of a sordid possessor. Alas! Alas!

Acted Shylock very unsatisfactorily, sometimes feebly, but the whole play was so bad, I am not able to tell how much of the dulness is chargeable to me. Still I was not good.

March 3*rd.*—On this day I enter on my fifty-third year.

Sheffield, March 5*th.*—Acted Hamlet pretty well, taking the company, &c., into account. Called for. What a farce has this absurd usage now become.

March 6*th.*—Richelieu. 7*th.*—Othello.

—— 8*th.*—Saw a Mr. Brownell, who, under the remembered name of *Fenton*, had been a player in my father's theatres, when I first came on public life. He is now eighty, looking really more healthy than he did thirty-five years ago; he spoke of his son, now a player in Australia. I was glad to see the old man. Went to St. Paul's Church; inquiring at the sexton's house, the woman said, when I told her I wanted to go into the church, "Mr. Macready, is it not?" I told her, "Yes," and she would go with me. She told me, the letters on my blessed mother's slab wanted deepening, which I expected and went to speak about. I stood over her remains, and the lines that record her age and death. My heart has ever, ever loved her; had she lived, my fate might have been different. How well do I remember her, in life, in joy, in sorrow, and in her maternal love; and in death, so sweet and placid—how well do I recollect kissing that marble forehead as she lay in her serene ethereal sleep. O God, bless her beloved spirit.

March 10*th*.—Some grave and melancholy thoughts occupied my mind in thinking of the deep grief that several, indeed all the elder, of my beloved children will feel in my death, from seeing the servants of the adjoining house gathering flowers and sprigs from the garden, evidently to strew the corpse of their master which is to be buried to-day. I know what my wife and sister will feel, if they should survive me, but my children's will be a long sorrow, and they have a life to begin. God bless and protect them.

Went to town in cab; rehearsed. Mr. Sloan, manager of the Queen's Theatre in Manchester, came to speak to me; he was urgent that I should play with him, and agreed to my terms, viz., to insure my moiety of each house, £50 at least, for eleven nights. I could not refuse this offer, but said I would write my answer. I do not wish him to make a sacrifice. Letter from Calcraft wanting me for Dublin.

Acted Macbeth with great pains, and as well as I could against such dreadful accompaniments.

March 11*th*.—Shylock. 12*th*.—Virginius.

March 14*th*.—Walked into town, quite luxuriating in the sharp fine morning. Went to the sexton of the church, and with him to my blessed mother's grave; he had done much more than half of the inscription, and rendered the letters sharp, deep, and clear; he promised to try to finish it before the afternoon. Found Mr. Hall at the theatre, who accompanied me to Hatton's, where I saw the interesting process of electric and magnetic plating, the voltaic battery and the magnetic. Where are the wonders of science to cease? Saw the cutting of forks, spoons, &c. Returned to theatre. Mr. Hall gave me a pair of scissors for Catherine. Rehearsed.

Called at the church again, and saw Beckett, the sexton; he had nearly finished the inscription on my beloved mother's grave. My heart blessed her, and prayed to God for support and comfort in taking my leave of her. Walked home.

Read over, despite of slumber, my part of Brutus; dined very moderately. Acted. Spoke with Mr. Roberts on the business of money, he remitting £150 for me to Ransom's. Seeing the snow falling heavily, as I went to the theatre, I said, 'How can one help being superstitious? for whenever I have anticipated my money the house has been bad." I anticipated to-night:

the house was good. We should work, and leave the event contentedly to Providence.

London, March 16th.—Heard the news of poor dear old Miss Linwood's death, at a very advanced age; I had a very great respect and regard for her, dear old lady. She was very kind and attentive to my sisters after their leaving her school, and very cordial in her attentions to me.

March 22nd.—Called on Forster, with whom I met Willmott. Fox came in and we had a long and regular discussion on the project of a new theatre. It was proposed and considered by all, as looking like a feasible arrangement, to build one by means of a Joint Stock Company. Willmott was commissioned to make inquiries about the ground in Leicester Square and obtain particulars.

Manchester, March 25th.—Acted Cardinal Richelieu, I think, very well. Called for, but this becomes really nonsense. Read the newspaper. Examined my prospects. I now see that, as I cannot go to Dublin at the other part of the year, it is of importance that I should have an engagement in London, for means.

March 26th.—Acted Othello, really striving, labouring to act it well; partially, I think, I succeeded; but the labour is very great when I turn to think that, with my rehearsals, which to me are careful, watchful, and fatiguing businesses, and dressing and acting, &c., I employ at least nine hours a day in the theatre in labour, to say nothing of my writing, reading, and thinking on my business elsewhere. My money is not got without some equivalent of toil. Thank God, that I can work for it. Called for, but the audience seemed to me cold and difficult to excite, very different from those who used to assemble in the old theatre—it may be raised prices depress their spirits.

March 27th.—Acted Werner very fairly. Called for (trash!). Spoke in gentle rebuke and kind expostulation to Mr. G. V. Brooke.

March 28th.—Was kept long awake last night in thinking on what the thoughts, sensations, and actions of the convict Tawell must be during such a night. What a lottery is this world, and what a miserable race of beings are crawling over it? What is our mission here?

My uncertainty as to my future means will not allow me to be happy. I ought—I ought to be—a man of good fortune now, and what am I? What would illness make me, or any reverse? O God, befriend and support me.

Acted 'The Stranger,' but indifferently. It was a great mistake of the manager to perform it, but he was resolute upon it.

March 31*st.*—Acted Macbeth with labour; and with much annoyance from the inefficiency of my *collaborateurs*. Called for—a custom which is no longer a compliment.

April 1*st.*—Richelieu. 2*nd.*—Virginius.

—— 3*rd.*—Called at Messrs. Irwin and Chester's, architects of the new theatre, and from their office to the theatre, where I found Mr. Chester, a very courteous, obliging, intelligent man, who showed me the plans, and went with me into the building. It interested me very much; in reference to our hope of something similar in London.

April 4*th.*—Brutus. 5*th.*—Shylock.

Manchester to Carlisle, April 6*th.*—At a very early hour, reached the railway station, and sat to await the mail train for Lancaster; found Mr. Ryder in the carriage. Breakfasted at Lancaster and just got a view of the Castle, which I always look at with a peculiarly painful interest, as the place of my unlucky father's confinement (for debt) when the cares of life were first devolved on me. Left by mail coach with three other inside passengers, one of whom, in the course of conversation, asked if he was not in company of Mr. Macready, and, learning that it was so, was very complimentary in his expressions of satisfaction. On my neighbour awaking he introduced my name to him, and he very cordially declared himself an acquaintance of my father. We chatted through the morning and, on reaching Carlisle and separating, he gave me his card: the Lord Provost of Glasgow. On reaching the Coffee-house hotel, Daly, the manager, called, and I settled with him my visit to this place, to Whitehaven, &c. Wrote a letter to my dear Catherine; and spent a drowsy afternoon, after arranging my accounts, &c. Went early to bed.

Glasgow, April 9*th.*— Othello. 10*th.*— Werner. 12*th.*— Richelieu.

April 14*th.*— Acted Macbeth as well as I could, with the drawbacks of very bad assistants. Called for and well received.

My old school-fellow, Monteath, of Closeburn, Dumfries, came into my room and sat with me a little time. I was so glad to see him, to call back the days of boyhood again.

April 15*th.*—Virginius.

——— 17*th.*—Inclosed Mr. Milnes' letter to Mr. R. Monteith, of Carstairs, which now I have no prospect of delivering. Wrote to my beloved sister, Letitia, of whose health I have great fear. God spare and bless her. Wrote to Catherine, inclosing a cheque for week's expenses. Mr. Ryder called and gave me the news from Edinburgh, where he believes there is a very considerable desire to see me.

April 18*th.*—Hamlet.

——— 19*th.*—Still weary; indeed almost worn out. A petition from Mr. Reynoldson, a man I never saw in my life; but it is usual to make applications to me. I am so *rich!* God help me! I might be, had I retained all I have given, and I should be, but I do not say this in repentance of what I have given—not at all; only I could wish not to be annoyed now with importunity when really I cannot afford to give.

Saw Alison ('History of the French Revolution'). I liked him very much. He said several striking things. Acted Macbeth.

April 21*st.*—Richelieu.

Glasgow to Carlisle, April 22*nd.*—Rose in good time, though with abated spirits, to finish what remained of packing and prepare for my departure. The result of this engagement has a "little dashed my spirits;" it is quite clear that I am never to look for the chance of great success. I must be content to realise the prospect, that my doubtful hope presents, of securing enough to retire with comfort to America, for I cannot, that is very plain, expect to live—if I live—in England. I am, however, most thankful, truly thankful, in my individual person, for myself; but these things keep alive my fears and distrust.

Obliged to stay all night in Carlisle. Read newspaper. Walked in the town, over the bridge, enjoying the heavy mass of shadow in which the old castle lay, the distant cathedral, the Eden, and the gorgeous red moon that rose in full red glory to the left, like a lamp above the dusky city. Old times and old feelings—the times and feelings of youth—came back upon me.

Whitehaven, April 23*rd.*—Came away by coach to Whitehaven.

I love the scenery of this country; the mountains and the sea are always to me full of delight. Reached Whitehaven. Mr. Daly met me, and gave me promise of a good house. Found at the inn, the Black Lion—an old-fashioned country inn—my letters from Catherine, Letitia, Forster, Miss Martineau.

Acted Hamlet with considerable pains, but the set around me were enough to paralyse inspiration.

April 24*th.*—Walked on the hill to the left of the town overlooking the harbour and the sea. There is an excitement in the town consequent on the expected arrival of a new steamboat, to welcome which numbers are crowding down to the outer pier. I enjoyed in quickened spirits the fresh air of the morning. What an excitable, susceptible, unhappy being I am! yet not disposed to be so, but I have made myself so. Mr. Daly brought me the return of last night. I gave the whole to him; he said it was too much, more than he had sacrificed. I gave it to him, I thought it right.

Acted Shylock as well as I could to a very, very wretched house.

April 25*th.*—Richelieu.

Belfast, April 29*th.*—Werner. 30*th.*—Virginius. *May* 1*st.*—Richelieu. 2*nd.*—Macbeth.

Dumfries, May 5*th.*—Hamlet. 6*th.*—Shylock. 7*th.*—Richelieu.

Carlisle, May 8*th.*—A transit of Mercury over the sun. A transit of my unlucky self from Dumfries to Carlisle, from one miserably paying town to another!

Walked with Mr. Ryder round the Castle. Acted Shylock well to a very bad house, which vexed me a little. Very much tired. Read *Punch.* Shylock.

May 9*th.*—Richelieu.

London, May 14*th.*—Called for Colden; went to the Graphic Society. Met Unwin, Stone, Babbage, Brockedon, Scharf, G. Ward, Knight, T. Landseer, &c. Went with Colden to Horace Twiss's. Saw Gurwoods, Sir E. B. Lytton, Miss Herries, Mrs. M. Gibson, Mrs. Kitchener, Planché, &c.

May 17*th.*—Went to Babbage's. Saw D. Colden and his friend, Miss Herries, the younger, her cousin and her husband, Haworths, Mrs. M. Gibson, Harness, S. Jervis. A lady accosted me, and asked me after our mutual friend Dickens. I

did not know her; returning home it suddenly occurred to me it was Miss Coutts. She hoped "our acquaintance might not terminate here." Met Sir R. Comyn below, and Bulwer on the stairs.

May 24*th.*—The Delanes, the Chisholm, M. Regnier, Baroness Eichthal, Mrs. Jameson, Z. Troughton, Maclise, and Etty dined with us.

May 26*th.*—Mr. Rogers, Emerson Tennent, Tennyson D'Eyncourt, Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir John Wilson, Eastlake, Edwin Landseer, Monckton Milnes, Dr. Quin, and D. Colden came to dinner. In the evening several came: Fitzgeralds, the Chisholm, Mrs. Kitchener, Mrs. and Misses Stone, Staudigl, Miss M. Hawes, Baroness Eichthal, Babbage, Goldsmids, Procters, Troughton, Mrs. E. Tennent and Mulhollands, Haworths, Horace Twisses, Mrs. M. Gibson, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, Miss Rogers, Miss Moore, &c.

May 27*th.*—Colden came and went with Catherine and self to take up Regnier on our way to Greenwich; the streets were crowded with carriages and spectators attracted by the Queen's drawing-room. Went in carriage to Greenwich. From the Trafalgar Hotel went to the Hospital; showed M. Regnier the hall, chapel, wards; we then went into the park and enjoyed the view from the top of the hill. The Twisses, Fitzgeralds, Stanfield, and Forster came to dine with us. Reached home about twelve o'clock.

Birmingham, May 30*th.*—Hamlet.

Norwich, June 2*nd.*—Hamlet. 3*rd.*—Richelieu. 5*th.*—Macbeth.

Birmingham, June 9*th.*—Macbeth. 10*th.*—Richelieu. 11*th.*—Virginius. 12*th.*—Brutus. 13*th.*—Lear.

Worcester, June 16*th.*—Hamlet. 17*th.*—Shylock.

London, June 21*st.*—Went to Babbage's, saw Rogers, Brockedon, Lyell, Herries, Poole, E. Tennents, Procters, &c. Miss Coutts.

July 2*nd.*—Catherine and Willie both unwell. Catherine could not accompany me to the Twisses, where I dined and met Bingham Baring, Sir W. and Lady Molesworth, Pemberton Leigh, Lady Morgan, Lord Strangford, Lord Granville Somerset, and Baron Alderson. In the evening I saw the Misses Herries, Mrs. J. Delane, Mrs. Kitchener, the Chisholm, &c. Mrs. Abel,

the Miss Balcombe of St. Helena, when Napoleon was there; Sir. E. Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, &c.

July 3rd.—Brewster called to cut my hair; he told me the tradesmen could not get paid in London, for all the money was employed in railroads. Went to Lady Goldsmid's; saw the Brockedons, Hart, Sir R. Westmacott, Ayrton, Elliotson, Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, &c. The rooms were magnificent.

July 4th.—London to Ross.

—— *5th.*—Went to Monmouth in chaise. From Monmouth to The Hendre, where we were received by John Rolls, &c., Edward and his wife, and other guests. Walked in the garden.

July 7th.—Went to Monmouth. Saw the castle where Henry V. was born. Proceeded to Tintern. The drive along the banks of the Wye was beautiful. The river was unluckily discoloured by the *fresh* which the rains had brought down; but the hills, fields and trees were beautiful. Passed the hill on which is a may-pole, where the custom is still preserved, of dancing round it on the first of May. Went to the Wynd Cliff, and from the summit enjoyed one of the most extensive prospects in England.

July 10th.—Went in carriage to Monmouth with the whole party. Purchased tickets, called on Braham at the inn, saw him, now old Braham, little changed except in years, he was glad to see me; we talked, of course, of theatres, and he told me the price of the St. James's. I saw his sons. Went to his concert; heard him sing with all the energy of his maturity; a slight deficiency observable in his enunciation, which is not always quite clear.

Colchester, July 14th.—Hamlet. *15th.*—Richelieu.

Ipswich, July 16th.—Hamlet. *17th.*—Richelieu.

London, July 30th.—Dined with Lord Lansdowne; met Mrs. Norton, Charles Buller, Mr. and Mrs. Milman, Bulwer Lytton, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, &c. The conversation turned much upon America, and I liked the people I met. I was glad that I went there. What luxury, what elegance, what wealth of art!

Eastbourne, August 4th.—Walked on the beach with the boys, enjoying the fresh strong breeze and the playfulness of my

dear little fellows. The morning was consumed with verses and Greek; and in lessons of Italian and French to Nina and Katie.

Walked out with Catherine to Sea House; purchased book for Willie; walked on to top of hill and down to Eastbourne. In the evening, read with the children Wordsworth and Thomson. Read in Bloxam's 'Gothic Architecture.'

To St. Helier's, August 9th.—To F. Reynolds. *11th.*—Macbeth.

August 12th.—Continued my reading of Pope, with the intention of preparing an edition for my dear children.

August 13th.—Othello.

——— *15th.*—Acted Hamlet with ease, but I think I did not begin it with the requisite earnestness and reality, and that the earlier part was deficient in energy. In the play and closet scene I thought myself very successful; I used the night as one of study and took great pains, but, oh, what pains are not required to arrive at anything like a satisfactory performance of one of Shakespeare's characters!

Southampton, August 18th.—Hamlet.

Stamford, August 22nd.—Looked at subjects for a letter to Nina, and marked Pope. I never considered before how little he wrote to make so great a reputation, and how tender he was of it. Look at authors, and then revile the poor player—the insect of an hour—for his unhappiness at the obscuration of his little fame! Acted Cardinal Richelieu indifferently; baffled, plagued, and put out by the people.

Peterborough, August 23rd.—Hamlet.

Yarmouth, August 25th.—Hamlet. *26th.*—Richelieu. *28th.*—Macbeth.

Norwich, August 29th.—Richelieu. *30th.*—Werner.

London, September 1st.—Forster informed me that Messrs. Bradbury and Evans promised to print my expurgated Pope's works for me, but added that, if I would put a preface to it they would publish it and Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden on the same plan, at their own risk, giving me a share of the profits. I was pleased with the idea.

Birmingham, September 5th.—'Stranger.'

Birmingham to Liverpool, September 6th.—Rose very early to get my bath and start from the railway at six o'clock, which I did, for Liverpool. On my way I read over attentively Bowdler's

version of 'Othello,' with which I was (of course, having to do another) not satisfied—unnecessary omissions, and improper passages, I thought, continued; but I may be as wrong as I suppose him.

Liverpool, September 7th.—Finished the extraction of coarse passages and expressions from 'Othello,' and began the copy for the printers.

September 8th.—It has occurred to me, and is an idea that I am disposed to adopt as a theory, that it is sufficiently improbable to be spoken of in common parlance as an impossibility that any educated woman—or rather, I should say, any fashionably educated woman, any one brought up with an express view to figure in society—can ever become a great or good tragic actress. All they are taught for their own particular *rôle* goes to extinguish the materials out of which an actress is formed—acquaintance with *the passions*—the feelings common to all, and indulged and expressed with comparative freedom in a poorer condition of life, but subjugated, restrained, and concealed by high-bred persons.

September 9th. — Richelieu. *10th.* — Macbeth. *11th.* — Virginius. *12th.*—Lear. *15th.*—Macbeth. *16th.*—Richelieu. *17th.*—Lear.

September 18th.—Looked over—what I could not read—a play on Cataline. Surely he has paid the penalty of his conspiracy and all other offences in what he has endured from authors—Croly has dealt with him, &c.

Acted Brutus, very unsatisfactorily; I really strove, was often, not always, self-possessed, but did not seem at all in possession of the audience. I thought that my own animation contrasted with the tameness of the Cassius, except in the quarrel scene, when he was very energetic; but the house did not seem to give me their sympathy.

September 19th.—Hamlet.

London, September 29th. — A newspaper from America, directed by Charles Sumner, which I joyfully opened; to be struck down with anguish in reading at the head of a column "*Funeral of Mr. Justice Story.*" That great and good man—that dear and revered and inestimable friend—is taken from us! God's will be done. But how the cords that bind us to life are rapidly loosening—one is here snapped.

Wrote to Charles Sumner on dear Judge Story's death—*Vale! Amice dilecte et reverende—vale! vale!*

Leicester, September 30th.—Hamlet.

October 1st.—Called on Thomas and Colin Macaulay. Saw both, and old Mrs. M. They were glad to see me. Acted Cardinal Richelieu tolerably well; obliged to go on to the audience.

October 3rd.—Macbeth.

London, October 13th.—Acted Hamlet, fairly, but my strength failed me, though not, I think, to be perceived, in the closet scene. The reception which the audience gave me was something quite of itself; the only instance to which it can be at all likened, though in a smaller theatre, was my last night at Drury Lane, which was *awful*. But this, both at the entrance and upon the call, was quite a thing by itself. Maddox came and thanked me.*

October 18th.—Dined with Horace Twiss; met Mrs. Milner Gibson, the Holmes, John Delanes, Fonblanque, Clayton, Mrs. Kitchener, the Chisholm. Spent a very agreeable day.

John Delane told me, that during the last fortnight, they had received at *The Times* office, an average of about a dozen letters per diem relative to my return to London.

October 19th.—Forster came in to tea, and informed us that Bradbury and Evans, with Paxton, Duke of Devonshire's agent, and another capitalist, a Birmingham man, had agreed on starting a daily paper on a very large scale, and that Dickens was to be at the head of it. Forster was to have some share in it, and it was instantly to be got into train for starting. I heard the news with a sort of dismay, not feeling myself, nor seeing in others, the want of such a thing. I fear the means and chances have not been well enough considered. I hope and pray all may go well with and for them.

October 21st.—Fox, Dickens, Maclise, Stanfield, Douglas Jerrold, Forster, Mark Lemon, Z. Troughton, and Leech dined with us.

October 26th.—Forster came to dinner; he urged upon me giving permission to my family to see me act. I do not know; I have a feeling about their seeing me as a player. Perhaps I am wrong.

* Macready was now engaged at the Princess's Theatre from this date to the 21st November, 1845.—Ed.

October 28*th.*—Brewster called about my wigs, &c. Murray called and expressed himself very anxious to make an engagement with me for Edinburgh; we made one, the first fortnight in March: terms, share nine nights after £20, divide equally the three best, twelve in all.

Read over again the play of 'The King of the Commons,' liked it much on second perusal. Wrote at length to White* upon both. Heard the children read and play. Read 'Othello,' and looked over 'King Lear.'

November 15*th.*—Went to the amateur play at the St. James's Theatre. As an amateur performance it is exceedingly good, but this commendation is held of no account with the actors, and they desire to be judged on positive grounds. Judged therefore by the poet and by the art, by what the one affords the opportunity of being done, and what the other enables the actor to do, the performance would not be endured from ordinary, or rather, regular actors by a paying audience. They seem to me to be under a perfect delusion as to their degrees of skill and power in this art, of which they do not know what may be called the very rudiments.

November 18*th.*—Called on Campbell, saw the Siddons statue. He wanted £500. I told him I could not say anything to that, but that I would be responsible for the £400, and if I could get him more I would. He was satisfied. Called on Holloway and ordered a framed print of self for Calcraft. Went to Smith's for almanacs. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Chitty, on John Birch, on Lady Blessington; heard from the servant of Lady Canterbury's death. Sir G. and Miss Burgoyne called and sat a little while. White dined with us, and after dinner I went over the subject of his 'Feudal Times,' unsparingly laying open to him the defects of his plan, and discussing the subject thoroughly.

November 19*th.*—Lear.

———— 21*st.*—Acted Hamlet as well, or better, than I ever did. Was called for and enthusiastically received; and thus ends this brilliant engagement.

Dublin, November 24*th.*—Hamlet. 26*th.*—Othello. 27*th.*—Werner. 29*th.*—Lear. *December* 1*st.*—Macbeth. 2*nd.*—Hamlet.

* Rev. James White, of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.—Ed.

December 3rd.—Acted Virginius, in my own opinion, remarkably well. The house was not good, as I had anticipated; the audience very unlike the old fervent tumultuous Dublin audience; but they were, I think, moved. I think I never acted the part so decidedly from strong instantaneous feeling. The thought of my own dear child was often present to me, and more than once the tears streamed down my cheeks. After the play sent for Mrs. Ternan, and asked to see her little gifted girl, who, I saw, was in the theatre—a very sweet child.

December 4th.—Lear. *6th.*—Richelieu. *8th.*—Virginius. *9th.*—Macbeth. *10th.*—Werner. *11th.*—Richelieu. *12th.*—'Stranger.' *13th.*—Macbeth. *15th.*—Brutus.

Belfast, December 17th.—Werner. *18th.*—Virginius. *19th.*—'Stranger.'

Belfast to Dublin, December 20th.—Hamlet.

London, December 31st.—The year ends. I am another step nearer to my grave; many friends in this year have gone before me. Many mercies of God have been vouchsafed to me; my heart bows down with gratitude for what is given, with submission for what is taken away. I bless His name for what is past, and implore His heavenly aid and mercy to make happy and holy my life to come. Amen.

1846.

January 4th.—Arrived at Exeter, and came to the lodgings taken for me.

January 5th.—Went to the theatre, resolved, however bad the house might be, to act for myself and as a study. Acted Macbeth very fairly in part.

January 6th.—Sat down to read over what remained to be done of Pope; read all the essays, satires, epistles, &c., and finished the notes I had to copy in. This occupied me the entire day, which I gave up to it; I have now to make up a fair copy book for the printer, but the work is done.

January 7th.—Hamlet. *9th.*—Werner.

Plymouth, January 11.—Wightwick called for me and we went together to Colonel Hamilton Smith's, where we dined. We had a very delightful talk, the old colonel going into the question of races, dates, events, like a good-humoured and most social talking cyclopædia; after dinner he turned over drawings for me of costume, &c., most interesting.* I was pleased to see a book, 'Report of the Highland Society,' authenticating at least much, if not all, of the translation Macpherson has given to the world as of 'Ossian's Poems.'

January 12*th.*—Hamlet. 13*th.*—Richelieu. 15*th.*—Othello. 16*th.*—Werner. 19*th.*—Macbeth. 21*st.*—Virginius.

Exeter, January 22*nd.*—Richelieu.

London, January 26*th.*—Looked at *Daily News*, not liking the leading article in its abuse of Peel. I cannot understand the sense of men who wish persons to think and act in a certain way, and when they do so abuse them for it. Acted King Lear at Princess's Theatre.

February 25*th.*—Dined with Kenyon. Met the Procters, Longmans, Mrs. Jameson, Babbage, Eastlake, Panizzi; in the evening, Boxall, Scharf.

February 27*th.*—Acted Cardinal Richelieu well. Was warmly greeted. Last night of engagement at Princess's Theatre.

February 28*th.*—Left home for Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, March 2*nd.*—Acted Hamlet really with particular care, energy, and discrimination; the audience gave less applause to the first soliloquy than I am in the habit of receiving, but I was bent on acting the part, and I felt, if I can feel at all, that I had strongly excited them, and that their sympathies were cordially, indeed, enthusiastically, with me. On reviewing the performance I can conscientiously pronounce it one of the very best I have given of Hamlet. At the waving of the handkerchief before the play, and "I must be idle," a man on the right side of the stage—upper boxes or gallery, but said to be upper boxes—hissed! The audience took it up, and I waved the more, and bowed derisively and contemptuously to the individual. The audience carried it, though he was very

* Colonel Hamilton Smith supplied Macready with much valuable information on points of costume, heraldry, history, and scenery, illustrated by coloured drawings taken from a great variety of sources.—Ed.

staunch to his purpose. It discomposed me, and, alas, might have ruined many; but I bore it down. I thought of speaking to the audience, if called on, and spoke to Murray about it, but he very discreetly dissuaded me. Was called for, and very warmly greeted. Ryder came and spoke to me, and told me that the hisser was observed, and said to be a Mr. W——, who was in company with Mr. Forrest! The man writes in the *Journal*, a paper, depreciating me and eulogizing Mr. F., sent to me from this place.

March 3rd.—Fifty-three years have I lived, to-day. Both Mr. Murray and Mr. Ryder are possessed with the belief that Mr. Forrest was the man who hissed last night. I begin to think he was the man.

March 4th.—Acted King Lear, to a very middling house (they will not come to see me here) which was cold in the extreme; there were a few persons that seemed to understand me, but it is slaughterous work to act these characters to these audiences.

March 6th.—Acted Othello with all the care and energy I could summon up. The house of course was bad, but I would not give in. The audience seemed really to yield themselves to full sympathy with the performance from the first to the last. They called for me, and cheered me very enthusiastically.

March 7th.—Acted Werner with much care and very fairly. Was called for, and very warmly received. Sir William Allan came into my room.

March 8th.—Called on Captain Rutherfurd, whom, as well as Mrs. Rutherfurd, I like extremely; they seem people of heart. Called at Lord Jeffrey's; sat with Mrs. Jeffrey. He came in, and talked for some time.

Dined with Professor Napier. Met Rutherfurd, Professor Wilson, Lord Robertson (Falstaff *redivivus*), &c.

March 9th.—Read Dickens's letter on 'Capital Punishment,' which I thought very good; but the question arises to me, is not the mischief in the publicity of the punishment, and not in the punishment itself? Acted Hamlet.

March 10th.—Called and left card at Cadell's, on Major and Mrs. Moir, on McClaren; saw Hunter, and sat with him some time; he gave me an etching of Claude's. Called and left card

on Dr. Alison; saw Lord Murray and his family; sat with him some time. Called and left card on Lord Fullerton, on Mayne, on Miss Hunter Blair, on Professor and Miss Napier; called and sat with Captain and Mrs. Rutherfurd, who lent me the *Daily News*, with Dickens's three letters.

Dined with Rutherfurd. Mrs. R. and Mrs. Captain R., Mrs. Gordon, Lord Cockburn, Gordon, Professor Wilson, and some others were there. I enjoyed the day. The chief subject was poetry, and Rutherfurd asked me to repeat the beginning of Dryden's first ode, 'From Harmony,' which I did. He repeated some very striking lines of Mr. Lyte's. I liked Lord Cockburn extremely and Wilson very much. I hope they may have liked their afternoon as well as I did. Went with Rutherfurd to Lord Jeffrey's. Met there Lord Murray, Lord Moncrieff, some other law Lord, Lord Cockburn, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Ogle, Miss Rigby, Haydon, &c. Mr. Gordon gave me a ticket for the Waverley Ball, but I could not encounter the loneliness of the crowd. Read paper.

March 11*th*.— Acted Cardinal Richelieu with all the pains I could. Called for. The house was not any improvement on what has been, and with to-night my hopes of emendation die out.

Edinburgh is lost to me as a place of income, a circumstance very much to be regretted by myself, and one I have striven against, unavailingly it seems; I have not talent, or the people have not taste to appreciate me, it is of little moment now which; my life is near its close— I will not go on.

March 12*th*.—Acted King Lear in many respects well; was called for and well received. Allan came into my room, much pleased.

March 13*th*.—Read *The Times*, a paragraph in it mentioning the circumstance of my first night here, quoting from *The Scotsman*, and adding, "the person supposed is Mr. Forrest, an American actor!" Acted Macbeth.

March 14*th*.—Called on Sir William Allan and looked at his pictures. Kind and interesting old man.

Acted Virginius as well as I could, under some embarrassment about my dress. The audience now seems growing into enthusiasm. Called for.

March 15*th*.—Called a little before one o'clock on Rutherfurd,

who took me out in his carriage to his country seat of Lauriston, a truly charming place, built up from and about an old square keep with corner-round turrets, standing in ground very tastefully laid out and planted, and commanding a view of the Firth, Inchkeith, the Ochills, the Lomonds of Fife, and altogether presenting scenes of the richest beauty on whatever side you turn; the house is most elegant and convenient, with a select—indeed, I should say, a splendid—library; it is a charming place. How happy the proprietor, with fame, fortune, a profession, a seat in his country's legislature—all to make life enjoyable! He seems to use all well. I looked over several of his books; on our return we walked into the grounds of Lord Jeffrey's seat, a very pretty house, and commanding from the high ground a very fine view of Edinburgh. Arrived at home I read Dickens's two last letters, and slept in my chair about half an hour from weariness. Dined with Rutherfurd.

March 16th.—Acted Hamlet, I should say in a very finished manner, of course I mean comparing myself with myself; but I was forcible, possessed of the full poetry of the part, and refined in manner.

March 17th.—Acted Macbeth with all the desire and all the effort to do it well, but the inspiration was absent, and I met with several *contretemps*, my hair-dresser drunk and impertinent, and some things of a similar kind to disturb my mind, so that I was really not in possession of myself. I was very much dissatisfied with myself; the performance was very unlike that of last night.

This engagement is over, and for the same number of nights, over a more extended period, it returns me the same, or less amount, than I received here twenty-one years ago on much less favourable terms, and under the disadvantage of very bad weather. I was then abused and attractive; I am now admitted, at last, to be a great artist, yet *regardez l'épreuve.*

March 18th.—Called on Captain Rutherfurd; wrote at his house a letter or note of answer to Mrs. Alison. Went with Captain Rutherfurd to Holyrood House. How I recollect the exciting disturbing enthusiasm with which, thirty-three years ago, I first entered and walked through the court and rooms of this building; I fancied the scenes as lately acted. I saw the

characters of those sad, those highly tragic and romantic scenes, the needlework of Mary, the splendour of the bed (alas!), the armour of Darnley, the closet, the blood, all were real things invested with ideas of faded splendour, of awe, and mystery to me, that I well recollect haunted me with thoughts of deep melancholy the whole day through. How changed with years that bring the philosophic mind. How light and pleasing the gentle interest I had in walking through those rooms to-day, and pondering on the same persons and events!

Dined with Lord Robertson; met Colonel Ogilvie, Clift, Lockhart, brother to J. G. L., Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Rigby, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Moir, &c.

March 20*th*.—Set out for Arthur's Seat, walked round the hill and under the crags of the cliff, passed the Chapel of St. Anthony, taking in by turns a series of views, mountain, city, sea, and lake that, in so small a compass and so near a large town, are unequalled perhaps in the world. Very kind note from Professor Wilson; answered it. Dined with Sir William Allan. Met Lord Cockburn, Noel Paton, Mr. Hill, Wilson's brother, Mrs. Crowe, author of 'Susan Hopley,' Misses Rigby, &c.

March 21*st*.—Called at theatre and got my money from Murray, £340 2*s*. 6*d*. Called and lunched with Captain and Mrs. Rutherfurd. Called on Professor Napier, whom I saw and sat with; on Lord and Lady Murray, not at home; on Dr. Alison, saw Mrs. A., liked her; on Mrs. Ogle, took leave of her and Miss Ogle.

March 22*nd*.—Letter from dearest Catherine, inclosing one from dear Willie,* with an account of the shipwreck of a Boston vessel with German emigrants, the ship's company and crew, 130, bound to Texas. It made my heart bleed, and my eyes overflow in even thinking of it. I was glad that he should be a witness if such scenes must occur, hoping the sight of them, with the devotion of those around him, and the first duties of humanity, would at once soften his heart and strengthen his hands. God bless him.

Called on Rutherfurd, who took me out in an open carriage—rather sharp work—to Bonally the country seat of Lord

* Then with a private tutor at Berryhead, near Brixham, on the south coast of Devonshire.—Ed.

Cockburn. The place is a square tower or keep, built by Playfair, at the very foot of the Pentland Hills, commanding the most charming view of Edinburgh, the Firth, the neighbouring hills, those of Fife and the western mountains; it is beautiful. The house is very agreeable. Mrs. Cockburn and her three daughters, with a distant relation, a boy, were our breakfast party and very pleasant. After breakfast we walked about the grounds and the time flew rapidly to our departure. Lord Cockburn was most kind in his wish that I might return, and in his voluntary promise to see me in London. Our views home were charming. Took leave of the Rutherfurds. Found a kind note from Glassford Bell, and presently saw himself on his route to the north.

March 23rd.—Rose very early for my departure, paid all my bills, made gratuities, &c., and set out in the coach from Edinburgh; looked at the beauty of the city as I passed the High Bridge; was very drowsy through the morning's journey. Reached Galashiels, where I got outside another, the *Chevy Chase*, which carried me to Melrose. The country, particularly the Eildon Hills and the rapid course of the Tweed, interested me. Found myself in a most uncomfortable inn at Melrose, the people on the point of retiring from business, by which I was so disgusted that I decided on leaving it as soon as I could. Saw the Abbey, the best and richest specimen of the pointed Gothic I have seen in Scotland; much of the ornamental carving is of exquisite finish: the east window and that of the south transept are very beautiful. William of Deloraine and the old monks were present to my mind as I looked on the stone in the corner with the cross, pointed out as Michael Scott's. I was not in the best sight-seeing humour, but there was a great deal to interest and to please. Went in an open carriage to Dryburgh Abbey; the different views of the Eildon Hills are remarkably grand and beautiful, particularly that looking up the Tweed, from the bank of the Ferry on the Dryburgh side; at Dryburgh the building itself is so broken to pieces that little idea can be formed of its complete effect. The grave of Sir Walter Scott and his wife, without a stone over it, is in a small chapel—it is Scott's, and therefore of deep interest. Dined at Melrose, wrote to dear Catherine, and set out for Selkirk, stopping at Abbotsford, the most disagreeable exhibition

I have almost ever seen, itself the suicidal instrument of his fate, and monument of his vanity and indiscretion. We must not, least of all must I, reproach any one for extravagance or precipitation. Everything seems as if he had died last week, and, in the worst possible taste, they show the clothes he last wore. Mrs. Purday came out to show me her house, &c. Came on to Selkirk; placed in a room where for two hours I could not take off my great coat, the draughts are terrible. Wrote to dearest Nina.

March 24th.—Paid my bill, and left Selkirk by the Edinburgh coach for Carlisle; passed through the wild interesting borderland of the Scotts and Kerrs, Armstrongs, Elliots, &c; had watched the swelling of the silvery Tweed the day before, and this afternoon observed the rapid rushing into strength and magnitude of the turbid Esk; passed the Branksome Tower, Langholm. Saw again Johnnie Armstrong's Tower, Cannobie Lea, &c., and the beautiful estate of Netherby. Who will speak against luck in this world! Is there no luck in the Duke of Buccleugh, Graham, &c.—or is it not all luck? A lady in the coach asked me if she had not the "honour" of travelling with Mr. Macready; I did not know her.

March 25th.—Paid my bill and left Carlisle by an early train to Workington, where I waited for the mail. In it I found one man and a sickly looking deformed boy, with a very gentle expression of countenance, who seemed very anxious to oblige, and was naturally polite in his manner. He begged me to put my bag upon his oilskin covered basket, assuring me, there was "nothing to hurt, only a few toys." The man told me he was "a toy merchant, and went from one of the neighbouring towns to another with his little stock of merchandise, which people bought from him, to help him on!" My heart was touched by the poor little fellow's appearance and manner. He opened his little basket, from which I took a small wooden pear, a musical pear as he explained and showed me. I gave him half-a-crown for it, and he was going to offer me change, but I stopped him. The man told me an instance of his honesty, which pleased me much; he further informed me that, when a child, he had broken his back and was, in consequence, thus deformed. I could with difficulty restrain my tears in looking at and thinking of him. He told me of people who were "very kind" to

him. The man told me afterwards he was nineteen years of age, not looking twelve. I gave him another half-a-crown as he got out at Cockermouth, and the interesting creature shook hands with me as he went. God bless thee, my heart most heartily prayed. Storms of rain and hail through the morning; admired what I saw of the lake scenes, Bassenthwaite, Keswick, Grasmere, Rydal, and Windermere; they are very beautiful, but they are not equal to what I have seen elsewhere. Read David* (of Angers) on Thorwaldsen, with whom (*David*) I do not at all agree. Saw a brown-faced looking woman watching for the coach, thought I knew the face, looked out of window, it was Miss Martineau. She came to the inn (a very, very bad one), where we stopped; a few words passed; she told me to get my dinner at the inn, as she had but one room, and then come to her. I got a very bad dinner and set out to her old lodgings, to which the servant had misdirected me; met her on my return in search of me, and walked with her to her newly-built, or, building, house—a most commodious, beautifully situated, and desirable residence in all respects. I could not but look with wonder at the brown hue of health upon her face and see her firm and almost manly strides as she walked along with me to Foxhow, Dr. Arnold's place, from which the family are at present abroad; it is a very enjoyable home, and it is easy to conceive how a mind and heart like that good and great man's must have felt the enjoyment of such a retirement. We walked on to Rydal Mount to call on Wordsworth, who was ill in bed and had had leeches this morning. I left my regards, &c., took a walk along his terraces, looking on Windermere and Rydal, and, returning to my inn, soon after rejoined Miss Martineau, at Mrs. Davy's, with whom and Mr. Greg† I took tea and passed a very agreeable evening. I had received a pamphlet and long letter from Professor Gregory on the subject of mesmerism, on which we had talked a little at Major Thom's on Saturday last; it is a translation of Richenbach, and, with some curious facts mentioned by Miss Martineau, certainly made me pause in my utter rejection of this hitherto inscrutable and mysterious power, if power it really be.

Ambleside, March 26th.—Wrote a note to Wordsworth. Posted

* Pierre Jean David, an eminent French sculptor, born at Angers.—Ed.

† Mr. William Rathbone Greg.—Ed.

my letters, and walked down to Miss Martineau's cottage; I do enjoy the air, the hills and streams, that are keeping up their gentle noise all around me; the morning was one of the best of early spring's. I planted two oaks for Harriet Martineau, which, with her small spade, cost me some strain of the back. The more I see of her pretty house the more I am pleased with it; it has not, that I perceive, one point of objection, with an infinite number of recommendable qualities. We walked to the chapel over the Brathay, took a lovely view of Windermere, and walked home, talking hard the whole way. I read to her Willie's account of the shipwreck: it was to me a very pleasant morning.

The scenery is very pleasing, and the exercise in the fresh bracing air was quite exhilarating. I spoke to her of my wish that Nina should hereafter spend some time with her, which she appeared to concur in very heartily. Paid my bill and left Ambleside by the mail, riding outside to Kendal along the side of Windermere, to obtain views of the lake, and take my farewell look of the mountains; my eyes would not serve me to read, so the remainder of my journey to Lancaster was "flat and unprofitable." At Lancaster took the railway to Manchester; on arriving there went to the Albion Hotel; read the papers.

Derby, March 30th.—Took a small carriage and went to Repton, eight miles distant, the birth-place of my beloved mother; this little journey has been the object of my thoughts for many years, a wish of my heart ever since that blessed parent pointed out to me from the window of the chaise as we travelled from Birmingham to Sheffield the graceful slender spire about two miles distant. I have never forgotten it. That must be at least forty-four years ago. At last I have visited the church where she was baptized, and looked upon the trees, the fields, the river, and the houses that her infant eyes looked on. And she has been long since in her quiet grave; and my darling Joan too, my parent and my offspring, both in a more exalted state of being, I hope and trust. When am I to rejoin them?—a solemn question! My heart blesses their beloved spirits. I went into the church, and through the churchyard sought for some memorial of my grandfather, Charles Birch, but none is there. I extracted the following from the register:—"1765, August 9th. Christina Ann, daughter of

Mr. Charles and Christina Birch, his wife, baptized." Then—"1768, March 20th. Mr. Charles Birch, surgeon, buried."* I descended to the crypt, a very curious round-arched vault, with a sort of Doric or Etruscan-looking pillars, entwined with a roll, and supporting round arches, the centre space seeming loftier than those at the four angles. And she was an infant here, and here her father died in a state of derangement from the ruin of his property, through the treachery or misfortune of the agent to whom his savings were entrusted, at least thus I understood from my dear mother. Blessings on her—beloved one! Saw the school-house, where one might be very industrious and very happy; poor Macaulay,† my friend, who lies buried in the church, was, I fear, too indolent and luxurious to be either.

April 4th.—Forster showed me *The Times*, in which is a letter of Mr. Edwin Forrest, admitting that he hissed me on my introduction of a "fancy dance" into Hamlet; that he had a right to do so; that he was not solitary in the act; and that he often led the applause which he regretted others did not follow.

April 8th.—Mr. Stirling called and I signed the agreement for five weeks at the Surrey, £1000. May God speed it for good.

April 13th.—Engagement at Princess's Theatre. Acted Hamlet. Mr. Maddox came into my room.

April 15th.—Acted Othello with great care, but suffering much from weakness and cold upon my voice and head. Thought that I never spoke the address to the Senate so directly and really as this evening, much too of the impassioned portions. I thought I acted as feeling it. Called for.

April 19th.—Began the long and particular business of cor-

* Macready's mother's grandfather was Jonathan Birch, Vicar of Bakewell, in the County of Derby, where he died and was buried, 1735. Her mother was Christina Frye, daughter of Edward Frye, Governor of Montserrat. The Rev. John Neville Birch, Rector of Leasingham, in the County of Lincoln (died 1782) and the Rev. Thomas Birch, Rector of South Thoresby, in the County of Lincoln (died 1806), were her paternal uncles. The family of Birch was originally settled in Lancashire, and it is said that Macready's great great-grandfather was disinherited by his father for taking the Royalist side in the civil wars of Charles I.—Ed.

† The Rev. John Heyrick Macaulay, eldest brother of Kenneth Macaulay, Q.C., and M.P. for Cambridge, and first cousin of Lord Macaulay, was for some time head-master of Repton School. He was a good scholar, and possessed of many excellent qualities.—Ed.

recting, punctuating, reading and arranging White's new play of 'The King of the Commons,' which occupied my whole day.

April 18th.—Dined with Lady Blessington. Met Lord Robertson, Liston, Quin, Lord Chesterfield, Edwin Landseer, Grant, Forster, Jerdan, Guthrie, Dickens.

May 2nd.—Took up Dickens, and with him went to the Royal Academy. Delighted with the Exhibition, which surpasses in general effect any that I have seen. Saw Maclise, Stanfield, Leslie, E. and Ch. Landseer, Knight, Allan, Danby (to whom I was introduced and to whom I introduced Dickens), Lane, Herbert, Chalon, Pickersgill, Uwins, Lee, Jones, Cockerell, Etty, Patten, Roberts, Mulready, Howard, Grant, S. Cooper (to whom I was introduced), Sir M. A. Shee, who presided and went through his hard day's work with great taste and feeling. I saw T. Cooke, whom I accosted and spoke to with great kindness, we shook hands, I have never entertained any but kindly feelings for him; Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, Lord Morpeth. *The* Duke was there and spoke, Sir R. Peel, Graham, &c. The day was very agreeable to me. Talfourd was there, and on breaking up, at Dickens's suggestion (with no relish on my part) Rogers, Edwin Landseer, Stanfield, Dickens, Talfourd, and myself went to the Lyceum to see General Tom Thumb.

May 7th.—Count D'Orsay, Lord Robertson, the Chisholm, the Dickenses, Procters, Sir William Allan, Liston, Swinfen Jervis, Edwin Landseer, Mrs. Kitchener, came to dinner. Lord Robertson gave his after-dinner speeches, his Italian songs, and his Gaelic sermon with great effect.

May 9th.—Mr. and Mrs. Rutherfurd, Sir De Lacy and Lady Evans, Fonblanque, Miss Twiss, Alfred Tennyson, Dyce, and Kenyon came to dinner.

May 10th.—Mr. and Mrs. E. Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Brockedon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Delane, Stanfield, Jerdan, Dr. Elliotson, C. Kemble, Oxenford, and Raymond came to dinner.

May 14th.—Sir John Wilson, Babbage, Sir J. Lyon Goldsmid and Miss G., Colonel and Mrs. Alb. Goldsmid, Sir John and Lady Burgoyne, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Wheatstone dined with us.

May 16th.—Mr. and Mrs. M. Gibson, Mr. and Miss Mackinnon, Lydia Bucknill, Mrs. Jameson, Panizzi, Sir R.

Comyn, Thorburn, Hayward, Harness, and Thackeray dined with us.

May 20*th.*—Acted King James, in Mr. White's play of 'The King of the Commons' very fairly, considering all things. Was called and very warmly received.

May 30*th.*—Dined with Lord Lansdowne. Met Lord Shelburne, T. Moore, Panizzi, Eastlake, Sir A. Gordon, Elliot, Jerrold, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Elliot.

June 9*th.*—Bezzi, Eastlake, Maclise, Mulready, Knox, Procter, Forster, came to dinner.

June 19*th.*—My engagement at the Princess's closed. Acted King James in 'The King of the Commons.' Mr. Maddox came to my room and took leave of me, emphatically thanking me.

June 22*nd.*—Mr. Meadows, the artist of the Surrey Theatre, called, and I went over with him the scenes of 'Hamlet,' writing out a plot for him.

June 23*rd.*—Mr. Aubrey de Vere called with an introduction, at Lord Monteagle's request, from Talfourd. He sat long, and I am delighted with him.

June 26*th.*—Went to Miss Macirone's concert. Pleased with Thillon, Pischek, and herself. Was interested particularly at the concert in watching the expression of the different artists. Pischek struck me as an enthusiast, but one who, by dint of cultivation and discipline, could repose upon the consciousness of his power. He knew what he was going to do, whilst he let himself go free upon the current of his feelings. Miss Macirone I sympathised with, in all her little busy, nervous fidgettings and innocent affectations—it was an event, perhaps the event of her life, poor girl, and I rejoiced in her triumph. How little could the crowd around know of the years of toil, perhaps suffering and disappointment—years in the sense of quantity of pain—she may have undergone to bring herself up to this point.

June 27*th.*—Went to Colnaghi's and saw De la Roche's picture of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, 1814. The history of the man's life is condensed into that small piece of canvas; it is to me a picture of great power, great pathos, and great intellect. Went to the College of Physicians, where I saw Elliotson, Spurgin, Parris, Dean of Westminster, &c.; heard Elliotson's oration in Latin, which was not well delivered, but in many parts very interesting. I was amazed to hear him declare the

power of mesmerism, and insist upon its truth. Read 'Consuelo' on my route. Dined with Kenyon, meeting Panizzi, Procter, Forster, &c. Went to Sir J. Rennie's, saw Manby, C. Landseer, Stone, Knight, &c. Saw a most curious machine for making tubes to hold artists' colours. We have great discoveries yet to make.

June 30th.—Read the paper, not losing one word of Sir R. Peel's interesting speech. His laying down office was a proud minute, far prouder than its assumption. With Sterne, one might say, "Oh, how I envied him his feelings!" Attended to the children, who engross my time. Made payments by note to B. Smith. Paving rate, &c. Heard the dear children read. Read the two first scenes of 'Hamlet' to them. Read in 'Consuelo.'

July 2nd.—Went to breakfast with Rogers. Met Lyon, Aubrey de Vere, and, to my great delight, Henry Taylor, author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' He talked much, and talked well; his knowledge of our poets is very extensive indeed; he quoted much and excellently well. Rogers was in very good spirits. Came home, reading 'Consuelo.'

July 5th.—Went out to Mortlake to lunch with Henry Taylor. Met there, with some one I did not know, Captain Elliot, whom I was very glad to meet. Was very much pleased with Mrs. H. Taylor, whom I thought most intelligent, pleasing, and attached, quite as a poet's wife should be, to her husband. Taylor took me into the drawing-room, where we talked on art and various things, until, on Mrs. Taylor's entrance, after a grand storm of rain and thunder had passed away, he mentioned the comedy he was upon, and wished to read his first act to me. It was in language very beautiful; I was delighted with it, but I criticised its construction, and in my observations was gratified to see that I imparted some truths he had not been aware of, with the knowledge of which he seemed very much pleased. I remained long, leaving them at a little past five. Returned, reading my delightful 'Consuelo.'

July 8th.—Read; finished 'Consuelo.' It is long since I have been so deeply penetrated by a book. I shall never, during at least the few years left to me of life (and, do I wish them to be many, God guide me), forget this book. It is full of genius. My soul has been elevated by its perusal.

Let no one say it is useless or even weak to suffer and to grieve for fictitious distress; it humanises, softens, and purifies the soul.

July 13*th.*—Went to Kensal Green Cemetery to visit the resting-place of my blessed Joan; the dear creature. My heart blessed her and prayed for our reunion.

Saw Rachel in 'The Horaces.' Her acting in Camille was very good, but there was a deficiency of physical force and, in consequence, her vehemence was too scolding, too cat-like in the spitting out of her reproaches. Saw Lord Beaumont, the Goldsmids, Lady Blessington.

July 20*th.*—*London to Torquay.*

Jersey, St. Helier's, July 21*st.*—Came on shore in boat. Drove up to Fred. Reynolds. After breakfast sent for Mr. Harvey. Arranged with him for the engagement, to act five nights here and three at Guernsey.

St. Helier's, July 22*nd.*—Acted Richelieu. 24*th.*—Werner. 27*th.*—Hamlet. 30*th.*—Shylock. 31*st.*—Virginius.

St. Helier's to Guernsey, August 1*st.*—Went on board the *Ariadne* steamboat. The company of Mr. Harvey was on board. Arrived in Guernsey.

Guernsey, August 3*rd.*—Acted Hamlet. 4*th.*—Richelieu. 5*th.*—Werner.

London, August 20*th.*—Birth of a daughter. [The day's entry is headed *Benvenuta.*]

August 23*rd.*—Arrived at Manchester; I had my usual nervousness upon me, which is most extraordinary, most ridiculous; but so it is, the entering into a town where I am going to act, the sight of my name in the play-bills on the walls affects me most unpleasantly. How strange!

Manchester, August 24*th.*—Tried my utmost to act Hamlet, but the audience were so peculiar that they surprised and in some degree distressed me; they would not allow of any ebullition of applause, but applauded at the end of the scene. I wish it were always so, but not being used to it, it disconcerted me at first. Called and well received.

August 26*th.*—Richelieu. 28*th.*—Othello. 29*th.*—Werner.

September 1*st.* — Macbeth. 3*rd.* — Richelieu. 4*th.* — Virginius.

London, September 7th.—Went to Surrey Theatre.* Rehearsed with care. Dined, rested; acted with great pains, very finely; I think I did act well. Spoke to Mr. Stirling. Returned home.

September 26th.—To Warrington, to give a gratuitous reading of Macbeth to the Mechanic's Institute.

London, October 9th.—Completed my first Surrey engagement. Acted Hamlet.

October 13th.—Dined with Forster. Met A'Beckett, White, Kenyon, Lord Nugent, Talfourd, and Douglas Jerrold.

October 24th.—Went over Macbeth, which indeed occupied me for the remainder of the day, correcting Collier's execrable text, and writing notes for the omitted scenes, &c.

Proceeded to the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution. The room was tolerably filled. I read with great care and, I thought, well, but Shakespeare is to be acted; there was much applause, and I finished by ten o'clock. A long time for one voice and one person to stand before an audience on matter not personally interesting them.

November 7th.—Last night of Surrey engagement. Acted Virginius. Called for and most enthusiastically greeted.

Manchester, November 10th.—Reading of Macbeth at Mechanic's Institute.

London, November 19th.—Mr. and Miss Fox, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. A'Beckett, Charles Eddy, Stanfield, Maclise, King, Thackeray, and Forster dined with us. A'Beckett and Taylor are both agreeable men. Taylor a man of extensive information, I like him much.

Plymouth, November 23rd.—Acted Hamlet. *24th.*—Virginius. *26th.*—Lear. *27th.*—'King of the Commons.'

November 28th.—Wightwick called with Mrs. W. for me, and took me in a carriage to Flete, the seat of Lady Elizabeth Bulteel. I was introduced to her, admired her; really, a most engaging woman, elegant, simple, or rather simple and elegant for the one quality must be the foundation of the other—a very sweet woman. Lady Morley was with her, and Mr. Courtenay also. We lunched. I went over the house, which is a monument of the feeling, taste, and talent of the deceased proprietor and builder.

* The engagement at the Surrey Theatre continued from 7th September to 9th October, and again from 12th October to 7th November.—Ed.

November 30*th.*—Acted Richelieu. *December* 1*st.*—Lear. 3*rd.*—'King of the Commons.' 4*th.*—Shylock.

London, December 18*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft (American Minister), Sir de Lacy and Lady Evans, Carlyle and Miss Welch, Fonblanque, Babbage, and Knox dined with us.

December 19*th.*—The Milner Gibsons, Horace Twisses, Delanes, Dillon, and Dyce dined with us.

December 21*st.*—Hardwick, Quin, Dickens, Troughton, Elliotson, Mark Lemon, Leech, Forster, Swinfen Jervis, Raymond, dined with us.

Canterbury, December 30*th.*—Acted Hamlet. 31*st.*—Werner.

1847.

[Sentences at commencement:]

Whatever you do, get rid of anxiety; it hurts the stomach more than arsenic, it generates only fresh cause for anxiety by producing inaction and loss of time.

Eâ liberalitate utendum, quæ amicis prosit, obsit nemini.*—Cic. De Off. I. 43.

Alia alium delectant. Ego vero prudenti consilio et modicis cupiditatibus delector. Sit mihi mens sana, et bene temperata: ingenium quod neque hominibus, neque vitæ eventibus irascitur, iis contra animo assentitur; omnia probè æstimat, iisque recte utitur.†

London to Exeter, January 3*rd.*—Rose in tolerably good time, and busily employed myself in packing up my clothes, &c., which occupied me some hours. On coming down stairs I read

* Be generous, but so as to be of use to your friends without injuring any one.—Ed. Trans.

† There are differences in what gives content to different persons. For my part, I place my delight in prudent determination and moderate desires. I would have a sound and well-regulated mind, and a disposition not apt to be angered either by men, or by the accidents of life, but which, on the contrary, accepts them with a good-will, takes a just view of all things, and turns them to good account.—Ed. Trans.

prayers to my dear family. Came by railway to Exeter, reading by the way the *Examiner* and No. 4 of 'Dombey and Son,' which I think most powerfully written.

Exeter, January 4th.—Othello. *6th.*—'King of the Commons.' *8th.*—Richelieu.

Bristol, January 11th.—Hamlet.

Bristol to Bath, January 12th.—Came on to Bath reading *Examiner*. Went from White Hart to the theatre, walked the stage to make myself at home upon it—my usual practice. Thoughts of past days crowd on me here, my first agitated experiment, my success, my friends, my youthful vanities, and real and fancied loves, alas! how many in the grave, how past are all these dreams of boyishness!

Bristol, January 13th.—Lear.

Bath, January 14th.—Lear. [To 26th January, performing alternately at Bath and Bristol.]

Dublin, February 1st.—Acted Macbeth well, yes, well, to an indifferent house. Called. Stapleton, poor old fellow, a thirty-two years' acquaintance, came in to speak to me. I never acted Macbeth better, and learned much in this night's performance. Hear this and understand it, if you can, you "great" young actors!

Dublin, February 2nd.—Virginius. *3rd.*—Lear. *4th.*—Werner.

February 5th.—Acted Othello. Went on the stage despondingly, despairing of any power to act at all, but thinking to myself I would take time, having the clear idea of every word I uttered in my mind, and make the performance a study. I pursued the plan, kindling into energy, and acted the part most effectively, indeed well. The house was better than we could have calculated on, and the audience quite laid hold on by the acting. Called for.

February 9th.—Went to station. Left Dublin by train for Drogheda. Came on by mail to Belfast.

Belfast, February 10th.—Acted Macbeth. Never was more distressed; the murderer in the banquet scene laid his hand familiarly on my arm, and other things nearly as bad.

February 11th.—Werner. *12th.*—Virginius.

——— *13th.*—To Glasgow.

——— *15th.*—To Edinburgh.

February 20th.—Edinburgh to Glasgow.

Glasgow, February 22nd.—Acted Hamlet really well, but under strange feelings of fretfulness and mortification. I sent for Mr. Heald, the acting manager, and asked him what the house was; he told me, "But middling yet." I was quite cast down. I do not know when I have, in my professional life, suffered so much from mortification. I tried to rally, and acted as well as I could; I thought the audience felt much of the performances. Mr. Miller came and paid me £50 for to-morrow night.

February 23rd.—Lear. *24th.*—Werner. *25th.*—'King of the Commons.' *26th.*—Richelieu. *27th.*—Macbeth.

March 1st.—'King of the Commons.'

Greenock, March 2nd.—Started in good time to Greenock. Delighted with the sight once more of those beautiful hills, and the various views upon this lovely river. Spent all my time before rehearsal in clearing off debts of correspondence. Posted my letters and went to rehearsal. Acted Hamlet; murdered in some scenes by the actors.

March 3rd.—Richelieu.

Glasgow, March 5th.—Richelieu. *6th.*—Lear.

London, March 14th.—Thought again upon my fate and my condition, and at last saw my way to the decision of preparing, if needful, to leave the English stage, and of going to live with my dear family in America, which, if we did not like, we should still be able to leave. This decision had an immediate effect on my spirits; and I went forward with what I was occupied on with double alacrity.

March 29th.—Theatrical Fund Dinner.—Went to the London Tavern, thinking over what I had to do. I was received as some extraordinary person. In the Vice-President's room I found Horace Twiss, Buckstone, Brewster, and most of the committee; waited some time for Dickens, who at last arrived with Forster. Where were Stanfield and Maclise, &c.? Ate very little, drank very little port and water, was made to take wine with the two sides of the room—"a custom more honoured in the breach," &c. Gave out my toasts with perfect self-possession, and, on the announcement of the Queen's donation, which started the evening, the cheering was great. My speech was heard with the deepest attention and interest, and with much applause.

Buckstone followed as "a farce." Dickens was very powerful. Twiss spoke excellently and Forster too. The collection was £401. I cut the business short at about eleven, and, having sent Letitia, who was there, to the carriage before me, left the place, having toasted "the Ladies." Delighted to escape, and attended with the grateful homage of the committee and much applauded by the guests as I passed through them.

[*April 5th to May 1st.*—Engagement at Liverpool, with a few nights at Manchester.]

Manchester, April 26th.—Acted Hamlet, taking especial pains, and, as I thought, really acting well; generally in the very spirit and feeling of the distracted, sensitive young man; but I did not feel that the audience responded to me; I did not on that account give way, but the inspiration is lost, the perfect *abandon*, under which one goes out of one's self, is impossible unless you enjoy the perfect sympathy of an audience; if they do not abandon themselves to the actor's powers his magic becomes ineffectual.

London, May 9th.—Dined with Forster. Met Regnier, Madame R., and their little girl, Dickens and Georgina, Stanfield, and Maclise. Dickens's children came in in the evening. Stanfield went home with me, and we talked of Maclise on our way, lamenting his want of energy in remaining here, where his style is growing and hardening into a manner, instead of starting off to Italy and studying and painting at Venice and at Rome.

May 10th.—Called on secretary of Literary Fund, and paid him £5 as my annual subscription, or rather donation. Requested him to say to Chevalier Bunsen (Chairman of Anniversary Dinner) that I would have dined there if I could.

May 13th.—White came and dined with us, and we went together to the amateur play at the St. James's Theatre. Saw there Landon, Mrs. M. Gibson, Lord Ellesmere, Lady Essex and Miss Johnstone, Sheridan Knowles. The play 'Hernani,' translated by Lord Ellesmere, was in truth an *amateur* performance. Greville and Craven were very good amateurs—but, tragedy by amateurs!

May 14th.—Jenny Lind called. Buried the greater part of the day in preparing the copy of English for Latin verses.

May 15*th.*—White, Savage Landor, Forster, Maclise, C. Eddy, Monsieur and Madame Regnier, came to dinner.

May 23*rd.*—Made out a computation of the various results, pecuniary, of my different courses of proceeding to the end of my professional life. Dined with H. Twiss, met there Delanes, Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Lord De Lisle and Miss Villiers, Miss Courtenay, Lord Charleville, Colonel Sharp, &c. Rogers was out of humour with the extreme heat, and abused everything and everybody.

May 24*th.*—Looked at paper, saw the death of O'Connell. "There's a great spirit gone!" but not a good one, nor great in the qualities which constitute true greatness. How thick the shafts are flying! The angel of death is unusually busy with great names, leaving them only names. Acted Hamlet at Princess's Theatre.*

May 25*th.*—Forster and Bulwer Lytton came to dine. Talked over the subjects of plays the whole evening, and at last we seemed to settle down upon that of Sir Robert Walpole as the best that could be devised for a mixed play.

May 27*th.*—Went to the opera in low spirits. Saw 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' and Jenny Lind—the most charming singer and actress I have ever in my life seen. Her energy, vivacity, archness, humour, passion, and pathos are equally true. Her face is not handsome in feature, but beautiful in its expression, varied as it is. I was enchanted with her.

May 30*th.*—The Lord Advocate and Mrs. Rutherfurd, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Panizzi, Eastlake, Rogers, Miss Jewsbury, Edwin Landseer, and Jenny Lind came to dinner. The day was very pleasant, and the party seemed to find it so. In the evening Mr. D'Eyncourt, C. Halls, Delanes, Horace Twisses, Baroness Eichthal, Staudigl, Maclise, Forster, White, Babbage, Wheatstone, Sir J. Rennie, Spurgins, Procters, Mulready, Leslies, Jerrold, Dyce, Wilkie, Mazzini, Bezzi, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Charles Buller, Misses Herries, Le Roy, &c., came. All was lively and agreeable, and there was but one expression, and that was delight with Jenny Lind.

June 1*st.*— Babbage, Dyce, Mulready, A'Beckett, White, Douglas Jerrold, Benedict, Hardwick, came to dinner. Staudigl

* This engagement at the Princess's Theatre was from 24th May to 18th June.—Ed.

sent an excuse at the last moment. We had a very pleasant day. In the evening Catherine, whom I had dissuaded from coming down to dinner, received a good many of our neighbour friends with music—E. Goldsmid, Bishops, Popes, Thrupps, Miss Sturch, Thorburns, Brockedons, Baxendales, Ainsworths, Baroness Eichthal, Reeds, Miss Rainforth, Miss Morrison, Stanfields, Hills, Schwabes, &c. All went off very agreeably and cheerfully.

June 5th.—The Delanes, Hetta Skerrett, Fanny Howarth, Quin, the Chisholm, Thackeray, Lyon, Troughton, Travers, Knox, dined with us.

June 8th.—Mr. and Miss D'Eyncourt, Mr. and Miss Mackinnon, Mr. and Miss Swynfen Jervis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Twiss, Mr. and Mrs. E. Goldsmid, Le Roy, and Forster dined with us.

June 10th.—Baron and Miss Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe, Sir John Wilson, H. Smith, Professor Tom Taylor, Doctor Spurgin, dined with us.

June 16th.—Went to Brompton, reading 'Scribe' by the way. Called on Jenny Lind. I saw her and she was apparently pleased to see me. She was in costume of "*La Figlia*," &c., to sit for a statuette. She was hearing some one from "*la Cour*" who came for an opinion, or instruction, "*qui ne peut pas chanter du tout*," as she said. I waited till she was free, then saw her again, and made an appointment for Monday for Edwin Landseer with her. Called on Mrs. C. Hall, admired her beautiful cottage, beautifully and tastefully furnished.

June 18th.—Acted King Lear with much care and power, and was received by a most kind and sympathetic and enthusiastic audience. Jenny Lind was in one of the stage boxes and, after the play, there was a great excitement to see her. I was called on, the audience tried to make me come on after the first act, but of course I would not think of such a thing. The enthusiasm of the audience on my taking leave was very great.

June 24th.—Anniversary of wedding day. Darling baby was christened Cecilia Benvenuta.* The Smiths, H. Skerrett, Mrs. Dickens, Wightwick, Troughton, Forster, Kenyon, Bezzi, Oxenford, Maclise, dined with us. We received a very kind excuse from Staudigl, who could not sing if he dined. A very cheerful dinner. Sir. W. Allan and Staudigl came into the

* Now Mrs. Horsford.—Ed.

dining-room before the evening. We had a very charming concert by Staudigl, Miss M. Hawes, Miss Rainforth, Mr. and Mrs. Reed (Miss P. Horton), the Misses Williams, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooke. The Eddys, Bishops, Goldsmid, Rundts, Revds. Reed and Sturch, Horace Twiss, Delane, Howarth, Walker, Thorburns, &c. We had a happy day.

June 28*th* to *July* 8*th*.—Excursion in Belgium and Holland, Bruges, Malines, Antwerp, Rotterdam, the Hague.

July 9*th*.—Went with Edward to see Rachel in 'Phédre.' It was a very striking performance, all intensity; all in a spirit of vehemence and fury, that made me feel a want of keeping: I could have fancied a more self-contained performance, more passionate fondness—not fury—in her love, and more pathos. I could imagine a performance exciting more pity for the character than she inspired, and equal effect in the scenes of rage and despair.

Eastbourne, August 1*st*.—Looked at the papers; very much delighted to see that Fox had come in for Oldham. Looked through and read over the poems of Wotton and Raleigh. Heard the children repeat their hymns. Went with the children and Catherine to church. Mr. Davids called to inquire about my performing at Drury Lane for Shakespeare's house. I told him I had not the power, being under engagements.

September 7*th*.—Occupied in preparing the arrangement of 'Philip Van Artevelde.'

September 11*th*.—Children read their usual morning pages of Charles XII. Letters from Mary Bucknill, from Henry Smith, from Fourrier. Lessons from nine till half-past one. Lushington* called, whom I like very much. Walked with Catherine and Katie, a very pleasant ramble. Prepared lesson for Monday, giving Willie some Alcaic verses to do. Looked over the English verses of the children. Looked out sermon, looked out verses.

September 12*th*.—Called on Lushington, saw his brother, and Mrs. Lushington, Tennyson's sister.

London, October 11*th*.—Acted Macbeth (at Princess's Theatre)† with great power. Called and led on Miss Cushman.

* Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.—Ed.

† This engagement at the Princess's Theatre continued to 7th December.—Ed.

October 16*th.*—Fox, Forster and Maddox came to hear 'Van Artevelde' read. Fox and Forster were greatly excited by the play; Maddox reiterated his agreement to get it up.

October 17*th.*—Went out with Catherine to Mortlake to call on Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor; proposed to him to have 'Philip Van Artevelde' acted. He seemed pleased with the idea and would consider it. He appointed to come to me with Mrs. Taylor on Tuesday at seven to hear the play read.

October 19*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Spring Rice, Dickens, Stanfield, White and Forster came to the reading. Nina and Katie were present. The effect was very great. Taylor said he had no idea of such theatrical power being in the work. He assented readily to its performance. All were delighted.

Dickens, Forster, Stanfield and White stayed supper. Let me believe this a good omen.

October 21*st.*—Began the day with the business, which I expected to last for two or three hours, of preparing a copy of 'Philip Van Artevelde' for the theatre. I was busily, very busily, employed in it the whole day, and it is not nearly finished. H. Taylor called in the morning, and gave me some altered lines. He also read me his idea in which the second Stadt House scene should be played.

October 23*rd.*—Continued at work on 'Van Artevelde.' Went to Princess's Theatre. Met Taylor, who left us immediately, Spedding, Moxon, Willmott, and Forster. Read 'Philip Van Artevelde' to them and the company of players. I refused peremptorily to say one word about the disposition of the two characters, Van Den Bosch and Occo: Mr. Maddox, cast them.

October 24*th.*—Going up to dress for the evening, or undress, found on coming down Fonblanque in the study. He sat long. Forster came in. He told us afterwards that Fonblanque had got an office—Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade with promise of preferment. He deserves it and much more. But alas, for the pleasure of reading his articles in the *Examiner*.

November 22*nd.*—Production of 'Van Artevelde.' Attended to business, did my best, worked my hardest. Went to rehearsal. Acted Philip Van Artevelde. Failed; I cannot think it my fault. Called for, of course. Forster, Dickens, Stanfield, Maclise, Spring Rice and his brother came into my room. I am very

unhappy; my toil and life is thrown away. I certainly laboured more than my due in regard to the whole play, and much of my own part of Van Artevelde I acted well; but the play was so under-acted by the people engaged in it, that it broke down under their weight.*

December 7th.—Acted King Henry IV. In thinking on the difference of my own management and that of others, the critics might have seen that the difference was great, and the cause of this: that I thought for and acted to myself every character and every supernumerary figure, and taught them to act as I would have done had I been cast in their places. Thus there was the mind of a first actor moving and harmonising the action of the mass:

"Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."

December 11th.—Note from Elliotson, inclosing one from Barlow, of the Royal Institution, inviting me to give a lecture on the literature of a given period in the course of the ensuing season.

December 15th.—As I was going to bed, Mr. Anderson sent in his card as from Osborne House. I did not recollect what Osborne House was; he came, and I recognised, on explanation, the husband of Mrs. Anderson, the *pianiste*. His message was (as he said) to convey Her Majesty's wish, that I would read the words (translated from Sophocles into German and from German into English) of 'Antigone' before Her Majesty, accompanied by Mendelssohn's music, on the 1st of January. I questioned him very strictly to ascertain if his message was a direct command or no. He was evasive but very civil, and after a very long interview, in which I told him, if it was Her Majesty's command, I would come from Exeter, where I should act on the Friday, read at Windsor on Saturday, and return to Bristol on Sunday; but if not Her Majesty's own wish, then I excused myself. I wrote to Marianne† that she might explain my position to Her Majesty.

December 20th.—Went to the Westminster Play, 'The Adelphi.' Mr. Liddell welcomed me very kindly. Met Carteret Ellis, in his

* The play was acted again on 29th November and 1st December.—Ed.

† Miss Skerrett, who held for many years a confidential position in attendance upon the Queen.—Ed.

drawing-room. Saw Bourne at a distance, Hawes, Mr. King, Milman, who asked us to go to tea in the evening. I went and found Lords Lansdowne and Morpeth, Dean of Westminster, Talfourd, and others. Saw Willie* coming out from the play.

December 27th.—In the evening a party, chiefly of young people, friends of mine, Willie and Katie, with Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Elliotson, Kenyon, Misses Goldsmid, Walter H. Smith, Horace Twiss, Miss Cockburn, &c. The evening was very cheerful, and many seemed very happy. I was greatly pleased with Mrs. Brookfield. Slipped off to bed about half-past twelve.

Exeter, December 29th.—Hamlet.

1848.

[These additional sentences are placed at the commencement of the Diary for 1848 :]

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart.

A patient man will bear for a time, and afterwards joy shall spring up to him.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

We are as safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm, when we are befriended by the world.

If any one tells you that you can become rich otherwise than by labour and economy, do not listen to him, he is a liar and poisoner.

[The following notes of prospects and plans, are written on a separate piece of paper, placed in the Diary for 1848 :]

To leave the stage in May, 1849, with the office of Reader, and teacher of elocution, might give me an income of £1800 in England.

* Macready's son, then at Westminster School.—Ed.

To leave the English stage in May, 1849, and the American stage, November, 1850, might give me an income independent of £1400 in America, with power to add to it.

To remain on the stage till I am sixty years old (1853) *might*, though I think it more doubtful than either of the other choices, leave me with an income of £1200.

Query: In April, 1848, ascertain if I can obtain this office in that year, and by that decide my course.

In the meantime,

WORK,

WORK CHEERFULLY

and

WELL.

[The early part of the year 1848, up to the 21st of February, when an engagement continuing to the 14th of April, commenced at the Princess's Theatre, was mostly occupied by provincial engagements at Bath, Bristol, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, Manchester, Hull, and Newcastle, varied by a short visit of pleasure to his brother, Major Macready, and his wife, at Cheltenham.]

January 18*th.*—Sat down to ruminate thoroughly on the plays to be done at the Princess's. Thought over the scenes of 'Penruddock,' and those of Sir Edwin Mortimer; did not see in either enough to sustain me or to lift me. Turned to Shakespeare, considered 'Timon,' suggested by Forster, which could not be made interesting on the stage, in my opinion. Thought 'of King Richard II.' went over the part, thought it promised the best of all. My age is an objection that I must encounter, and may overcome, by truth and passion. Read the play, and became confirmed in my opinion and settled in resolution, if Mr. Maddox will do anything for it. Acted Hamlet.

London, February 21*st.*—At Princess's Theatre, Macbeth. Mrs. Butler as Lady Macbeth.

February 23*rd.*—Wolsey. Mrs. Butler as Queen Katharine.

——— 25*th.*—Othello. Mrs. Butler as Desdemona.

March 3*rd.*—Birthday, æt. fifty-five. Acted King Lear in my best manner, which was appreciated by the audience. Called for, led on Mrs. Butler, warmly received.

April 4th.—Reading of Hamlet at Maidstone.

London, April 5th.—Acted Brutus in a very masterly manner. I do not think I ever acted it with the same feeling, force, and reality. Called.

London, April 22nd.—Waited till seven o'clock, and went with Catherine and Letitia into the drawing-room to see the children "*act.*" A humorous play-bill was placed on the table, announcing Andromaque, Racine, Achilles and Agamemnon, Ilias, and Horace's satire, "Ibam forte via sacra," dramatically arranged. The acting was very clever: there was an excellent understanding and an ardent feeling of their respective parts. If I had not the means of educating and of leaving some little means to them, I should be apprehensive that the possession of this talent, which seems like an inheritance, might lead them to this worst exercise of a man's intellect. Their dresses were ingeniously made up, and the whole proceeding was most interesting. Dear blessed beings! May their hearts ever be as light and pure and as happy, at least, as now. God bless them.

April 27th.—Acted Macbeth at Marylebone Theatre. *28th.*—Lear.

April 29th.—Went with Dickens to Royal Academy dinner. Much pleased with works of Herbert, Danby, Webster, E. Landseer, Creswick, Stanfield, Lee and Cooper, Cope, Hughes. Saw many friends—Bishop of Norwich had forgotten me; so had Denman. The day was not so lively as usual; there was a want of management and the music was bad. Brougham was making himself absurdly conspicuous. The Duke spoke as unmeaningly as usual, and Lord Lansdowne, whom I had never heard speak in public before, greatly disappointed me.

May 4th.—Acted King Henry and Oakley to a very bad house for the Siddons' monument. Called; led on Mrs. Warner.

May 5th.—Came with Catherine by railway to Bedford, reading by the way Forster's 'Oliver Goldsmith.' Arrived, we walked through the town; but I was struck as flat as the country or place itself by its uniformly dull country. I felt as if my spirits and energy would go if fixed there. I do not feel at present as if I could encounter it. Saw the school, &c. Walked in the garden and into the other part of the town.

[*May 9th to 18th.*—Provincial engagements at Bath, Bristol,

Plymouth, York, Preston, and Chester, acting Henry IV., Mr. Oakley, Hamlet, and Richelieu.]

London, May 24th.—Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Baron and Baroness Goldsmid, Mrs. Procter, Knox, Kenyon, Brookfield, Eastlake, Lumley dined with us. The Dickens's, the Herries's, Ainsworths, Twisses, Howarth, Campbell, Denvilles, Rogers, Babbage, Wheatstone, &c., came in the evening.

June 5th.—Mrs. Rutherfurd, who brought an excuse from the Lord Advocate, detained in the House of Commons, Sir J. Wilson, Sir R. Comyn, Panizzi, Thackeray, E. Landseer, Lyon, Mrs. Murray came to dinner; a pleasant day, but a little gloomed by the empty chair of the Lord Advocate. The Bancrofts, Mrs. Thomas and her daughters, Mrs. Procter and Adelaide, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Schwabe, Otto Goldsmidt, Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. and Miss Nicholson, Madame D'Eichthal came in the evening.

June 7th.—Dined with Brookfield. Mrs. Brookfield not well enough to come down from the drawing-room. Met Hallam, Sir C. Elton, Sir A. and Lady Gordon, Hallam, junior, Mr. Greave, Miss Elton. In the evening saw the Procters, Miss Wynne, Miss Thompson, &c.; an agreeable evening; met Thackeray going out.

June 8th.—C. Jones came as secretary to the (Siddons monument) committee; dear Stanfield came, and very kindly Lord Lansdowne. After waiting as long as we could, I read the Report, and we concluded, without the formalities of a meeting, that it would be best to print the Report and inclose it with a letter from the secretary to such persons as would be likely to take an interest in such a measure, or who ought to do so. Jones and myself, when Lord Lansdowne had gone, made out the letter, and he took it to get the paper printed.

June 9th.—Went with Edward and Patty to Sir John Soane's house or museum, a quaint piece of coxcombery and gimcrackery, absurd I think to be left as it is, alone, for it is scarcely worth the trouble of *going* to see.

The sarcophagus of Belzoni ought to be in the British Museum; the Hogarths, Canalettis, the Sir Joshua, and Lawrence's portrait of Soane should be in the National Gallery. Walked on to Campbell's; saw the statue of Mrs. Siddons.

June 11th.—C. Jones called, and I corrected the Report to

be printed for circulation, looked out list of names, &c. Adelaide and Agnes Procter called. Catherine set us down in Hyde Park. Willie and myself called on Lady Blessington, who kept us talking long; on Sheil, from home; on Hallams, from home; Mr. Murray, same; Elliotson, same; Hillard, whom we found within, and where Bancroft called. In Grosvenor Place we met Richard Jones, who must be seventy, but whom Willie thought not more than fifty. We talked of the old actors, our contemporaries, of whom so few are left. Edward and Patty and Ellen came to dinner.

June 12*th*.—Thought upon the constant subject, my change of home. The consideration of the purpose of life, as given by God, and the comparative power of discharging our duty in it, pressed strongly upon me. My own degraded position as being proscribed from the privileges common to my many associates, viz., that of going to court—a matter worthless in itself, but made a brand and an insult by being denied to me, as one of a class.

Edward, Patty, and Ellen dined. Talked with Edward, and pushed him home upon the question of America. His opinion was that it would be his choice with my large family, to live in England upon however contracted a scale, relinquishing all but mere living, of course giving up society, and getting on in some country town as well as I could till I saw what chances my sons had and how things might turn up. As to my daughters losing all the advantages of society, he thought nothing of that; in fact, the amount of reasoning was this: "I would stay in England under whatever circumstances, though I cannot deny the advantages which appear in the United States." This, I may say, determines me for America. God prosper us.

June 13*th*.—Looked at the paper; sorry and ashamed to read the account of the outrage offered to the French actors last night at Drury Lane Theatre. Asked for the manager and was shown to his room, the first time I have entered the stage-door since I quitted it. The manager seemed alarmed at my presence. I told him in French I had called to express my concern and indignation at the outrage offered them last night, &c. They were very grateful, and asked, if I had not been content with my reception at Paris. I told them how gratefully

I remembered it, and ever should. They asked if I would write a line to that effect. I sat down, and in the midst of their hurried conversation wrote a note to M. Hostein, the director. They were profuse in their acknowledgments, Jullien observing two or three times, "C'est digne de votre caractère." M. Hostein in great joy introduced me to two actors, as I passed, who were very grateful and respectful. Called on Henry Taylor, Mrs. H. T. very unwell. Coming home wrote a corrected note to M. Hostein, requesting him in French to substitute it for that which I had left with him. The Dickenses and Hillard dined with us. Answer from M. Hostein.

June 14th.—Wrote to Marianne Skerrett with the Siddons papers for the Queen, to G. Anson for Prince Albert, and to Lord Howe for the Queen Dowager.

London to Hereford, June 15th.—Read the *Times*, in which my letter * to M. Hostein appeared, and a further condemnation of the "dull brutality" of the wretched ruffians who so disgraced themselves in last night's disturbance at the theatre. At Swindon saw Wilson, the Scotch melodist; he was open-mouthed about those vile rascals. Talked with dear Katie, who is a most engaging child. God bless her. At Gloucester I took her to see the cathedral; we could only take a hasty glance at it; saw another church; showed her the view from the terrace at Ross. Reached Hereford at five, and came to our excellent friends the Twisses; found them in good spirits; found Arthur and Godfrey here. Spent a very cheerful evening.

Leeds, June 17th.—Found at my lodgings letters from Messrs. Hodgson and Burton, I presume solicitors, "inquiring of me in the names of Messrs. Webster, C. Kean, C. Mathews, Farren, Harley, Buckstone, Wright, Meadows, Granby, P. Bedford, F. Mathews, Leigh Murray, R. Roxley, Hughes, O. Smith, Lambert, Worrett, Creswick, Howe, and numerous other members of the profession who do not concur in the course you have adopted, &c., whether the words used by you to M. Hostein were actually uttered by me, and the names of the members of the profession who authorised me to protest," &c. Occupied during the evening in making a copy of a reply to

* The letter referred gratefully to the kind reception he had three times enjoyed when acting in Paris, and regretted that similar courtesy was not shown to the French company in London.—Ed.

these persons. Letters from Poole about the English players. Read in paper of poor Tom Steele's death. I wish I had seen him as I intended. His fate was unhappy, but not altogether attributable to the causes assigned by the papers. He had spent his fortune before he joined O'Connell.

[*June* 18*th* to 23*rd*.—Engagement at Leeds.]

London, *June* 28*th*.—Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, Sir A. and Lady Gordon, Sheil, Charles Buller, Mr. and Mrs. Jay, Lady Morgan, Hillard, Comte D'Orsay, and Brookfield dined with us; Procters and Howarths came in the evening.

[*July* 6*th* to 8*th*.—Three nights at Birmingham.]

London, *July* 10*th*.—Special performance at Drury Lane. Occupied with affairs for the evening and taking my dresses. Called for Dickens, with whom I went down in the carriage to Drury Lane Theatre. Saw Miss Cushman, with whom was Miss McHays. I talked with them some time. Dickens was very active all day, answered letters for me, and took on himself various arrangements. He was the acting manager; the play was very respectably set upon the stage. I lent Mr. Phelps my dress for King Henry VIII. Rehearsed two pieces; saw Braham, Knowles. On going on the stage, indeed, as it appeared from the beginning of the anthem, an organized disturbance, similar to that got up for the expulsion of the French actors, was violently persisted in by a few persons in the pit and the galleries. My reception was very great, and the house, with Her Majesty and the Prince in state, was most brilliant. The noise continued through the scene, and in the next, wishing to ascertain the nature of the disturbance, I sent to ask leave to address the audience. The Queen granted it, and I told the galleries that, understanding they were incommoded for want of room, I had to assure them that, happy as I had been in receiving favours from them for many years, they would now add to my obligations by receiving their money and leaving the theatre. Applause, but not tranquillity, ensued, and it was only in the banquet scene that the play began to be heard. I took great pains, both in Cardinal Wolsey and in Mr. Oakley. The Queen left at the end of 'The Jealous Wife,' and I was called on and most warmly greeted.*

* This night's performance at Drury Lane Theatre was given by the special command of the Queen, and for Macready's benefit, on the occasion of his

July 15*th*.—Note from Ransom, informing me that £489 3*s*. 6*d*. had been paid to my account by my committee.

July 18*th*.—Dined with Thackeray; met the Gordons, Kenyons, Procters, Reeve, Villiers, Evans, Stanfield, and saw Mrs. Sartoris and S., C. Dance, White, H. Goldsmid in the evening.

July 23*rd*.—Dickens called; he told me the receipts at Drury Lane, before the people took back their money, was above £1200—above £90 was returned.

July 24*th*.—Silliman, Hillard, and White came. We started in the carriage, called and took up Kenyon and pursued, our way, Silliman (whom I found a very agreeable man and had met at dinner in New York) and myself on the dickey. He was delighted with and curious about all he saw. We went to Belvedere, but found the gates closed—Sir Culling Eardley Smith, the present owner—and no representations could make the woman at the lodge permit more than myself to pass and go up to the house. This I did, leaving my companions to wait my return. Reaching the house, I wrote on my card my dilemma, asking leave to show the grounds to my American friends, if it were inconvenient to see the pictures. Sir C. E. Smith, on receiving the card, sent to ask me in, and received me very courteously, asking if I was Mr. Macready. I explained with due apologies the cause of my trespass, to which he very obligingly said, if we would walk round the grounds first, the butler on our return should show us the house. He was most courteous, and a thoroughly-bred gentleman. I returned to my delighted friends, and conveyed them through those lovely scenes. On returning to the house, we inscribed our names,

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approaching departure for America. The Queen Dowager, the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge, and other members of the royal family were present, together with many representatives of political life, of art, and of literature. He was supported by the friendly services of Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Warner, Miss Rainforth, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Stirling, of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Mellon, and Miss Forster. He was also, for assistance, or offers of assistance, indebted to Mr. Braham, who came from his retirement for this purpose, to Miss Cushman, to the Misses Williams, Mrs. Jane Mordaunt, and Mrs. Whitworth, to Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. A. Wigan, to Mrs. Brougham, Mr. A. Younge, and Mr. Norton, to Mr. Benedict (now Sir Julius), and Mr. Willmott, to all of whom he expressed his thanks in print by a "card," dated from 5, Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, July 12th, 1848.—Ed.

and I received on my card an intimation, that Mr. Ogg, Sir C. E. Smith's clerk, should show us the house himself. This, as I afterwards found, was a delicate way of preventing our giving fees. The young man came, and conducted us into the study. Here Sir C. E. Smith came to us, and received us very politely, observing to me, that a very large debt was due to me for the efforts I had made to reform the theatres, asking me if I had not been unsuccessful in my endeavours, &c. I told him No, not as related to the public; that any obstruction was in the proprietary of each theatre. I presented my American friends, of whom he made some inquiries respecting some clerical characters in New York, advanced and shook hands with me and left us to continue our inspection. Hillard above all, though all were charmed, was enraptured with the 'Assumption' of Murillo. We retired much pleased; the clerk declined all gratuity; I gave two shillings to the porteress at the lodge. We lunched at the little inn, and went back to Greenwich. I remained at the Trafalgar, reading the paper, while my companions went over the Hospital. Stanfield, Maclise, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Twiss, arrived; then Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Miss Hogarth and Catherine and Troughton, and we sat down to one of those peculiar English banquets, a whitebait-dinner. We were all very cheerful—very gay; all unbent, and without ever forgetting the respect due to each other; all was mirth unrestrained and delighted gaiety. Songs were sung in rapid succession, and jests flung about from each part of the table. Choruses broke out, and the reins were flung over the necks of the merry set. After "Auld Lang Syne" sung by all, Catherine giving the solos, we returned home in our hired carriage, and an omnibus, hired for the nonce, Kenyon and I on the box of the carriage. A very happy day.

July 29th.—Mr. Evans called, and I showed him the edition of Pope which I had prepared, inquiring the feasibility of the plan to make it a students' edition, the price, &c. He seemed to enter into my views, viz., of printing it for private circulation, and, if demanded, to publish it at a price which would pay its own costs—with which I was extremely well satisfied.*

* 'The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, revised and arranged expressly for Young People,' by William Charles Macready, in one vol. small 8vo., was published by Bradbury and Evans, in 1849.—Ed.

[*July* 30*th* to 14*th August*.—Engagements at Swansea, Bristol, Birmingham, Hull.]

August 15*th*.—Visit to Mrs. Forshaw at Nantwich.

London, August 31*st*.—Wrote to the Master of Baliol College, Oxford, to enter Willie. Went to Equitable Insurance Office. I saw Mr. Morgan, and he agreed to my taking the whole range of the United States, &c., per license for £105, for which I gave him a cheque and received a receipt.

September 1*st*.—Went with Catherine and four eldest children to Elstree; enjoyed the ride with them, the beauty of the country, the recollection of every house and tree, the wandering over and through our old house, Elm Place, where so many of our children were born; walked through the neglected grounds and marked the shrubs and trees, now grown very high, that I had planted. How many happy hours have I spent there, and it is consecrated by its sorrows too. I have suffered as well as enjoyed. Walked down to the reservoir; every step was a memory. Went to Mr. Howarth's; dined there.

[*Liverpool, September* 7*th*.—Acted Wolsey, Oakley.]

September 9*th*.—Start for America.

Boston, September 24*th*.—Thanks to Almighty God, I reached the pier at East Boston this morning at about five o'clock. My night had been short, but not so bad as many of the preceding ones. Dressed with all speed and arranged my packages, which, with my despatches, were all ready. A messenger for the despatches came on board, and gave me directions how to manage to get instantly on shore and pass the Customs. All was smooth for me, and, after the mails had been carried out, I went; my luggage was most courteously passed with only opening one trunk, and in a cab I set out for the Tremont. Reached the hotel and found my rooms comfortably ready. Charles Sumner called, whom I was delighted to see.

September 25*th*.—Went to Cambridge, to Felton; met his wife. Longfellow, to whom I gave Forster's book. We dined; I was unwell after dinner. Called on Everett; gave him H. Taylor's book; sat some time. Called at Mr. Norton's, at Mr. Palfrey's, at Bowen's, giving him Forster's book. Went to Longfellow's; saw his lovely wife—sweet woman—and her sister, Mrs. Mackintosh; took tea with them.

September 26*th*.—Felton called and, soon after, Longfellow.

They walked out with me; met Mr. Quincy, ex-President of Harvard College. Left H. Taylor's book, with my card, at Ticknor's. Called on A. Lawrence, on the Carys and saw Miss Eliza—a very intelligent and agreeable girl—left card at Colonel Perkins's. Called on Mrs. Story; saw an excellent likeness in plaster of the dear old Judge by W. Story; sat and talked with her some time. Longfellow had left us. Left Kenyon's note and my card at Winthrop's. Met Dana and talked with him; left Kenyon's note and my card at Prescott's.

Note from Charles Norton, who had called to invite me from his father to dine some day this week. I answered, declining, under expectations to go to New York. Read H. Taylor's second essay on Wordsworth's sonnets, &c. Read through, for selection, Dryden's Prologues and Epilogues; for the same purpose, his Translation from Theocritus, from Lucretius, from Horace. Read his 'Mac Flecknoe;' marking it. Looked at my edition of Pope, with which Felton had expressed himself well pleased.

September 27th.—Charles Norton called, whom I like extremely. Winthrop called, whom I like too. Mr. Ayling, of the Howard Athenæum, called. Drove out to Cambridge and called on Felton, intending to go to New York to-morrow morning. He was out, and Mrs. F. directed me to catch him at the Worcester station; induced him to return with me. Began to read and rested; read in Dryden. Went to George Curtis; met Dr. Haywood, very intelligent man; Dr. Holmes, a very delightful one, he walked home with me. Read some pages of 'The Hind and Panther.'

September 28th.—Mr. Hackett came and promised everything I asked. I pondered all matters: these positive assurances; Gould's instances; the importance of saving time, and the little real difference there could be in any of these theatres; the dollar price so ungrudgingly placed and admitted at the Opera House, and possibly made a ground of exception at either of the other theatres: these considerations weighed with me, and I decided. We signed agreements, which I pray God may be for good.

New York, October 2nd.—In my ruminations this morning on my contemplated change of country (dear England!) I

detected most unequivocally considerations of vanity brought into the balance that I am endeavouring to adjust between the *pro* and *con* arguments upon the subject. Why should I hesitate to note down in so many words the particular littleness, which I found had place in my mind in its attempt to reason out this important question? Arranging in imagination our house with its little pretty furniture, small objects of art, &c., at Cambridge, a sort of apprehension came across my mind, how few there will there be to see or know anything of it; in other words, how little admiration from others it will receive! I thank God, this weakness has been made palpable to me, that I may have my defence against its evil influence. Busy with weekly affairs. Looked over 'Macbeth.' Wrote and closed my letter to my beloved Catherine. Looked at paper; the American news gives me little interest. Went to theatre. Found the players, as I thought! disposed to be "peery," to quote an old theatrical word, but they seemed to grow amenable; I hope I may find them so. Rehearsed 'Macbeth.'

October 3rd.—Judge Kent called—a very charming person—he talked much about Cambridge, which he thinks unsuited to us, and which he wishes me to hear Mrs. Kent speak of. Looked at paper. Ruggles looked in. Looked over 'Macbeth.' Continued my perusal of that dullest poem, 'The Hind and Panther.' Burton called. Copied some of my Katie's lines. Went to Ruggles'. Saw Curtis, Major Poussin, Sedgwick, Mrs. Gibbs, Major Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Brookes, whom I like more the more I know her. In what does the society I met to-night differ from good English society, or what more is needed in society?

October 4th.—Acted Macbeth with more spirit-realising thought and intensity of personification than I have usually done. It was one of my nights of Macbeth. I was called on at the end of first act, but would not go forward. Called at the end, and, on the audience suspending their applause, which gave occasion to one person to hiss and another to cry "Turn him out," I addressed them, to the effect that I did not usually address my audiences, but could not resist the impulse to express the pleasure I had in their approval: first, for the gratification it afforded me as an evidence of their appreciation of me and as a contradiction to some journalists who had

welcomed me with the assertion that I was superannuated and incapable of representing the creations of Shakespeare. I opposed their judgment to my unknown accuser.

October 5th.—Went to theatre. Rehearsed 'Othello.' David Colden called. Hackett paid me $610·50. Sent cheque to the bank; found note from D. Colden. Ruggles called for me; went with him, E. Curtis, and Fortescue to the Croton reservoirs and thence to the aqueduct, which is situated very beautifully; the rocks and trees, the sky and sunset, touched me more than these noble works of a willing people, who individually voted to tax themselves for this great benefit. The citizens gave their un-divided votes upon the subject, voting by five and by six to one on the different questions.

October 6th.—Othello.

October 7th.—Gould called, and from him I collected that the performance of last night had made a powerful impression, which was satisfactory after the comparatively little applause of the audience. Went with Colden to the Century Club; sat and talked some time; met Mr. Seymour there, &c. The fire-bell again going to-night, and the voices of the firemen with their engines in the streets. This is of frequent occurrence. Alas, for the sufferers.

New York, October 8th.—Read a very scurrilous attack on myself, so very abusive and full of falsehood that it did not in the least annoy or disconcert me, in a Boston penny paper. There was a good deal of vulgar humour in it, and it was not unentertaining.

October 9th.—Macbeth.

——— *10th.*—Bryant called, whom I was delighted to see. I took occasion to tell him and explain to him that there were "no passages between Mr. Forrest and myself;" that I had been passive throughout all that had occurred in which his name was mentioned, and had shown him all due attention.

October 11th.—Acted King Lear as well as I could with several *contretemps* and a cold audience. Called.

October 12th.—Acted Hamlet, not without some uncertainty as to whether some friends of Forrest might not be in the theatre on purpose to give colour by their disapprobation to the "justice" of his outrageous conduct in hissing me for my

illustration of the "idle"* assumption of Hamlet on the King's approach, but there was spontaneous applause, and after a short interval, as if it were remembered that this must have been the point of Mr. Forrest's exception, another confirmatory round. I was very much cut up in the play, but made the best fight I could. Called at the end.

October 19*th.*—News brought me of the death of my dear friend and relative, Jonathan Birch, one of the best, *the best*, of men, whom I loved most fervently; and he is gone, leaving not many like him behind him. Acted Hamlet.

Boston, October 30*th.*—Macbeth. *November* 1*st.*—Richelieu. 2*nd.*—Othello. 3*rd.*—Werner.

November 4*th.*—On this day, henceforward marked as one of my most sad anniversaries, my beloved brother, the playfellow of my boyhood, the cherished *protégé* and pupil of my youth, the friend of my life, Edward Neville Macready, died. Blessed, blessed, be his spirit. Amen.

November 6*th.*—Rehearsed; was struck at the grave scene with the extraordinary weight of the skull which was given to me. I thought it was loaded; then it occurred to me it might be filled with earth—but no. Mr. Ayling observed to me it might be a negro's skull; looking at the receding forehead I perceived it was so. But, directly, this circumstance seemed to confirm to me Agassiz' theory, that the brain did not develop itself after childhood; the brain does not grow, but the bone does. The weight of this skull went in confirmation of this ingenious theory. Rested. Acted Hamlet.

Philadelphia, November 20*th.*—Acted Macbeth. Before the play Mr. Ryder came to inform me there would be a disturbance. I would take no stimulant; had fortunately eaten a light dinner, conscious of having done nothing even questionable. I was prepared. I heard great shouting at Mr. Ryder, who was evidently mistaken by the deputed rioters for myself. Went on, and applause, with the hissing, coarse noises, &c., of the ruffians there, attended my entry. I received it unmoved, and went on braving it. It continued growing more and more faint through the scenes, the rioters, sometimes well-informed, trying to interrupt the more effective parts of the performance,

* "They are coming to the play; I must be idle."—*Hamlet*, Act iii. Scene 2.—Ed.

but becoming gradually subdued until applause aroused them again. They were sufficiently quiet before the end of the first act. They heard the dagger soliloquy, manifestly enrapt, and the applause was a genuine burst, but of course again a signal for the ruffian blackguards assembled. The murder went triumphantly, and the second act ended as having stilled them. I went through cheerily and defyingly, pointing at the scoundrels such passages as "I dare do all," &c. The third act also had evidently a strong hold upon them; in the early part a copper cent was thrown at me, missing me, which particularly excited the indignation of the audience, and when I went on a bouquet was thrown to me. I mention all I can recollect. The fourth act passed smoothly after my entrance. In the fifth act, as if the scoundrels were aware that it was a strong point for me, they began with more than their primary violence of noise and outrage. A rotten egg was thrown on the stage. I went in active and cheerful defiance through it, though injured in the more touching and delicate effects, and in the last scene threw all my heart into the contest, and wound up with great effect.

The majority—the large majority—of the audience were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of sympathy with me, and of indignation against these ruffians. I was called, and I went on—of course the tumult of applause, and of the attempts of those wretches was very great—I stood to be heard, and that for a long time, touched and moved at first by the genial and generous warmth of the bulk of the audience. Obtaining at last silence, I observed that at New York and at Boston I had been warned of an organised opposition to be in force against me, but there, as here, I had expressed my perfect confidence in the good-feeling of an American public, and I was happy and grateful to find I was not disappointed. I had had long acquaintance with, and I might say I had studied, the American character, and was convinced it was incapable of sanctioning such gross injustice. There was much difficulty in proceeding, and I had to wait long for intervals of silence, during which they gave "Nine cheers for Macready," which were carried out, and three or four feeble "cheers for Forrest." I observed that, in my country, it was an invariable principle of justice not to condemn a man unheard, and that their laws were similar to our own. There had been

an impression widely and most industriously disseminated that I had shown hostility in my own country to an American actor. I declared upon my "sacred honour" that, not only were the assertions so made false in the aggregate, but that in all the circumstances carefully compiled there was not for a single one the smallest shadow of foundation. That I had been hissed in a public theatre by an American actor, an act which I believed no other American would have committed, and which I was certain no European actor would have been guilty of. That up to that period I had shown none but kindly feelings towards that person, and had never since then publicly expressed an unkind one.

I begged to observe that, in my own country, some players had organised a similar outrage to the present against some French performers, and that the leading European journal had designated them as "ruffians and blockheads disgracing their country in the eyes of Europe;" that these people I was sure in the opinion of the audience would be considered as disgracing themselves in the eyes of Americans as well as Europeans. Under such unheard-of outrages as these, so unworthy of a civilized community (pointing to the filthy remains of the egg which lay upon the stage) I could not but feel grateful for the sense of the indignation which they had shown; that I should always remember the spirit in which they had resisted such proceedings, and in speaking of them should testify my gratitude for their generous sympathy; that I was perfectly ready if they desired to relinquish my engagement from that night (*No, No, No*); and that, under any circumstances, I should recollect with satisfaction and pride the support they had so cordially rendered.

Again and again I thanked them and retired.* The applause was most fervent. An English gentleman, a Manchester man,

* A "card," or letter, signed Edwin Forrest, appeared in print, dated Philadelphia, November 21st, 1848, which contained the following passages: "Mr. Macready, in his speech last night to the audience at the Arch Street Theatre, made allusion, I understand, to 'an American actor' who had the temerity on one occasion, '*openly* to hiss him.' This is true, and, by the way, the *only* truth which I have been enabled to gather from the whole scope of his address. But why say 'an American actor?' Why not openly charge me with the act? for I did it, and publicly avowed it in *The Times* newspaper of London, and at the same time have asserted my right to do so." The rest of

wished to see me. He came to express his sympathy, and to notice some evidences that he had witnessed of the cabal. Colonel Lee, the Recorder, wished to be introduced to me, and was most ardent in the same spirit. He did not wish me to go home alone. I had told Burton and Ryder that one of them must walk home with me in case of assault to be witness for me, as alone my testimony would be comparatively valueless. Colonel Lee said he would go, and that they would not dare attempt anything, knowing him. I went with him to his house to get his overcoat. He gave me a cigar, and together we went, but not the slightest indication of out-of-door hostility. He accompanied me to my hotel, and took his whisky toddy, whilst I took my tea; afterwards we smoked cigars, talking on the democratic policy, which, as he described it, approached very nearly to my own; he mentioned to me, in reference to my objection to the territorial extension of the democrats, Calhoun's expression of "masterly inactivity," as the means, the best means, of letting the race extend itself over this continent. I quite agree with it, and think it must be successful if acted on. We parted late.

November 22*nd*.—Othello. 23*rd*.—Werner. 25*th*.—Richelieu. 27*th*.—Lear. 28*th*.—Stranger. 29*th*.—Virginius.

November 30*th*.—Record of anguish and the deepest grief. The friend of my life, my dearest only brother is gone, before me. His death was sudden, instantaneous, and without suffering. For that, thank God. But he, the youngest of us, gone, gone! In our childhood he was my playmate, in my youth I tried to form his mind and advance his prospects, and in manhood we were bound by love which, though sometimes shaken and disturbed, sometimes violently, yet still existed to knit again in closer bonds which have not been broken, only elongated, by death. Beloved Edward, if thy spirit is

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the letter accused Macready of suborning the English press against him, instigated by feelings of envy and jealousy of his rivalry as an actor, and that he had, in consequence, been himself hissed upon the stage in London before the occurrence of his own hissing of Macready in 'Hamlet' at Edinburgh. He went on to deny having assisted in getting up "an organised opposition" to Macready in America, and to state that, on the contrary, his advice had been to do nothing and "let the superannuated driveller alone."—Ed.

conscious and has insight into the world of mind still moving here, thou wilt know how fondly and tenderly my heart reverts to all that was sweet and precious in the affection of our lives, and how bitterly it sorrows for thy loss. Blessed, blessed be thy dear spirit. Amen.

December 2nd.—Acted Hamlet with care and energy; took especial pains to make the meaning of "*I must be idle*" clear, which was followed by cheers on cheers after the first applause, when it was understood by the house that this was Mr. Forrest's "*fancy dance.*" Oh, fie, fie! The play went off triumphantly. Was called, and enthusiastically received. I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen. My words to you shall be very few, for to whatever length I might extend them, they would fail to satisfy in conveying to you the deeply grateful sense I entertain of the liberal support you have afforded me. The remembrance of my visit here will always be accompanied with the ready testimony of my gratitude for the truly noble and generous earnestness, with which you have defended me, a stranger, from the grossest outrage, the grossest injustice. I have spoken and written of it as I shall ever do, with admiration and fervent thankfulness. I regret I cannot embody in more expressive language all I feel, but the attempt is vain: I must therefore only again and again thank you, in taking my respectful leave of you." The reception of this short address was all I could desire, and the impression left on the Philadelphian audience seems what I could most have wished.

Baltimore, December 10th.—Read over the last three or four letters of dearest Catherine, of Letitia, again, of dearest Edward's death, and I feel as if I had seen it all. Blessed spirit, farewell. May the suffering I have endured for thy dear loss make gentler my heart, and give me patience and wisdom to make my remaining days or years more holy in God's sight. This year, poor Susan, my sister-in-law; my dear friend and tutor and relative, William Birch; my friend and cousin, Jonathan Birch; and dearest far of all, my beloved brother Edward, lost in this world to me.

December 11th.—Acted Macbeth. Called; was going off, when a person in the stage box called out, "Say something." What was I to say? I told the audience that, as the attempt had been made to associate the country with the outrage and

persecution I had endured, that they had vindicated it from so unworthy an insinuation, and I thanked them earnestly and gratefully.

December 12*th.*—Looked at the Baltimore papers, speaking of the performances last night in terms of equal general praise, or perhaps implying the superiority of Mr. Forrest. People here—my friends—talk of the victory I have obtained, the triumph I have won! Victory! over what or whom? A large portion of the American public, the more intelligent and gentleman-like, have been shocked and ashamed at Mr. Forrest's "card," written in the worst taste, and convicting himself of falsehood in one or two particulars—and they believe that I am true, or for the most part so. A large portion—the democrat party—crowd to see him at the theatre, cheer him in the most tumultuous and pointed manner, calling forth his thanks for their "support," &c., and the papers speak of him in the same admiration and respect that they would of a real artist, and a real gentleman! And I am to live in this country! Rested. Acted Cardinal Richelieu with pains and effect. A rascal in the pit set up a yell at the end of the loud applause in first act, and there was some disturbance with him in the third—they said he was removed. Was called, and some person proposed three cheers, which they gave. I am grown insensible. Ryder brought me the returns of the house.

December 13*th.*—Shylock. 14*th.*—Werner. 15*th.*—Hamlet.

Richmond, December 18*th.*—Acted Macbeth. 19*th.*—Richelieu.

December 20*th.*—Acted Hamlet—taking much pains, and, as I thought, acting well; but the audience testified neither sensibility nor enthusiasm, and I suppose it is either not good, or "caviare to the general." They gave me the skull, for Yorick's, of a negro who was hung two years ago for cutting down his overseer.

December 21*st.*—Charles Buller is dead. I held him in great regard, and had a very high opinion of his talent and of his political honesty. He liked me, I am sure. Another friend, for such I am sure he would have proved himself to me, is struck away—the lesson of dying is being taught to me very earnestly. "The friends of my youth, where are they?"

December 22*nd.*—Acted Werner.

Baltimore, December 24*th.*—Burned my yule log, and thought on my dear home. Looked over 'Hamlet.'

December 25*th.*—Acted Hamlet.

——— 26*th.*—(Nina's and Lillie's birthday.) To God I lift up my heart and voice in prayer for His best blessings of virtue, wisdom, and health, with many years to enjoy the happiness they must bring, upon my beloved Nina and Lillie—dear, dear children. God bless them. Before I rose, this prayer was in my mind and uttered by me, and through the day, as at my quiet table, the wish of "Many, many happy returns of the day" was frequently on my lips. Thinking of dear Nina's birth eighteen years ago, my dear Edward's presence, then preparing for his voyage to Ceylon, what a dream it seems! how life becomes to one's thoughts no more than σκιᾶς ὄναρ. Acted Stranger.

December 28*th.*—Werner. 29*th.*—Richelieu.

Washington, December 31*st.*—A year of awful, stirring, fearful and afflicting events is this day brought to a close. Many friends, some most dear, and one among the very dearest, have been taken from earth, and I have been taught to feel the truth of my own mortality. The income granted to me has been very great, but the expense of the year has been great in proportion, and I have not added so large an amount to my capital as I could have wished. For all, however, I am most thankful, most grateful, O God, and bow down my heart in earnest and devout acknowledgment of Thy mercy to me.

1849.

Richmond, January 4*th.*—Left Richmond with a most delightful recollection of all attaching to it. *Vivent!* Thought much through the day and night on life, the dream it is. For the first time I saw in the glass to-day that I really am an old man. My mind does not feel old; and it is with a sort of wonder mixed with melancholy heart-regret, that I see almost all those endeared to me by boyish affection and associated with the memories of my youth, lost to me. But I do not mistake

the warning: I am fully aware of my mortality, and though I would not wish to die here, nor without seeing my beloved ones again, nor, indeed, until I had done all I really should have the power of doing to actually advance them, yet still I am not disposed to murmur, whenever God may send the dark angel for my spirit: the violent deaths of this land I would avoid, but to die as my dear brother did, or dear and revered Jonathan Birch, either would be a happy quittance, after beholding my blessed ones on a promising course of active life.

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'"*

January 5th.—Richmond to Charleston.

The log-hut in the open spaces with the neat-looking country-house at a little distance frequently appeared to teach the lesson of energy, and frugality, and patience—the certain means of wealth and independence—which this remarkable people practise. Reached Wilmington in time to save the boat, despite the dilatoriness and *sang-froid* of car captain and mail agent, who would have breakfast and would take their time in stopping, regardless of our remonstrances. Went on board a dirty boat, *Governor Dudley*, and after being aground whilst we ate a nasty-looking dinner, ham and rice being mine, went down Cape Fear River. Lovely sunset. Moon and stars in all their brightness. Are we to know so much only to know no more.

[*January 8th to January 30th.*—Engagement at Charleston.]

[*February 9th to March 10th.*—Engagement at New Orleans.]

New Orleans, March 3rd.—Kept my birthday (æt. fifty-six) in sympathy with the dear ones at home, and drank their healths in a small glass of hock, full to "the highest top, sparkle."

* These beautiful lines of Mrs. Barbauld's were spoken by the Rev. James Fleming (his friend, and one of his executors), who officiated at Macready's interment at Kensal Green, in the course of the touching and eloquent address he delivered at the conclusion of the funeral service over the coffin, as it descended from the chapel to the vaults below. He well knew Macready's fondness for them.—Ed.

God bless them. Acted Henry IV., Joseph Surface, very fairly.

New Orleans, March 12th.—Calculated the chances of my different routes, and at once decided on the river course.

March 22nd.—Walked to the steam-boat. What a sight is that *Levée !* The steam-boats, those monster masses, drawn up in rows and crowding for place, while the whole shore swarms with the busy crowds that, with merchandise, horses, carriages, luggage, &c., are landing or embarking. My wonder seems never to diminish. Each time I scale the stairs of these immense fabrics, I look down the length of the saloon in astonishment at its vastness. As night came on, the numerous lights in the vessels and along the streets on either shore and darting across the distance, the fire baskets with their blazing pine, and the deep blue sky studded with stars, some larger and higher than they look to us in England, gave ample occupation to the eye and mind. Mr. Polk and *suite* were passengers in the neighbour boat, and being escorted by a large crowd and many of the citizens who had entertained him at a public dinner to-day, amid blazing pine torches and shouts of the multitude, the scene was more animated than usual. He came down under a salute of artillery, and shortly after he went on board we left our moorings and sped up the stream. The negros sang their wild fantastic, yet harmonious chorus, which, in the night, passing the various lights from shore and boats, had a very pleasing effect.

March 23rd.—Rose in good time to look upon a most beautiful morning, and went upon the upper deck to gaze upon and wonder at, again and again, with never-ceasing wonder, this mighty river, and note the alternate wildness and cultivation of its banks. Here are plantations, with the villa in its garden of orange walks, its hamlet near of negro huts, the broad high chimney of its sugar-house, and its fields of cane stretched out to different extent about it. Sometimes repelling the river by its well-constructed *levée*, others less fortunate in a wide stretched lake, with boats passing to and fro. Here again the cypress lifting itself majestically from the rank swamp; the sycamore, white and ghastly with its mourning vesture of grey moss hanging from its outstretched branches; here, long sweeps of cane; beyond, the cotton-wood; sometimes a small live oak:

to me it is all variety. The tortuous course of the stream; the vast reaches of its bends; the islands round which it drives or hurls its eddies along; the steam-boats that we meet or pass, full of life and activity, plying their eager course; the *flat-boats*, long boxes of 70 or 80 feet length and about 15 broad, with two long sweeps of oars, and with a crew of four, five, or six, filled with goods of various kinds, their produce, hams, corn, &c., trusted to the stream by these hardy fellows: to me it is most interesting. Stopped at Baton Rouge.

Read through the day Macaulay's history. Much pleased. Sat under the wheel, reading and enjoying the scene.

March 24th.—Were stopped and, as the captain told me, had lost our way; could see neither bank for the density of the fog, which cleared away before the sun, and was very beautiful in its gradual dispersion, lying in thick lines along the river shores. Mr. Clay, or Henry Clay as he is called, came on board last night at Natchez, but was not at the breakfast-table. I went to my old study under the wheel, and saw the shores, the boats, the flat-boats, and all the life of this great watery world, as I raised my eyes occasionally from the interesting life of that master of stupidity and crime, King James II. Passed the small town of Great Gulf; noticed the *crevasse* as they call it at Bayou Sara, where we took in and discharged some passengers, yesterday, I think. But these crevasses and inundations are frequent, almost constant, all up the stream: the damage must be very great. Mr. Clay came to the upper deck, and sat with me some time. He is much, much older, than five years ago. Came to Vicksburg, a town pushing itself into life and note. Some of the inhabitants, rustic-looking men, came on board to pay their respects to Mr. Clay, and some guns were fired on shore in compliment to him.

March 25th.—Walked on upper deck, enjoying exercise and view. It is interesting to see the wooding. The bell of the boat hails the wood station; if at night, a light answers it; the captain asks the price, and, if accepted, takes one or two of those long boxes full of wood in tow, lashed to either side of his vessel, and speeds away, the crew or woodmen emptying the boats or boxes into the lower deck of the *Peytona*. Walked and talked with Clay till he was tired. Read and finished second volume of Macaulay's history, with which I have been greatly

pleased and interested. My bedroom was changed, to my great comfort, to the ladies' cabin. Walked in the evening again. Looked at the beauty of the sunset, and thought of dear, dear home: are they thinking of me? How much I wished I could show the wonder of this mighty stream to my dear children; it never loses its interest to me; the large islands it encircles, the huge trees that come down floating on its surface, those fierce wolf-looking snags that poke their sharp heads out of the stream, as if peering for their prey, all add to the exciting effect it has on me. The thin line of moon as the sun went down in its golden and orange flood of light was most beautiful. Looked over the pages of Macaulay.

March 26th.—Rose in good time to see the city—all towns are cities here—of *Memphis;* like all the rest of these spick-and-span new places, industry and energy observable everywhere. White wood houses, large hotels, &c. Michell is better, of which I am very glad. Walked on upper-deck, pleased with the pink blossom of the red-bud, profusely growing in some of the woods. Tracked in the maps the passage we have made. Had a little conversation with Mr. Clay. The morning was very cold, I felt it so even under my blankets, which I last night resumed. Occupied myself determinedly in entering arrears of record which, as my writing shows, is not, with the motion of the engine, a very easy task. I ought not to forget the graceful drapery of the wild vine in the woods, which contrasts so beautifully with the sad and gloomy shrouding of the grey moss. The relief of this red-bud, to the bright spring-green of the woods is very lively. Entered arrears of record some days due. Walked, watching the passing steam-boats, *Mohawk, Duchess, Buckeye,* &c. The flat-boats, which are from 70 to 100 feet long, and from 17 to 20 in width, are broken up for lumber at New Orleans, the good passage to which is about seventeen days. Saw the log-huts standing in the water, quite insulated, children, women, &c., within. Read through in the afternoon Haliburton's book of the 'Old Judge,' the first of his I have read, but which seemed to me like the rinsings of his ingenuity and memory; he has humour and descriptive power, but his style is sometimes too ambitious. Went early to bed. Watched in the morning the flocks of wild geese flying in their letter or figuré form.

March 27th.—Rose at my usual hour and regretted to learn that I had missed seeing the conflux of the Mississippi and Ohio, we having entered the Ohio at about three or four o'clock in the morning and being now forty miles up the stream. Passed the towns of Paducah and Smithland, the entrance of Cumberland River. Began letter to dear Catherine. Tried to read Gould's abridged edition of 'Alison's Europe.' Oh, my dear Gould, I might as well try to read the abridged *Gazettes* from 1789 to the present time. Began letter to dear Nina. Pleased with the river, the rafts, flat-boats, and several steamers passing down. Looked for books in the steam-boat collection; selected Head's 'Bubbles of the Brunnens;' found in it much humour, good description, philanthropic and philosophic obvervations, alloyed by not a little coxcombery and one-sidedness. Mr. Clay introduced me to another Louisville gentleman, who showed me a paragraph in a paper stating that Mr. Forrest had come out with another, not *card*, but letter, "weak and poor." Dickens may well say, I have given him money to attack me. Read 'Brunnens,' till late.

Louisville, March 28th.—The banks of the river are beautiful, constantly varying in form and surface, alternating rock, wood, hill, and meadow ground in beautiful combinations. This is called, or was, "la Belle Rivière," and is justly entitled to the name. Our voyage ends to-day. Oh, God, for how much have I not cause to be grateful! rescued from sickness, pestilence, and death, and blessed with peculiar favour, my heart rises in humble gratitude to Thee, the giver of all—of all. Blessed be Thy name, ever and ever. Amen.

Walked before breakfast. Read in 'Brunnens.' Entered arrears of record. Read and finished the 'Brunnens,' an amusing book with some good thoughts, good writing, and much conceit of thought and style occasionally. Wrote to dearest Catherine, and to my Nina. Reached a place on the river, where uptorn trees, others broke short in two, of vast size, gave signs of a most fearful hurricane. Reached Louisville. Mr. Clay offered to convey me to the hotel, but he was so surrounded by friends and admirers that I got out of the crowd and came up alone. Met Mr. Ryder at the hotel, Galt House. Received telegraph from Mr. Bates, giving terms asked, so I am booked for Cincinnati and Louisville. Walked to the post-office

and telegraph; telegraphed to Bates. Walked, attended to business, looked at papers. Spoke with Ryder on my engagements, which I tried to arrange. Wrote to Barry, wrote to Halty. *Peytona* steam-boat: length, 265 feet; breadth of beam, 34½ feet; depth of hold, 8 feet 3 inches; diameter of wheel, 36 feet; length of paddle, 18 feet; extreme breadth, 72 feet; length of cabin, 224 feet; fifty state rooms, 8 × 9 feet.

March 29th.—Before leaving Louisville, the time for embarking having arrived, I asked to see Mr. Clay, and the hotel-keeper, Major Throgmorton, showed me to his room. I took a very cordial leave of him as he of me; he enjoined me to tell Lord Carlisle how much he felt obliged to him for his attention to his friends, and told me how glad he should be to see any friends of mine, which I reciprocated, and left him never to meet again in this world. Went on board the steam-boat *Benjamin Franklin*, a very large handsome boat, the interior decorated in Gothic arches the whole length of the boat and very elegantly arranged, but more cramped than the *Peytona* and much more unpleasant motion. Met several of my *Peytona* fellow-passengers on board. It seems the captain of the *Bostona* had said that, in his next voyage up the river, he will "either come into Louisville before the *Peytona*, or with his feet foremost." Thus the lives of passengers are endangered for this poor ambition of a steam-boat captain! Walked on deck for some time.

Walked, not being able to see by the lamplight. Went early to bed, but something in the machinery had given way, and after blundering and botching and creeping along and stopping, we at last made a *wait* of about three hours at Madison. I was awoke by the jerking of the engine as we resumed our course, and getting up, half-dressed, lay down again, but to a very uncomfortable night.

Cincinnati, March 30th.—Continued our course up the beautiful Ohio to Cincinnati, where we landed, and I, having seen my landlord on board, a fellow-passenger, went up to the Broadway Hotel, and found my rooms ready for me. Posted my letters for England. So tired when I returned that I dropped asleep as I sat on the sofa. Mr. Bates and his stage-manager called and ratified the engagement, wishing two nights thrown in, which I could not accede to.

March 20th.—Entertained at a public dinner.

[*April 2nd to April 14th.*—Engagement at Cincinnati.]

Cincinnati, April 2nd.—Went to rehearsal. Found a most disgracefully imperfect Horatio, who had rehearsed on Saturday and now knew nothing of words or business, one of those wretches who take to the stage as an escape from labour, and for whom the treadmill would be a fitting punishment. Rested. Acted Hamlet to a rather ricketty audience, but I tried my utmost, and engaged the attention of at least the greater part of the auditory. In the scene after the play with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, an occurrence took place that, for disgusting brutality, indecent outrage, and malevolent barbarism, must be without parallel in the theatre of any civilized community. Whilst speaking to them about "the pipe," a ruffian from the left side gallery threw into the middle of the stage, the half of the raw carcase of a sheep! Of course, there is no commenting on such sheer brutality. The audience were, of course, indignant, and when I came on in the closet scene, quite stopped the play with their prolonged and vehement applause. I felt for them; and I feel for humanity in the degrading circumstance. Was called and went on and, bowing, came off.

[*April 16th to April 21st.*—Engagement at Louisville.]

—— *21st.*—Virginius. Rested; acted Virginius very well. Called; was going off in silence, but the sort of consternation of the audience induced me to return and observe that it was evident they expected me to address them. "Of course," called out a person in second tier. "Not at all, 'of course,'" I rejoined; and then, making a few observations upon the absurd custom of a player obtruding his egotism or flatteries upon his audience, took leave with wishes for the prosperity and advancement of their flourishing city and noble state. Ryder came into my room and smoked his cigar.

New York, May 7th.—Rehearsed with much care. Looked at some papers (N.Y.) sent to me. Received note from Silliman, which I answered. Rested. Went to theatre, dressed. My hair-dresser told me there would be a good house, for there was—an unusual sight—a great crowd outside. My call came; I had heard immense applause and three cheers for Mr. Clarke in Macduff. I smiled and said to myself, "They mistake him for me." I went on, the greatest applause, as it seemed, from the

whole house. I bowed respectfully, repeatedly. It still kept on. I bowed as it were emphatically (to coin an expression for a bow), rather significantly, that I was touched by such a demonstration; it continued. I thought, "This is becoming too much." It did not cease, and I began to distinguish howlings from the right corner of the parquette. Still, I thought, it is only like the Western shriek—a climax of their applause. At length I became sensible there was opposition, and that the prolongation of the applause was the struggle against it; I then waited for its subsidence, but no cessation; I at last walked forward to address them, intending to say—"I felt pain and shame, which the intelligent and respectable must feel for their country's reputation, and that I would instantly resign my engagement rather than encounter such disgraceful conduct."

They would not let me speak. They hung out placards—"You have been proved a liar," &c.; flung a rotten egg close to me. I pointed it to the audience and smiled with contempt, persisting in my endeavour to be heard. I could not have been less than a quarter of an hour on the stage altogether, with perfect *sang-froid* and good humour, reposing in the consciousness of my own truth. At last there was nothing for it, and I said "Go on," and the play, 'Macbeth,' proceeded in dumb show, I hurrying the players on. Copper cents were thrown, some struck me, four or five eggs, a great many apples, nearly—if not quite—a peck of potatos, lemons, pieces of wood, a bottle of asafœtida which splashed my own dress, smelling, of course, most horribly. The first act, at least in my scenes, with these accompaniments, passed in dumb show; I looking directly at these men as they committed these outrages, and no way moved by them. Behind the scenes some attempted to exhibit sympathy, which I received very loftily, observing, "My concern was for the disgrace such people inflicted on the character of the country." The second act closed exactly in the same way. I dressed for the third and went on; the tumult the same, the missiles growing thicker. At last a chair was thrown from the gallery on the stage, something heavy was thrown into the orchestra (a chair) which made the remaining musicians move out. Another chair was hurled by the same man, whom I saw deliberately throw it, then wrench up another, and throw it too—I bowed to the audience, and

going up to Mr. Chippendale, observed that I thought "I had quite fulfilled my obligation to Messrs. Niblo and Hackett, and that I should now remain no longer."

I accordingly went down and undressed; Colden was there and seemed to apprehend danger out of doors: I did not. However, I took my dirk, but thinking it unworthy to carry it, threw it down again. Colden (who made too much of it), Tallmadge, and Emmett walked home with me; there was no sign of any attempt in the back street, but there was a crowd at the front door, which Colden had not been able to penetrate, and which, the Chief of the Police informed me afterwards, made the strongest efforts to break into the house. Colden was with me and Ruggleston came and joined us. I was in the best spirits, and we talked over what was to be done. Several things proposed, rejected, and certain things decided on, but so hastily that when they were gone I perceived the course was yet to be fixed on. A Mr. Bennett—stranger—came, as he said, from young Astor and other names of the first, he said, to say, that this should be resisted, and to convey to me the expression of their regret, &c. I was not quite sure of my man. Gould came, when they were gone, in great distress, having heard all from Duyckirck. Our conversation overturned the decision with Ruggles and Colden. He gone, Mr. Monnitt, my landlord, and one of the heads of the police called, to show me a deposition taken from one of the rioters who had been captured, and who, because he cried very much was set at liberty. I asked leave to copy the deposition and I am about to do it, and I suppose shall have a long night's writing. And this is my treatment! Being left alone, I begin to feel more seriously the indignities put on me, and entertain ideas of not going on the stage again. Pray God I may do what is right. I will try to do so. I thank His goodness that I am safe and unharmed. Wrote to dearest Catherine.

May 8th.—Rose in good time with headache. Look at papers. *New York Herald* which gave a semi-facetious, insidious, and, as regards myself, incorrect account of the brutality of last night. Saw other papers, *Courier*, *Enquirer*, and the *Express*—good notices. Wrote to dear Catherine. Sent Michell to inquire about berth in the *America* for to-morrow week. Gould called, Duyckirck, Hacketts, father and son, Crowder, Colden, Judge

Kent, Ruggles. They talked much on what was to be done—I resolved not to act to-night, and am disinclined to appear again, but they are gone to collect names in requisition to me to continue my engagement. It was thought by me that if I did appear, it should not be before Friday. Ruggles came in again; he told me that Theod. Sedgwick had declined to sign the requisition to me; his only plea, that he was Forrest's counsel.

May 9th.—Duyckirck called, R. Emmett, Colden, Hackett, and Niblo. On deliberating and canvassing the matter, originally intending to begin on Friday, I decided on acting upon Thursday, whilst "the excitement was strong in favour of order." Note from Gould, intimating the necessity of my publishing an answer to the requisition to me. Set about it. Gould came; he is indefatigable; he is a true friend. Hackett paid me. Wrote answers to requisition. Dined with Starr Miller; a very elegant entertainment indeed.

New York, May 10th.—Read the papers with much satisfaction; *Courier*, *Express*, taking a just and good tone. The Recorder called, Mr. Tallmadge, and assured me that every measure should be taken to insure the tranquillity of the house to-night, &c.; I told him of the deposition before Justice Mumford, and he was displeased that the matter had not been communicated officially to him. He left me very cordially and with great confidence. Bates (of Portland Place, London) called with a friend just to shake hands. I was going to the theatre to rehearsal; went there; saw the performers, all in good spirits; ran through the scenes of 'Macbeth' for fear the excitement of Monday night might have put the *business* from their memories. Spoke with Messrs. Sefton and Chippendale, expressing my own opinion that there would not be the slightest demonstration of opposition. They thought there might be a hiss or perhaps two at the beginning, but that it could be instantly silenced. Mr. Clarke apologised and explained to me what he had said to the audience on the previous Monday. Was inconvenienced by the smell of the asafœtida in the green cloth at the side of the stage, and gave directions that it should not be used to-night. Returned to hotel.

Letter from Sumner; very indignant. Sent cheque and book to bank. Colden called and chatted; talked of last night; all

in the best spirit. Entered arrears of record until time to lie down. Rose, shaved, and dressed; found three letters on my table from Hillard, George Curtis, and a Mrs. Charles—the last, an application to see and give counsel and instruction to her daughter; the first, over-boiling with furious indignation at the occurrences of Monday night, and full of generous approbation of my behaviour throughout my sojourn here; from George Curtis was a hearty and earnest invitation to me to make his house my home whilst I should remain at Boston. I was thinking that I ought not to linger to read these letters, but happily my curiosity was stronger than my respect to rigid duty, and I read them before I placed them in my desk.

I went, gaily, I may say, to the theatre, and on my way, looking down Astor Place, saw one of the Harlem cars on the railroad stop and discharge a full load of policemen; there seemed to be others at the door of the theatre. I observed to myself, "This is good precaution." I went to my dressing-room, and proceeded with the evening's business. The hair-dresser was very late and my equanimity was disturbed. I was ruffled and nervous from fear of being late, but soon composed myself. The managers were delaying the beginning, and I was unwilling to be behind the exact hour.

The play began; there was some applause to Mr. Clarke (I write of what I could hear in my room below). I was called, and at my cue went on with full assurance, confidence, and cheerfulness. My reception was very enthusiastic, but I soon discovered that there was opposition, though less numerously manned than on Monday. I went right on when I found that it would not instantly be quelled, looking at the wretched creatures in the parquette, who shook their fists violently at me, and called out to me in savage fury. I laughed at them, pointing them out with my truncheon to the police, who, I feared, were about to repeat the inertness of the previous evening. A black board with white letters was leaned against the side of the proscenium: "*The friends of order will remain silent.*" This had some effect in making the rioters more conspicuous.

My first, second, third scenes passed over rapidly and unheard; at the end of the fourth one of the officers gave a signal, the police rushed in at the two sides of the parquette, closed in

upon the scoundrels occupying the centre seats and furiously vociferating and gesticulating, and seemed to lift them or bundle them in a body out of the centre of the house, amid the cheers of the audience. I was in the act of making my exit with Lady Macbeth, and stopped to witness this clever manœuvre, which, like a *coup de main*, swept the place clear at once. As well as I can remember the bombardment outside now began. Stones were hurled against the windows in Eighth Street, smashing many; the work of destruction became then more systematic; the volleys of stones flew without intermission, battering and smashing all before them; the Gallery and Upper Gallery still kept up the din within, aided by the crashing of glass and boarding without. The second act passed, the noise and violence without increasing, the contest within becoming feebler. Mr. Povey, as I was going to my raised seat in the banquet scene, came up to me and, in an undertone and much frightened, urged me to cut out some part of the play and bring it to a close. I turned round upon him very sharply, and said that "I had consented to do this thing—to place myself here, and whatever the consequence I must go through with it—it must be done; that I could not cut out. The audience had paid for so much, and the law compelled me to give it; they would have cause for riot if all were not properly done." I was angry, and spoke very sharply to the above effect.

The banquet scene was partially heard and applauded. I went down to change my dress, the battering at the building doors, and windows growing, like the fiends at the Old Woman of Berkly's burial, louder and louder. Water was running down fast from the ceiling to the floor of my room and making a pool there. I inquired; the stones hurled in had broken some of the pipes. The fourth act passed; louder and more fierce waxed the furious noises against the building and from without: for whenever a missile did effectual mischief in its discharge it was hailed with shouts outside; stones came in through the windows, and one struck the chandelier; the audience removed for protection behind the walls; the house was considerably thinned, gaps of unoccupied seats appearing in the audience part. The fifth act was heard, and in the very spirit of resistance I flung my whole soul into every word I uttered, acting my very best

and exciting the audience to a sympathy even with the glowing words of fiction, whilst these dreadful deeds of real crime and outrage were roaring at intervals in our ears and rising to madness all round us. The death of Macbeth was loudly cheered, and on being lifted up and told that I was called, I went on, and, with action earnestly and most emphatically expressive of my sympathy with them and my feelings of gratefulness to them, I quitted the New York stage amid the acclamations of those before me.

Going to my room I began without loss of time to undress, but with no feeling of fear or apprehension. When washed and half dressed, persons came into my room—consternation on the faces of some, fear, anxiety, and distress on those of others. "The mob were getting stronger; why were not the military sent for?" "They were here." "Where? Why did they not act?" "They were not here; they were drawn up in the Bowery." "Of what use were they there?" Other arrivals. "The military had come upon the ground." "Why did they not disperse the mob then?" These questions and answers, with many others, were passed to and fro among the persons round me whilst I was finishing my hasty toilet, I occasionally putting in a question or remark. Suddenly we heard a volley of musketry: "Hark! what's that?" I asked. "The soldiers have fired." "My God!" I exclaimed. Another volley, and another! The question among those surrounding me (there were, that I remember, Ruggles, Judge Kent, D. Colden, R. Emmett, a friend of his in some official station, Fry, Sefton, Chippendale, and I think the performer who played Malcolm, &c.) was, which way was I to go out? News came that several were killed; I was really insensible to the degree of danger in which I stood, and saw at once—there being no avoidance—there was nothing for it but to meet the worst with dignity, and so I stood prepared.

They sent some one to reconnoitre, and urged the necessity of a change in my appearance. I was confident that people did not know my person, and repeated this belief. They overbore all objections, and took the drab surtout of the performer of Malcolm, he taking my black one; they insisted too that I must not wear my hat: I said "Very well; lend me a cap." Mr. Sefton gave me his, which was cut all up the back to go upon

my head. Thus equipped I went out, following Robert Emmett to the stage door; here we were stopped, not being allowed to pass. The "friend" was to follow us as a sort of *aide*, but we soon lost him. We crossed the stage, descended into the orchestra, got over into the parquette, and passing into the centre passage went along with the thin stream of the audience moving out. We went right on, down the flight of stairs and out of the door into Eighth Street. All was clear in front—kept so by two cordons or lines of police at either end of the building stretched right across. We passed the line near Broadway, and went on threading the excited crowd, twice or three times muttering in Emmett's ear, "You are walking too fast." We crossed Broadway, still through a scattered crowd, and walked on along Clinton Place till we passed the street leading down to the New York Hotel. I then said "Are you going to your own house?" "Yes." We reached it, and having opened the door with a latch-key, closing it after us, he said, "You are safe here; no one will know anything about you; you shall have a bed in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and you may depend upon all in this house."

I sat down in the drawing-room, talking of the facts about us, and wondering at myself and my condition, secretly preparing myself for the worst result, viz., falling into the hands of those sanguinary ruffians. A son of Emmett's was there, Robert; in about a quarter of an hour Colden came in. Several men had been killed, how many not certainly known yet. "You must leave the city at once; you must not stay here!" It was then a consultation between these excellent friends, I putting in an occasional opinion objecting or suggesting upon the safest course to pursue. At length it was decided, and Robert was sent out to find Richard, another son, probably at the Racket Club, to put the plan in execution. He was met by Robert in the street, and both returned with additional reports: the crowd was still there, the excitement still active. Richard was sent to the livery stable to order a carriage and good pair of horses to be at Emmett's door at four o'clock in the morning, "to take a doctor to some gentleman's house near New Rochelle." This was done and well done by him; Colden and Emmett went out to reconnoitre, and they had, as I learned

from Emmett, gone to the New York Hotel, at the door of which was still a knot of watchers, and to Emmett's inquiries told him, if any threats were made, to allow a committee of the crowd to enter and search the house for me. Emmett returned with my own hat, one from the hotel, and I had got Colden's coat. An omnibus drove furiously down the street, followed by a shouting crowd. We asked Richard, when he came in, what it was, he said, "Merely an omnibus," but next morning he told me that he asked the men pursuing "What was the matter?" and one answered, "Macready's in that omnibus; they've killed twenty of us, and by GOD we'll kill him!" Well, all was settled; it was believed that twenty had perished. Robert went to bed to his wife. Emmett went upstairs to lie down, which I declined to do, and with Richard went down into the comfortable office below before a good fire and, by the help of a cigar, to count the slow hours till four o'clock. We talked and he dosed, and I listened to the sounds of the night, and thought of home, and what would be the anguish of hearts there if I fell in this brutal outbreak; but I resolved to do what was right and becoming. The clock struck four; we were on the move; Emmett came down; sent Richard to look after the carriage. All was still in the dawn of morning, but we waited some ten minutes—an age of suspense—the carriage arrived. I shook the hand of my preserver and friend—my heart responded to my parting prayer of "God bless him," and stepping into the carriage—a covered phaeton, we turned up Fifth Avenue, and were on our way to safety. Thank God.

During some of the time of waiting, I had felt depressed and rather low, but I believe I showed no fear, and felt determined to do my duty, whatever it might be, acting or suffering. We met only market carts, butchers' or gardeners', and labourers going to their early work; the morning was clear and fresh, and the air was cooling to my forehead, hot and aching with want of sleep. The scenery, through which we passed, crossing the Manhattan, giving views of the various inlets of the sound, diversified with gentlemen's seats, at any other time would have excited an interest in me: now one thought or series of thoughts, with wanderings to home and my beloved ones, gave me no time for passing objects. I thought as we passed Harlem Station, it would never have done to have ventured there.

Some of the places on the road were familiar to my recollection, having been known under happier circumstances.*

Boston, May 11th.—Reaching New Rochelle a little before seven o'clock, we got breakfast, and Richard decided on leaving me here; but, in the bar-room, the landlord asked me, "Did you come from New York this morning?" I was taken aback. "Yes." "Did you hear of a riot there last night?" "Yes, I did." "Was it a very bad one?" "Yes, I believe so," and I walked out. Seeing Emmett, I suggested the advisability of his accompanying me to Newhaven in case of similar occurrences in the cars, when I might be at fault, and he could take the office of spokesman, to which he readily assented. He told me (we wondering how the news could have got here, nineteen miles) that the subject had been discussed in a conjectural sort of style at the breakfast table, after I had left it, but that all spoke favourably of me; on the platform of the station among the arriving passengers were two, one of whom, I saw, knew me. Richard E. thought not; I became convinced of it, and my belief was verified by the annoying consequence. He told some acquaintances as the cars arrived of the fact; they communicated to others, and my identity was enjoyed by successive crowds of starers, to whom and from whom the news was handed along down the whole course of the railroad, even to Boston city. We got the different papers, and there read the horrible details, fifteen killed—it turned out to be seventeen—and several wounded! The conductor was particularly civil and attentive to me. Richard E. left me as I entered the Springfield cars at Newhaven. Here a group of four began a conversation at me, I sitting near them, but on the same side, "wondering, however, if I should play to-night again," &c. I sat silent; another person came and sat behind me and, leaning over, asked me, "Are you going to act at Boston?" "No." "Shall you read there?" "No." "Um—a terrible business last night?" "Yes, very shocking," &c. Reaching Boston I got into a cab, no one near me, and drove at once to

* In the following month of September ten of the Astor Place rioters were tried at the Court of General Sessions, New York, before Judge Daly and a jury, and after a trial of fifteen days were all convicted. The sentences varied from one month's imprisonment to imprisonment for one year and payment of a fine of $250.—Ed.

my dear friend, George Curtis, whose invitation yesterday received, appeared almost providential. He soon after came in and was heart-glad to see me; the telegraph had given the main facts. Hillard came, Benjamin Curtis, whom I like, Ticknor, all most cordial, congratulating me on my assured safety. I inquired if it were needful to go on to Halifax, but they said my safety was assured here. What an age of feeling, of event, of suffering, has passed since yesterday afternoon! Thank God that I am here, that I live.

May 12*th.*—Woke early; unable to dress myself from want of clothes or shaving and dressing implements. Thought much and long on letters and things to be done. Curtis spoke and told me, whilst I was dressing or trying to dress, that my servant had come. Colden, who had written to me by him, had sent him away with every portion of my luggage. This was not quite what I wished, but perhaps there was no alternative. He brought some brief accounts of the state of things in New York. All quiet, but groups collected, and crowd around the theatre. He brought papers, &c. Benjamin Curtis called. Person from *Signal* newspaper called. G. Curtis saw and despatched him. Telegraphed Gould to settle with Hackett, &c. Wrote to Colden. Sent in a parcel his great coat. Felton called. Prescott, Dr. Channing, Winthrop, Eliot, Mrs. Story. Wrote to Robert Emmett, to Gould, to Ruggles, to Mrs. Kent. Felton dined with us. George Curtis drove me out beyond Brooklyn, a very pleasing country. Michell brought me *The New York*. Longfellow called, T. Cary called, B. Curtis; he and George both appeared pleased with Mr. Reed's letter, and agreed in the idea that it ought to be published. A heavy gloom upon my spirits, my imagination only offering scenes of horror and blood, my thought how to meet extremities, if obliged to face them. Resolving to do so at least with composure and unpretending dignity.

May 13*th.*—Rose very early, my spirits in the lowest state. Occupied with affairs for a long while. Read a Boston paper sent to me by the editor, which added to my dejection. Continued my attention to the rearrangement of my packages. Grew more and more disquieted. "The thoughts of home rush on his heart and call its vigour forth in many a vain attempt." Lifted up my head to God in silent prayer for strength to

sustain me. Busied myself with arranging papers. Received a short letter from Gould. Consulted with George Curtis on what should be done, and told him of my feeling of insecurity. He endeavoured to reassure me, and would see the Mayor and others to-day and have a consultation on any steps deemed necessary to be taken. Began a letter to my beloved wife, which, in my uncertain state of mind, as to whether I should ever see her again, I could not continue. Copied out examination of Mr. Clusky—copying was the only employment for which I was fit. Letter from dear Mrs. Colden, inclosing those of my darling children. Kind letter of sympathy from an English gentleman of the name of Eastwood. Violent and vulgar threatening letter—anonymous. Clapp, the chief police officer, called to assure me that everything was quiet in the city, and no apprehension whatever to be entertained of any demonstration of hostility here; that the police were on the alert, and no arrival could take place that they would not know and take any needful measures upon. Captain Wormley called. Mr. Bigelow, the Mayor, called to assure me in the strongest terms that the dues of justice and of hospitality would be maintained, and that I might rest perfectly secure in the power and will of the authorities of the city to defend me from outrage. Mr. Stevenson, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Ticknor, Benjamin Curtis, counselling the publication of a statement from me to show my freedom from blame, &c. Thought over the advice—tried it—found that it ought not to bear my name as the publisher, but that my assertions and statement should be given to the public by certain friends who had faith in them.

May 14*th*.—Arose, thanks be to Almighty God, in a more composed and cheerful state of mind; the dejection of yesterday caused by the subsidence of excitement of the three previous days. Saw some papers, which confirmed my mood of mind and left me quite, or almost, at perfect ease. Benjamin Curtis called with his alterations of the statement; they were few, but were amendments. Cary called, and Curtis proposed to him to be a signer of the statement, to which he readily assented. Paid for insertion of replies in *Atlas*. Paid Michell. Lyman called and told me he had called at New York on Friday; had also seen Judge Kent, who had been uneasy, and anxious about the mob, having heard that his house was marked by them—the

villains! He had, as his letter informed me, removed his mother and Mrs. K., and sat up all night, waiting for the destruction of his rich law library. Entered some arrears of record. Letter from Gould, answered. Letter from citizens of Boston, inviting me to read, &c., in most complimentary phrase—stopped in its circulation by these events—was given to me by kind and dear George Curtis. Fairbanks, my defender in the *Chromotype* last autumn, C. Norton, Everett, who seems quite gay and glad to see me, Judge Warren, Dr. Haywood, Prescott, Gray, Rantoul, called. Letter from Sumner, most affectionate. Looked at papers, all satisfactory, the *Boston Mail*, *qualis ab incepto*, and answered Sumner. Wrote to John Gordon, of Edinburgh, apologising for publishing his name in his letters. Drove out with George Curtis. Went to look at the reservoir of the city's supply. Called on Colonel Perkins, and walked through his peacheries, graperies, greenhouses, &c. Kind old man, whom I shall never see again! Benjamin Curtis came and sat in the evening.

May 16*th.*—Looked at papers, from which the excitement seems abating, if not lulled entirely. The result will be most beneficial to the community. The rabble have been taught that they are not the dictators of the City of New York.

Walked out with G. Curtis to a bowling alley, where we found Charles Curtis. Mr. Quincy, junior, came in and we had some conversation. Hearing of an assemblage of some thousands of children happily amusing themselves on the Common—that very beautiful green—we went to see them, an interesting sight; its fountains in full play, and a pleasant sun giving into bright and cheerful view the handsome buildings that inclose it, and the view of bay and landscape stretching far into the distance. We walked along the causeway over the *lagoon*, as I may call it, for I do not know the real term, and I enjoyed much the air and exercise.

May 17*th.*—Went to dine with Ticknor. I took a Pope with me and gave it to Eliza Ticknor. We met Prescott, Hillard, Felton, Judge Warren. Charles Curtis came in the evening; it was a very cheerful agreeable evening.

May 20*th.*—Looked over Milton, and marked it for reading. At Curtis's evening party were Winthrop, W. Prescott and his daughter, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Haywood, Mrs. Story, Mr. and Mrs. — Story, Mr. and Miss Everett, Longfellow, Felton, Dana,

Hillard, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Cary, Mr. and Mrs. B. Curtis and children, Mr. and Mrs. C. Curtis, Mr., Mrs., and Misses Ticknor, D. Colden, Judge and Mrs. Warren, Gray, Greenhow, Mrs. Wadsworth, &c. I read part of first and fifth book of 'Paradise Lost,' the 'Ode on St. Cecilia,' and 'Abou Ben Adhem' by request. Colden sat and took a cigar when all had gone. The guests appeared delighted. All went off admirably.

May 22nd.—Glanced at paper, which said in a paragraph I had sent $1000 to the Mayor for the relatives of the sufferers in the late riots. Yes; in a cheque upon the City of New York, to be paid out of the damages obtained in an action at law for recovery, &c.! No; if that would be charity it would be best to give away all the little I possess in the world.

Letter from Gould, from Stokes. Felton called to shake hands, Charles Curtis also. Arranged affairs of money, &c. Attended to business. Charles Sumner called. Still business, business. Went out in carriage, and made many calls; among those I saw were Mrs. Cary and Sally, to whom I gave a copy of Pope. D. Channing, Dr. and Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. and Eliza Ticknor (pictures of children), Appleton. Went home, found George Curtis; he accompanied me to the Mayor, who was very kind; told me the inhabitants would have publicly testified their respect for me, but were afraid of some individuals possibly seeking to insult me; that G. Curtis had gained greatly in the esteem of his fellow-citizens by his reception of me, &c. Called on others, and on Mrs. Story, whom we saw. Paid Michell, and advanced him $60. Wrote to Ransom's with second bill for £40. Began letter to Mr. Colden. Dined with Prescott; met Hillard, Ticknor, Winthrop; a very agreeable day. Took leave of all, Prescott drinking a stirrup-cup and clinking glasses. Walked home and parted severally.

May 23rd.—Rose early to finish my packing. Invoked the blessing of God on my destiny—what rests of it in this world, what awaits in that to come. May He protect me.

Letter from Sumner. Wrote autographs for Whitmore. Wrote to Mrs. Gould, &c. Busy to the last moment. Took leave of the two little children, and of Mrs. Curtis, who uttered some few words of good wishes that brought the tears into my eyes. Paid the servants and, with G. Curtis, went in

carriage across the ferry to East Boston, where we got on board the *Hibernia;* I never felt such relief as in planting my foot upon that vessel's deck; several of the officers, stewards, &c., I knew. Captain Stone had brought me over in the *Arcadia.* Met Charles Sumner and Hillard on board. Went down to make regulations about my state-room. Hillard gave me a beautiful bouquet with a very affectionate card from the two Misses Ticknor, and a letter from himself, to be read when at sea. We talked long. G. Curtis, Hillard, and C. Sumner, in and by my state-room.

The day was clear and bright, and when my friends were gone and I stood on the upper deck, I looked round on the scene; the water glittering in the sunshine, the houses lining every edge of the shore as the eye wandered round the gay panorama; the vessels plying with steam, sail, or oar busily along the surface below, and the keen fresh air blowing against me, added to my spirits, which were strongly, not cheerily, excited, as I thought, "It is the last time—'tis the last," I should ever look on the scene before me. We wound our way out of the harbour, and I saw the monument of Bunker's Hill grow dim in the distance.

June 7th.—Arrival in London.

London, June 22nd.—Proceeded to Palace. Colonel Phipps came to the room to which I was shown, apologising, that the Prince was then in his own. Told me that he was instructed to inform me that the Queen wished to have theatrical performances at Windsor this Christmas as before, and wished me to act Brutus and Hotspur. I stated my readiness to show my duty to Her Majesty, and that her wishes were commands to me; that I was in the habit of acting Brutus, but that I had long discontinued the performance of Hotspur, not intending to resume it; that I should have to restudy the character—unfitted by years to personate it, &c., intimating that, if I played two nights, it must be in some other character. All most courteously. I urged the necessity of knowing the time as soon as possible, on account of my engagements, &c. He was to write to me, and we parted with the best understanding.

Birmingham, June 26th.—Acted Macbeth, yes, well. The audience, the Birmingham audience, gave me a reception such as

I have never witnessed out of London, and very, very rarely even there. They stood up all through the house, waving hats and handkerchiefs, till I was anxious to proceed. I thought to myself, "Will I not act for you?" That stillness that followed, every word ringing on the ear, was really awful; but I felt it was my last night of Macbeth in Birmingham, and I resolved to do my best—I did. The applause was fervent, the attention deep, and the reception, when I was called on, equal to the first appearance.

June 27th.—Richelieu.

—— *28th.*—Acted Hamlet under very distressing, incapacitating circumstances: a dress not fitting me; my hair, I do not know how; a sword every minute sticking in my shoes and breaking in my hand when trying to use it—altogether miserable, but I did my best under these disadvantages. Called.

June 29th.—Wolsey. Oakley.

Leamington, June 30th.—Richelieu.

[*July 3rd to July 12th.*—Engagement at Liverpool.]

July 4th.—Lear. *5th.*—Werner. *6th.*—Wolsey. *9th.*—Hamlet. *10th.*—Othello. *11th.*—Richelieu.

Leeds, July 16th.—Othello. *17th.*—Werner. *18th.*—Richelieu.

York, July 19th.—Richelieu. *20th.*—Othello.

Birmingham, July 23rd.—Richelieu.

July 30th.—To Eastbourne.

Eastbourne to Dorchester, August 3rd.—Packed up my small affairs for journey. Looked at newspaper, and waited for the omnibus. Went in it to Brighton, reading by the way. From Brighton to Portsmouth, where I had to wait above an hour for the next train. Walked about, and got a lunch or dinner at a chance hotel. Came on to Southampton, thence to Dorchester. reading all the way when I did not sleep, nor was attracted by the scenery. The principal object of my regard was the New Forest and Corfe Castle, seen from the distance. The subject of my reading was Dryden's 'Dedication to Lord Dorset,' which I finished, and his translation of the first and third Satire of Juvenal. My spirits became rather low, as I thought of this kind of *Pontus* for my life's decline. I hope I shall have no *Tristia* to write.

Dorchester to Sherborne, August 4th.—Left Dorchester on the

top of the coach, noticed the Roman camp and two sites of the rampart of the town; was very much pleased with my ride, particularly with the view of Cerne Abbas and the view of the Vale of Blackmoor from the heights, which is really superb; disappointed on approaching Sherborne, but pleased again as we came near and entered it. Looked at everything with extreme interest. Talked during the journey with my next fellow-traveller, amused with his change of politics as we talked, got some local information from him, which was serviceable. Came to the Antelope Inn. Walked about the town, looked at the houses, the abbey church, abbey, &c. Walked over Castleton, went into a house—Sherborne House—which was selling off.

Called on Rutter, auctioneer; not at home. Rutter called on me, and I questioned him about the price of houses, &c.; found they were about the lowest rate I had hoped.

Sherborne, August 5th.—Walked in Lord Digby's park, crossed it and skirted it home; very much pleased with all I saw. The stillness of this place, the sleepy quiet, reminds me of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' not even the coming and going of the sea to make a change—all still, all quiet, but I think very beautiful. I was delighted with the views in and from the park. Walked, I think, about eight miles; measured one oak about twenty-four feet in girth—eight sticks. Rested a little. Read in the *Annual Register* the account of Lord Ferrers and Stirm—two madmen—and of Theodore, King of Corsica. Gave the rest of the day to dearest Willie's birthday letter.

Sherborne to Dorchester, August 6th.—At the hour of my appointment with Mr. Rutter, went to Sherborne House; he had not come, the gates were shut; waited a little, then walked down town to see the clocks, found it was twenty minutes past nine, and hastened back; the gates were opened, and I obtained admittance, waiting very patiently for Mr. Rutter. He came after some time, and went with me over house and garden. It is old-fashioned in its adaptation to the needs of a family: there is no attempt at commodiousness or contrivance, but I think, at a very cheap rate it might suit us (provided we can contract our expenditure to my proposed annual expenditure, £700) better than most other people of moderate means, and a person of fortune would be a fool to live there. There is a great deal

to recommend it to us. I trust I am not deceiving myself—I think not.

He told, i.e., Mr. Rutter, that he made a mistake in his statement on Saturday, and that the rent of house and garden without the field was £50. Called on Mr. Ffooks, Lord Digby's steward, and, after waiting some time, saw him and talked over the house—Sherborne House—its rent, &c. I gave him my name, which, I said, he perhaps had heard, as it was in some sort a public one. He asked any connection of *the* Macready? I informed him that, if he chose so to designate me, I was *the* Macready. His manner became more interested; I explained to him frankly my views and motives.

Came on the coach to Dorchester, looking with interest at the old buildings, the shops, the people, who, at least the children and women, are very pretty, and all seemingly very healthy, at the country, &c., thinking it is to be my final home.

Eastbourne, August 9th.—Letters. One from poor Regnier, merely informing me of the sad, sad event of his only child's death, a daughter, aged fourteen years. Most deeply did I feel for them. Wrote to Regnier. Read 'Copperfield;' not quite so full of interest as the preceding numbers, but very good. Called on Cobden and sat with him. In the evening read to the girls from Dryden.

August 10th.—Went with the Cobdens and our children to see the cricket-match; I was interested in the old game. Walked with Cobden and his brother by Paradise home; talked chiefly on politics.

London, August 11th.—Messrs. Webster and Manby came, shook hands with them. The matter of nights, terms, characters, &c., was talked over and settled. The eight plays for the first period given in—Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, Shylock, Richelieu, Werner, Virginius. The terms £40 per night, three nights per week, £30 every extra night; the first period for 1st of October (if possible) to the 8th of December, if Mr. Knowles would not alter his time, for the 15th of October to 8th of December, and the second period from the 15th April to June 30th inclusive. I to take my benefit in such large theatre as I may be able to procure, having the aid of such of the Haymarket

performers as I may need, I paying the nightly salary of same: the privilege of writing an order for two each night of my performance.

Eastbourne, August 12*th.*—Letter and bankers' book of Siddons monument. I see that neither Lord Aberdeen, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Northampton, nor Monckton Milnes, has subscribed. They are valuable committee-men to advance a work of art!

August 13*th.*—Wrote to Lord Lansdowne about the inscription for Siddons monument. Mrs. Cobden looked in, saying they were going away; I shall not be here when they return. Wrote to dear Letitia. Cobden called and sat for a short time; his conversation is very pleasing to me, such simple good sense. Went out with Catherine and Walter; called at the library and subscribed; posted my letters; walked with them to the seat across the cricket-field and by Paradise Lane. I enjoyed the air; the wind was very high.

August 18*th.*—Wrote the agreement letter to Webster, made copy of it for self and copied it out to send to him; wrote him another note to let him understand my willingness not to oppose him if he wished me to play six nights, supposing myself able to do so. Gave Walter his lesson, assisted Willie. Letter from J. Delane with a letter from a gentleman about the edition of Pope, which kind Delane had noticed in Wednesday's *Times* in the most considerate and advantageous manner. From Procter, a most delightful humorous letter; from Henry Taylor, a most wise and kind one; from Mr. Sage, wishing for my autograph to insert in a Pope he had purchased, &c. Wrote letters. Went to post my letters. Walked out with Catherine. The children recited some poetry.

August 21*st.*—After breakfast we set out in a carriage for Pevensey, where we looked on the Castle, which was manifestly a Roman fortress before it became either Saxon or Norman. Saw a very good silver coin of Hadrian, extremely sharp and clear—the likeness excellent—which had been found with many others in the Castle. We went on to Hurstmonceaux, where Forster and Willie went up to the church, I remaining for my own convenience at the Castle. Interested by a very old beech tree, that wreathed its old fantastic roots about in a most extraordinary manner, and a row of Spanish chestnut trees, coeval to all appearance with the Castle, and which

no doubt were green and blooming when poor Dacre fell a victim to the brutality of His Most Gracious Majesty King Henry VIII. Forster was very agreeable. Returned, and proceeded to Beachy Head, delighted with the views presented us and in the best humour to be pleased. Chose our ground for play, and amused ourselves with trap, bat, and ball, till the Chisholm, Mrs. Kitchener and party, with Catherine, Nina, the children, and Norton, appeared. The Chisholm joined us, and our play continued, but I was suffering from a strain or wrench of the muscle or sinew of my left thigh, and obliged, after some vain attempts, to give in. I did not reflect that it was twenty-one or twenty years, since we had our Nemean games at Pinner Wood, when I was at least *as* active as any there; alas! for time, and our discovery of what he takes! Dined very jocundly and joyously on the ground. Richard Cobden appeared, dined, and disappeared like the Goblin Page; we shouting vainly after him when his flight was discovered. Came home with my aching thigh.

Worcester, September 3rd.—Richelieu. *4th.*—Othello.

London, September 6th.—Went with Katie to Westminster Abbey. Saw the statue of Mrs. Siddons. The Verger told me the Dean wished it lowered, and desired to see me. I went and called on him; he was not at home. Called at Coutts's about subscriptions. Saw and talked with the clerk. Called on Campbell; gave him my opinion that, in lowering the statue, he gained in the distance, and lost in the near view from the proximity of Telford's statue. Promised to write and ask Maclise for his opinion.*

* This is the last entry in Macready's diaries relating to the Siddons monument, and it indicates the conclusion of the matter to which he had given so much thought, time, and money in order to do honour to the memory of one of the greatest of his predecessors on the English stage. When Dean Stanley was preparing his Memorials of Westminster Abbey, the present editor was requested to obtain from Macready some account of the history of the erection of the Siddons statue, and in reply to his inquiries Macready wrote: "With the exception of, I think, about £50, the whole expense was defrayed by myself in one way or other. The site, after much deliberation, was decided on, as the best to be obtained, by Chantrey, and the subject came under the cognizance of Deans Turton, Buckland and Wilberforce. I consulted the late Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, and some others, whom I cannot immediately recollect; but the opinion was unanimous in regard to the inscription that 'Sarah Siddons' should be the only words engraved on the pedestal or

[*Brighton, September* 10*th to September* 13*th*.—A four nights' engagement.]

[*Plymouth, September* 17*th to September* 20*th*.—Four nights.]

Nottingham, September 24*th*.—Richelieu.

Derby, September 25*th*.—Richelieu.

Doncaster, September 26*th*.—Richelieu.

Leicester, September 27*th*.—Richelieu.

[*Manchester, September* 29*th to October* 6*th*.—Seven nights.]

Acted Hamlet as well as I could, not well, so dreadfully put out by King, Horatio, Ghost, Polonius, &c. Called and delivered my farewell address.

London, October 8*th*.—Acted Macbeth. Mr. Webster staggered me about the house just before I went on, implying that it was not full; there was however no appearance of room anywhere. The cheering on my entrance was very great from the whole house, but it did not seem to me that wild abandonment to a delighted feeling that the audience at the Princess's showed five years ago.

I never acted better, in many parts never so well, so feelingly and so true. I said to Mrs. Warner once, "I never played that scene so well, and yet they do not seem to feel it." She observed, "They are not educated to it;" meaning, they have been accustomed to things so different they cannot quite appreciate it. The play ended most enthusiastically. Was called and greatly cheered.

[The engagement at the Haymarket, varied by some performances in the country, continued to the middle of December.]

Canterbury, November 10*th*.—Richelieu. 12*th*.—Hamlet.

November 13*th*.—Dined with Brookfield. Met Kinglake, Hallam, junior, Bentinck, Spring Rice, Lushington, Forster, Mansfield. A very agreeable day.

London, November 15*th*.—*The Times* communicated news to me this morning that was quite a shock to me. Dear, kind, splendid Etty is no more. Another gone, another and another! What is our life's dependence? I mourn his loss, for I had a most affectionate regard for him, and he appreciated the little

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plinth." The place and date of birth and death were added by Dean Stanley, in 1865, when the statue of John Kemble was removed from another part of the Abbey, and placed near that of his sister.—Ed.

that I have done with even an enthusiastic spirit of admiration. *Requiescat.*

Read 'Othello;' passed the early evening with the children, my dearest companions. Poor dear Etty. God bless him.

Birmingham, November 17*th.*—Lord Townley.

November 23*rd.*—Acted Macbeth, but moderately the two first acts, but hearing that Peel was in the theatre, I played my very best in the three last. I am not sure that the audience fully appreciated me; it is the most difficult criticism to criticise acting well. Called.

November 27*th.*—Dined with Forster, having called and taken up Brookfield; met Rintoul, Kenyon, Procter, Kinglake, Alfred Tennyson, Thackeray. Passed a cheerful evening; brought dear old Kenyon home.

Leamington, December 1*st.*—Hamlet.

Southampton, December 10*th.*—Macbeth. 11*th.*—Richelieu.

Shrewsbury, December 13*th.*—Richelieu. 14*th.*—Hamlet.

Chester, December 17*th.*—Richelieu.

December 18*th.*—Acted Macbeth under slaughterous obstruction. Never was worse dealt with. The Lady, oh!—Banquo—Lennox. In fact it was wholesale murder. B——, who was complaining to me of being "a pauper" yesterday, was drunk in the Witch to-night. The cause of his being rejected at theatres is too easily accounted for. Farewell to Chester; it has always used me well, but I have known as a boy sixteen years of age some bitter trials here; left in charge of a theatre, distressed for rent, and a company mutinous for long arrears of salary.

London, December 28*th.*—Henry Taylor called. Talked over and read me the scenes in his play, which is much improved. To my extreme astonishment he showed me, after our discussion of the several passages, the first page, in which was a dedication* to myself. I felt quite overcome, so grateful, so proud, I could hardly keep the tears from my eyes. Have I merited such honour from such men as Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Henry Taylor?

* Sir Henry Taylor's drama "A Sicilian Summer," is thus dedicated: "To W. C. Macready, to whose excellent judgment in matters of art this work is largely indebted, it is with sincere respect and regard very gratefully inscribed."—Ed.

December 28*th.*—Went by Great Western Railway to Windsor. The day bitterly cold, with drifting snow and sharp frost. Proceeded to the castle; saw Mr. Roberts, to whom I carried a letter from Colonel Phipps. He showed me the Rubens Gallery, the theatre of the castle, explaining to me the position of the stage, &c., the dressing-rooms, and all that was needful. He then took me round the state rooms, displaying the furniture to me, about which I was indifferent, but was charmed with the pictures of the old masters I saw there; West and Lawrence made me turn very sick. Colonel Phipps was out shooting with the Prince. Saw Marianne Skerrett, who came to me in a small basement receiving or business room. I talked with her till time to go; she threaded the passages for me and I took leave.

Exeter, December 31*st.*—Macbeth.

1850.

[Sentences prefixed:]

"Hic murus aheneus esto:
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ."*

Bene monent qui vetant quicquam facere, de quo dubitas æquum sit an iniquum.†

[*January* 2*nd to January* 4*th.*—Engagement at Exeter.]

[*January* 5*th to January* 19*th.*—Engagement at Bath and Bristol.]

Bristol, January 15*th.*—Acted Virginius, I thought, very well. Was quite overcome in the betrothal of Virginia; for my own dear girls were in my mind; was not this to "gore my own thoughts, make cheap what is most dear?" The house

* Be this thy wall of strength, a conscience good,
With no committed crime to make thee blench.
Hor. Epist. I. i. v. 60.—Ed. Trans.

† It is good advice to prohibit the doing of anything of which there can be a doubt whether it is right or wrong.—Ed. Trans.

was the worst of all; as to 'Virginius' it invariably now occurs. I am not surprised at the attendance being less than to Shakespeare's plays, but it seems strange that the house should be positively bad—worse than to 'Werner,'—much. Called.

January 18th.—Acted King Henry IV. very well; and Lord Townley better I think than I have ever before done it. As the curtain was falling stepped forward; the audience, unprepared, gave most fervent greeting. On silence I addressed them, quite overcome by recollections, the present cordiality, and my own feelings to "*good old Bristol:*" "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have not waited to-night for the summons with which you have usually honoured me. As this is the last time I shall ever appear on this stage before you, I would beg leave to offer a few parting words, and would wish them to be beyond question the spontaneous tribute of my respect. It is not my intention to trespass at any length upon your patience. The little that I have to say may be briefly said. Indeed, attempt at display or effect seems to me scarcely in accordance with the occasion—to me in truth a melancholy one—and certainly would very imperfectly interpret the feelings which prompt me to address you. For a long course of years—indeed, from the period of my early youth—I have been welcomed by you in my professional capacity with demonstrations of favour so fervent and so constant, that they have in some measure appeared in this nature to partake almost of a personal interest. Under the influence of such an impression sentiments of deep and strong regard have taken firm root in my mind, and it is therefore little else than a natural impulse for me at such a moment to wish to leave with you the assurance that, as I have never been insensible to your kindness, so I never shall be forgetful of it. Ladies and Gentlemen, I should vainly task myself to find due expression for those emotions which I shall ever cherish towards you. Let me therefore, at once and for all, tender to you my warmest thanks joined with my regretful adieux, as in my profession of an actor I most gratefully and respectfully bid you a last farewell." I was quite overcome, and unable to check the tears that rolled down my cheeks. The audience seemed much impressed, and most enthusiastic were they as I retired from before them—never to meet them again in the same relation. Hare came round, most cordially engaging me

to be his guest at the next madrigal meeting; Grainger came after him, equally cordial, and seemingly much touched. Gave the servants liberal *douceurs*. And so farewell to my dear old Bristol audiences—most warmly and affectionately do I remember them.

[*January* 21*st to* 31*st*.—Engagements at Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool.]

January 25*th*.—Farewell at Leeds.

London, February 1*st*.—Found my beloved Nina, beyond all evasion of even hope, ill; seriously, alarmingly ill. My blessed first-born, my own beloved Nina. She looked at first better, but when afterwards I looked at her—O God, how painful was the sight! My beloved one!

Dressed; went to Windsor by railway, taking at the Paddington Station a special engine to return at night, for which I paid seven guineas. Dined at Castle Inn. Went in cab to the Castle; passed with my ticket into my room, a very handsome one, partitioned off from a passage; pictures of Moretto, Tintoretto, Parmegiano, exquisite, &c. Dressed; was kept in a state of irritable expectation. Mr. Wallack came to speak to me. Acted Brutus in a style of reality and earnest naturalness that I think did, and I felt ought to, produce an effect on my auditors. I cannot describe the scene; my Nina agitates my heart and shakes my nerves; I cannot write. Colonel Phipps came to me from the Queen and Prince Albert to express how much they had been pleased. I requested him to offer my duty, and that I was most happy in the opportunity of offering any testimony of my respectful homage. Came away by special train. Carriage was waiting for me. Reached home about half-past twelve o'clock.

February 3*rd*.—Dr. Bright and Elliotson came. After seeing my beloved child they came to me in my study, where I was waiting for them. They spoke to me, and from their language I collected that the case was desperate. I felt that hope was gone. My blessed, my beloved first-born!

Liverpool, February 4*th*.—Brutus.

Dublin, February 6*th*.—With deep and devout thanks to Almighty God for my deliverance from the dangers of the night, I came on shore. Went to the station and took my seat in the railway carriage at Kingstown. Heard that nothing like

the gale of the night had been known there since January 6th, 1839. I could walk with difficulty for the wind up to the station. Came to Dublin to Morrison's Hotel. We had been fifteen hours instead of four on our passage. I had more than once expected death. The captain was certainly much alarmed; indeed, so, I believe, were all at heart.

February 7th.—Macbeth.

——— *8th.*—Letters; full of comfort in their love and sweet spirit from my beloved wife and from dear Letitia. Both of them, dear creatures, wish to hope, and, as I think, unconsciously persuade themselves to do so. Changes, like miracles, have occurred. My hope, alas, does not extend beyond that remote possibility! I must prepare to lose sight of my beloved child in this world. At my time of life the distance of separation cannot be very long, but I cannot help murmuring over her departure from an existence which was so full of enjoyment to her. Blessed child. But God's will is first and last.

February 9th.—Richelieu.

[*February 11th to February 15th.*—Engagement at Belfast.]

Liverpool, February 18th.—Macbeth.

February 19th.—Something past one o'clock—my servant gone to seek a special engine to convey me to Hastings to catch one last living look of my dear blessed Nina. I know not what is my state of mind; I am certain my head is strange and heavy, but I have packed up my clothes, made my arrangements as were needed—clearly; and I sit here waiting, with anxiety to depart, the carriage that is to take me away. I cannot, to myself, disentangle this state of mind. This day brought me accounts teeming with promises of comfort and joy. I arranged in my bed this morning the difficult task of what I should say to my audience this evening. I rose to receive a handful of letters, all full of good news—Catherine's and Letitia's—with an account of my Nina more promising than any I have yet received! A sweet consolatory one from Forster; from Ransom's, with the purchase of railway stock; from James G. King, with further investment in stock; from Morley, giving me my terms for to-morrow night from Mr. Bennett. I rehearsed, receiving at theatre letters wishing me to remain here, &c. Wrote to Catherine, to Letitia, and to my Nina; a line to each. Letter, &c., from a Mr. McNicoll. A Mr. Mountfield, a gentlemanly

young man, had called on me in the morning about tuition. Arranged some accounts, and laboured hard at the few sentences I wished to deliver in addressing the audience. Acted, with great care and peculiar effect, Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Townley. Called. Went forward, the whole house stood up to hear me, and such a house as is rarely to be seen. Everything to gratify the pride and vanity of a person in my position, and the telegraphic despatch was waiting me at my hotel.

Here is indeed a lesson of what life is: who can say he is happy or prosperous in this world? who dares to boast or feel confidence in what he enjoys? I have thought my Nina the strongest and healthiest of all my dear ones, and, as I write—perhaps—I feel dull and half-stupid—I do not know what to do. To God Almighty I may pray, but if my blessed child have left this earth, it has been to go to Him.

After I left the stage and the audience, greatly excited, Mr. Browne and Mr. Copeland came to shake hands with me, the latter much impressed and gratified; spoke to Mrs. Warner; came to Hotel, saw several letters, one telegraphic despatch, which I opened instantly, from Dr. Mackness, requiring me to set off instantly for Hastings, &c. Sent for Michell, and sent him to Lime Street, then to Edgehill, then to Everton, to find the superintendent and get a special engine. I am waiting for it now. Packed up my trunks, &c., and made all my arrangements; wrote to Pritchard, to Morley. Here I wait. Wrote to Davis, to my Catherine. The engine could not be procured; I advanced money to Michell, and left with him directions.

The words which I said to the Liverpool audience in taking leave, were as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been usual for me to attend with pleasure and alacrity the complimentary summons with which you have so often honoured me; but now, I must confess, I obey your call with reluctance and regret.

"I must count back many years for the date of my first appearance before you; but time has not weakened my recollection of the event; and I treasure in my memory, with grateful pride, the cheering welcome with which you greeted my more youthful essays: and equally well do I remember the many subsequent occasions, when my humble efforts have been favoured with your liberal appreciation, and in which my

endeavours to realise the conceptions of our great dramatic poets have ever found a ready response in the intelligence and sympathy of my audiences. What more have I to say? The exercise of my art I relinquish at a somewhat earlier period of life than my more distinguished predecessors have done, and I yield the scene to younger, but scarcely less ardent, aspirants to your favour, not from any immediate apprehension of enfeebled powers, but because I would not willingly risk the chance of lingering there to read in 'the eyes of man' bent idly on me, the melancholy fact of my decline. Even at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, I would prefer submitting to you a proof print of my illustration, such as it is, of Shakespeare's characters, than offer you the faded and indistinct impression of a worn-out plate.

"It has always been a gratification to me to appear before you, it is therefore painful to me to reflect on a pleasure I shall never again enjoy. Ladies and Gentlemen, I take my leave of you with my warmest acknowledgments of your long-continued and liberal patronage, with sentiments of grateful respect, bidding you, in my profession of an actor, regretfully and most respectfully, a last farewell."

Liverpool to London. Hastings, February 20th.—At six o'clock left the railway station for London, and came on to Hastings. Thought, as I passed Eastbourne, of the days I had passed there with my blithe and healthful child—alas, alas! Arrived at Hastings, came to these lodgings, saw dearest Letitia. My blessed Nina wished to see me at once; I sat by her, and talked cheerfully with her, caressed her dog, and tried to see nothing strange. Let me hope that, if, as I fear and believe, it is God's will she must pass away from us, it may be in peace of mind and serenity of heart. God bless my beloved child. Saw Dr. Mackness, and learned from him that there was no ground for hope.

February 21st.—Was called up at about two o'clock by dearest Letitia in manifest fear that my blessed child was dying: threw on some clothes and went down to her; found her in an alarming state, Letitia and Mrs. Wagstaffe watching her in evident belief that the dear creature's hour was come; stood long beside her in the same agonising apprehension. What thoughts passed through my brain; what a horrid mixture

of recurrences of grave and trifling things, that passed like malicious antics through my brain, like those various faces that seem in savage fiendishness to pass before the eyes at night and will not be shut out! The sweet scenes of her birth; her infancy, her girlhood, and spring of youth came to my heart, softening and soothing it. My prayer to God, to the all-good, all-bountiful God, is for peace, peace and tranquillity, in this world. In the next, I cannot doubt her acceptance and her home with the spirits of the pure and good. But, oh! for remission from pain to her dear wasted frame here, I pray, oh God!

February 24th.—My beloved Christina, my first-born, died.

[*London, February 28th.*—Funeral at Kensal Green Cemetery.]

[*March 4th to March 16th.*—Engagement at Newcastle, with one night at Hull.]

Newcastle, March 15th.—Acted Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Townley. Called, and addressed the audience:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I had supposed this evening would be the last on which I should have the honour of appearing professionally before you; but an application which I could not resist has been made to me to prolong my stay one more night. I have therefore yet once again to 'fret my hour upon your stage,' and after that am in very truth to be 'heard here no more.' In the ordinary relation of an actor to his audience such an anticipation would probably, as a common occurrence, be regarded with indifference; but there may be considerations imparting to it a serious and ever painful interest. Such, I confess, press heavily on me; and when I retrace the years that have made me old in acquaintance and familiar here, and recount to myself the many unforgotten evidences of kindly feeling towards me, which through those years have been without stint or check so lavishly afforded, I must be cold and insensible indeed if time could so have passed without leaving deep traces of its events upon my memory and my heart. From the summer of 1810, when scarcely out of the years of boyhood, I was venturing here the early and ruder essays of my art. I date the commencement of that favourable regard which has been continued to me through all my many engagements without change or fluctuation up to the present time. You will not wonder, then, if I take advantage of this occasion to

assure you—and it is with heartfelt earnestness I do so—that, to the fostering encouragement of my efforts at that early period, I was indebted for a confiding dependence in my resolution and endeavours to improve, to which I ascribe much of whatever success may have attended my subsequent professional career. That career draws rapidly to its close, and another night terminates it here. All that remains for me is to offer you my most grateful acknowledgments for the favour you have so long and so liberally extended to me, which has been appreciated by me always as an honour and a benefit, and in the time to come 'When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past,' I shall recall with pleasure the days of my life spent here, where accident gave me a home which the kindness of many friends made happy, and has for ever endeared to my memory. The enjoyment of these reflections will still be mine, and with them, Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall ever, ever think of you with sentiments of sincere respect, and such wishes as the strongest feelings of regard and gratitude would offer."

March 16*th.*—Othello.

Edinburgh, March 18*th.*—Macbeth. 19*th.*—Hamlet. 20*th.*—Richelieu.

March 21*st.*—In Mrs. Rutherfurd's note, she expresses a doubt whether I shall not regret the relinquishment of an art in which I am considered to excel, and in the exercise of which I am perhaps displaying greater power than ever. My fear of exhibiting vanity restrains me from speaking more positively, but I think not. I certainly never feel pleasure in going to act; would always rather be excused from it. How this may be when the abstinence is made compulsory, I will not be so arrogant as positively to say. But I think, I hope, I pray, that my time devoted to the elevation of my own nature, and to the advancement of my children's minds will be agreeably and satisfactorily passed, leading me onwards towards the end appointed for me by the Blessed and Merciful Dispenser of All. Amen. Acted Othello.

March 22*nd.*—Werner.

——— 23*rd.*—Read *The Times.* I do not know what to think of the proposed Exhibition of 1851. It seems to me too vast to be an amusement for sight-seers, and too extensive and too

various to permit of its being a study. Then, it must make many idle persons: to be seen it must be open some months. I am not disposed to cavil, but I fear it will derange the course of business very much in this country. There may be, however, beneficial results, which even the projectors do not themselves foresee. Let us hope it. Acted Richelieu.

March 24*th.*—My youngest son born.*

——— 25*th.*—Lear. 26*th.*—Shylock. 27*th.*—Iago. 28*th.*—Richelieu.

March 29*th.*—Somewhat irresolute at first, I opened the box to which I had been directed by my blessed child, and found a letter addressed to her dear mother and myself, which was her will. The grief of my heart has all been broken up again from the depths under which it lay. My thoughts are constantly with her—thinking on what she has said—how she has looked, and what her thoughts and feelings have been. But God's decree is past, and let me live in the hope of that assurance she inscribes, blessed child, upon the cover of her will "*Ci rivedremo.*" She was to have had the choice of seeing me act before I relinquished my art, which was for years an earnest wish of her heart; but latterly she had begun to doubt whether she should like to "disturb her idea of *Pearse*† himself, by associating him with any assumed character." How many dim dreams of future occupations and pleasures had flitted before us! I long to quit London. She is so mixed up with all my thoughts there, that the want of her presence is an actual pain to me. In the quiet of Sherborne, I fancy, I can more think of her in her translated state and with even pleasing emotions arising from hope and meditations. God grant it.

[*Farewell at Edinburgh, March* 30*th.*—Henry IV., and Lord Townley.]

Birmingham, April 1*st.*—Iago. 2*nd.*—Virginius. 3*rd.*—Brutus. 4*th.*—Werner.

April 5*th.*—Acted King Lear to such a house as never before was seen in Birmingham. Acted my best, but the house, though very attentive, was too full to enjoy the play—if a play so acted were to be enjoyed. Called—but an apology was made till I

* Jonathan Forster, now (1874) of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. —Ed.

† An adopted name by which Macready's children called him.—Ed.

could change my dress—I went forward after a time and I spoke to the audience, who rose to me, as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—For the last time I have appeared before you this evening in a theatrical character. An event like this in my professional life I could not pass by in silence; for it was here that, in the very dawn of youth, I first ventured on an essay in that art, which the liberal reception bestowed on me, and the friendly predictions attending it, encouraged me to pursue. It was here, too, that, preparing to relinquish finally the exercise of that art, I purposed, and indeed had arranged, to deliver my last words upon a provincial stage. But what man proposes, he cannot always answer for accomplishing, and my intention in this instance has been so far frustrated that I have one more engagement to discharge before entering on the concluding series of my nights in London. Permit me to recall to you a probably forgotten circumstance, that I made choice of the theatre here as the scene of that youthful experiment which was to determine my life's destiny, because I anticipated from the many friends, whom my family's long residence and acquaintance here had interested for me, a most indulgent judgment. I need not repeat to you that, in so confident an expectation and trust, I was not disappointed. My reason for desiring to close my provincial performances here, where they began, was to mark by such token of respect, trivial as it is, my sense of the kindness with which you have uniformly greeted me.

"Since the date of my announcement as 'The first appearance of a young gentleman upon any stage,' nearly forty years have elapsed, and during that long period my professional visits have been frequent enough to satiate, indeed to exhaust, curiosity, but still the 'troops of friends' that so partially crowded to me in 'my May of life,' have not thinned their numbers, nor ceased to accompany me when 'fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.' Many and most extraordinary have been the external changes to attract my notice and admiration here; but no variation, no diminution, no alteration has occurred in the constancy of that favour, with which my less experienced attempts were so indulgently welcomed, and with which you have continued to honour my more matured impersonations.

"Few, alas, of the numerous friends who joined in the first

congratulatory cheers of encouragement to me now remain, but their genial generous spirit seems to breathe strongly still, and, if I may be allowed the phrase, the old heart appears to me still the same, unchilled and unchanged by time.

"For all these pleasing memories and substantial benefits I am here to render you my parting thanks. By ungrudging labour and the desire to uphold my art by seeking to cultivate in it the purest taste, and by persevering in my study of character, so as to endeavour to present in every individual representation a consistent whole, and to make each successive performance an improvement on the last, I have striven to appear not altogether unworthy of the liberal patronage with which throughout my public life you have so especially befriended me. But neither through such acts of duty, nor by any words I may employ, can I hope to convey to you with perfect fidelity how deeply I am penetrated by the recollection of your unvarying kindness.

"In taking leave of you, it almost seems as if I were parting with friends, whose ready help and encouragement had been constantly at hand through the vicissitudes of my life's journey. Let me then assure you that my attachment to my boyhood's place of residence will never cease, and that, in the familiar but significant word of parting, I embody every earnest and heartfelt wish for the still increasing prosperity of this great community as, in my professional capacity, I bid you, Ladies and Gentlemen, with sentiments of the deepest gratitude and respect, a last farewell."

[*April 9th to April 15th.*—Engagement at Glasgow.]

Sherborne, May 22nd.—Left Dorchester for Sherborne; passed through Cerne Abbas, where all was in movement for the celebration of the meeting of a benefit club, same also at a small village nearer to Sherborne. My spirits were rather low, thinking of the society I was leaving, the varied, brilliant, and powerful minds I should perhaps never meet again after parting from them; the narrow limits within which I must, in prudence, endeavour to keep my expenditure; and the ordinary character presented to me by the country through which I passed. Besides, I am not now what I *was;* when I sought and longed for the country before, "*J'étais jeune et superbe,*" or rather, I was young and enthusiastic—but let us hope and trust. Reached Sherborne.

Called on Ffooks, signed my lease. God grant that it may be for the good and happiness of my beloved wife and children, and that our lives may be fruitful of good and sweet in peace here. Called on Down, went to house, went over and about it. Made memoranda. Ffooks came in, I agreed to stay and dine with him according to the invitation he had before given me.

London, June 10th.—Went to Justice Coleridge's as on the committee for Wordsworth's memorial. Met Boxall, Justice Coleridge, his son, Spedding, Bishop of St. David's, Archdeacon Hare, Richmond, Sir B. Brodie, R. Westmacott, &c. Hope, the Chair. Discussed the question; I was named for the executive committee.

June 19th.— In the evening Curtis called, and still later we were surprised by the entrance of Carlyle and Mrs. C. I was delighted to see them. Carlyle inveighed against railroads, Sunday restrictions, almost everything, Ireland—he was quite in one of his exceptious moods. I love, however, to hear his voice. Mrs. C. left one of his '*Latter Day Pamphlets*,' with a corrected sheet, from which he had expunged an eulogistic mention of me, thinking "I might not like it." He little knows what value I set upon a word of praise from him. Mrs. Carlyle wanted Catherine's aid about a dress for a great ball at Lord Ashburton's, to which Carlyle wished to go.

June 23rd.—Wrote out a prayer for the day, marked in our little family history as the last Sunday we shall ever spend together under this roof,* our ten years' home, endeared to our recollections by many joys, many sorrows, and many interesting events.

Read prayers to the family. Went to church with Katie and the little ones.

June 25th.—Dined with Kenyon. Met Prescott, Sir C. Fellowes, Babbage, Panizzi, Crabbe Robinson, Forster, Thackeray; in the evening Dr. Southey and Boxall.

July 1st.—Left home and came by railway to Dorchester; on the way read *The Times*, and was most deeply concerned and grieved to read of the sad accident that befel Sir Robert Peel, a man I honour most highly and, though I do not know him, hold in the highest regard and respect.

* 5, Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, London.—Ed.

[*July 2nd to August 2nd.*—A month spent at Lyme Regis, with family, and occasional visits to Sherborne and London.]

London to Knebworth, August 3rd.—Went to station. Waiting in the room for train, read extracts from Wordsworth's 'Prelude,' in *Literary Gazette*, was much interested in and pleased with them. Procter arrived. Met Mrs. Gurwood, all going to Knebworth, went in railway carriage alone to Hertford: from thence with Procters in Bulwer's carriage to Knebworth, passing through a very rich country, by several parks—Panshanger and others. Reached Knebworth, a very beautiful park, not quite so happily undulating as Sherborne Park, but the house and ground immediately around it a most finished specimen of a baronial seat. The order, the latest Gothic; the architecture, internally, in perfect harmony, though sometimes of different periods, with the outer ornaments of the building. Bulwer Lytton gave me a very cordial reception, and after some delay with our luggage, brought on by a fly, we went to the drawing-room, or rather to the upper drawing room, from thence to the great hall, where a very elegant dinner was served. The day was very cheerful. D'Eyncourt, junior, and Forster, with some of the neighbourhood, were added to our party. We were late in going to bed, Bulwer taking his long cherry-stick pipe and Forster his cigar.

Knebworth, August 4th.—Bulwer sent a message to me, as I was dressing, to inquire if I would like a walk with him, which I was very happy to do. We went through the park and along the road that skirts, discoursing on religion, the immortality of the soul, youth, marriage, and much interesting matter. When we came back, we changed to persons, D'Orsay, Lord Hertford, of whom he related anecdotes, showing him possessed of more talent than I had supposed.

Read in Greek Testament fifth chapter of John. Bulwer came to my room, and took me over the house, showing me the rooms, the pictures in them, and the various points of interest. Walked with me again through gardens to the house and the park and home. Dined at the luncheon. Looked over some strange books, and an account of the Knebworth Ghost. Took leave of Bulwer Lytton, after another quarter of an hour's conversation with him. I like him more and more. I wish his health gave him more enjoyment. His place is beautiful.

Went in the carriage to Welwyn, in fly to Hertford; thence very slowly and uncomfortably by rail to London.

August 5th.—Left for Waterloo Station. Railroad to Dorchester. Posted to Sherborne.

August 6th.—Part of family arrived from Lyme at Sherborne.

[*August 14th to 19th.*—Engagement at Cork.]

Sherborne, September 4th.—First night in Sherborne House.

London, September 10th.—Went to Clarence Terrace, a most melancholy sight, and one to me most painful: scene of so many joys, of such deep suffering. How could I look upon it and for the last time without deep emotion? Had to go through the irksome business of inspecting the whole interior, listening to the inquisitorial remarks of the surveyor, and giving Mr. Taylor his directions for repairs. I was greatly relieved when it was over.

Dundee, September 15th.—Wrote to dear De Fresne, congratulating him on his prospective marriage. Read the satire of Horace, dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias. Read two acts of 'Macbeth,' for reading, too weary and drowsy to continue. De Fresne has quoted from La Fontaine the following verse in his letter to me:

> "Mais la faveur de Dieu vous donne la récompense
> Du repos, du loisir, de l'ombre et du silence,
> Un tranquille sommeil des doux entretiens;
> Et jamais à la cour on ne trouve ces biens."

September 16th.—Acted Richelieu.

Perth, September 17th.—Walked to theatre, along the river bank, on the Inch, thinking of the days when, thirty years since, I admired these scenes and fell in love with my dear Catherine. Rested. Drunken property-man came to ask for me! Went to theatre; heard that "the company" had been drinking, but luckily only noticed it as observable in one person. Acted Cardinal Richelieu not very well, against the grain, with bad actors, and to a house not crowded as one might have expected. Letter from dearest Catherine.

Dundee, September 18th.—Hamlet.

Aberdeen, September 19th.—Read Macbeth.

September 20th.—Read Hamlet.

Greenock, September 23rd.—Iago. *24th.*—Virginius.

Paisley, September 25th.—Iago.

Glasgow, September 26*th.*—Richelieu. 27*th.*—Iago.

September 30*th.*—Acted Virginius. Called and tried to say the few words I had prepared. I could not—so improvised something which led me into the current of the short speech intended. It is most extraordinary that I cannot find words or thoughts at the moment they are needed. The audience seemed satisfied with what I said. Glasgow is ended—good Glasgow.

Paisley, October 2*nd.*—We reached Burns's birthplace—the cottage, bed, &c. There had God given breath to that sensitive frame and lighted-up that divine genius. The other room was covered over with names, seeking immortality with pencil and penknife. Afterwards to Alloway Kirk, now desecrated and divided into burying-places. Acted Cardinal Richelieu. The house quite disappointed me and depressed me. It was barely good. This is my last country performance.

London, October 28*th.*— Acted Macbeth.* How? I was disappointed by the sight of the house, which was not full. I was not satisfied with the feeling of the applause; it seemed to me the effort of a minority; still, I resolved to do my very best and I "went in to win"—if I could. I thought the audience cold; yet on I strove, undeterred by the apathy with which they accompanied my still sustained endeavours. Mrs. Warner told me, she thought I was playing in my best manner, but the audience did not satisfy me on the point until the banquet scene, when they burst into unanimous and long-continued applause. The play ended triumphantly, but it was at the cost of very great labour to me. Called, and very warmly received.

October 30*th.*— Acted Hamlet, I think for the most part, in a very superior manner; the house was not like those I have lately had in London, and yet there appears to me, arguing from the past, every reason why there should be great houses, but perhaps reason has little to do with "*the crowd's*" movements. I never was acting better than I have done these two last nights, and in two or three more repetitions of these characters the public can never see the same artist in them again. It seems a reason for attraction. Called. Forster came into my room. How different my sensation of weariness

* This was the first night of the series of farewell performances at the Haymarket Theatre.—Ed.

now from those earlier days when I felt ready to go through the whole performance again!

October 31*st.*— Acted Shylock, I scarcely know how, being unwell; I was not quite self-possessed, but I made the best effort I could. Called.

November 2*nd.*— Acted King Lear in my best manner; I do not know that I ever played it altogether better. I was careful and self-possessed and not wanting in power; I felt the mighty character. The audience seemed impressed with it. Called. Forster came round. Manby and Webster came into my room. My whole frame feels the work I have been undergoing. Thank God one week has passed so well.

November 4*th.*— Acted Cardinal Richelieu. The audience called for me at the end of fourth act—of course I would not go. Called. Bulwer and Forster came into my room; Bulwer delighted.

November 7*th.*—Werner. 9*th.*—Othello. 11*th.*—Lear.

London, Rugby, November 12*th.*—Busy with needful affairs of packing for my journey.

On the way thought over the few words with which I would preface my reading to the boys, and thought on the scenes I purposed reading. Found a fly waiting for me at the station, Rugby, as ordered by Mary Bucknill, and with various feelings made up of memory and present speculations, passed through the old town with its altered face, and reached Mr. Bucknill's. Mary Bucknill received me with deep joy, I may say. I arranged my dress, and called on Dr. Goulburn; he gave me a very gentlemanlike and very cordial reception, and was very earnest in his wish that I should be his guest now or hereafter. I then returned and looked over the leaves of my book, &c., waiting for Dr. Goulburn, who volunteered to call and accompany me to the school with Lushington. They came. Lushington, a very gentlemanlike boy, tendered me the cheque of £50, which I asked him to keep till after the evening. Dr. G. pioneered my way through the dense crowd from the bottom to the top of the school, the boys applauding, but decorously. The school-room was thronged, and I was very fearful of my audience, among whom, the boys, I thought I felt unsteadiness and disposition to inattention. But as the reading of the play, 'Hamlet,' proceeded, they became mute and enrapt in its interest. I

addressed a few words to them, intimating that the project of this means of contribution to the Shakespeare House fund was the suggestion of their own præpostors, and thanking Dr. Goulburn for affording me the opportunity of helping them to realise it. The reading was to begin at half-past two, but it must have been within a quarter to three o'clock before I opened my book, and I was uneasy lest the day-light should fail me, as it began to obscure during the later scenes. I took much pains to keep up the excitement, and by the abbreviation I think I succeeded in keeping alive the interest of the audience. The boys, who knew I had obtained a half-holiday for them, applauded, of course, most lustily at the conclusion. Dr. Goulburn addressed the assembly, particularly the boys, expressing their obligation to me for thus visiting them, and for giving such illustrations to the poet. He expressed himself again, very earnestly, desirous that I should visit him, and we parted very pleasantly.

The express train brought me back to London, which I had left about twelve hours before, and all this space traversed, and all this done within that compass of time, still and still to me, it is wonderful. Thus ends my projected public visit to the scene of my boyhood. Many have been the thoughts passing through my mind, the changes in others, in myself, what I might have been, what I am, what my children may be! O God, in Thee is my hope and my trust. Blessed be Thy name.

London, November 13th.—Richelieu.

November 14th.—Acted Virginius. I thought to myself, it was the last time before, as they term it in play-bill trickery, the final performance, and I thought I would try to show the audience the full power of the character. I kept my mind on the part, and acted it, certainly never better; the audience was extraordinarily excited. Called at the end of the third act; of course I did not respond. Was greatly received at the final call. Fox and Forster came round in great excitement, Fox almost overcome. Manby came into my room; I said I must have some assistance, Willmott, and more, if 'King Richard II.' was done. He said he would speak to Webster. I spoke after to Mr. F. Webster, complaining grievously and stating the necessity of help.

In the second act my thoughts so fixed upon my blessed Nina

that my emotion nearly overpowered me. Bless her and my beloved Joan.

November 16*th.*—Iago.

———— 18*th.*—Acted Brutus, in my own opinion, in my own judgment, far beyond any performance I ever gave of the character; it was my last to many, and I wished it to be impressive. I do not think the audience, in the aggregate, were equal to the performance; they applauded warmly the salient passages, but they did not seem to watch the gentle, loving, self-subdued mind of Brutus which I tried to make manifest before them. The gentle touches were done with great care, and, I think, with skill—the remonstrances with Cassius in third act about Cæsar's funeral and, in the fourth, the quarrel.

November 19*th.*—Read in the green-room the play of 'King Richard II.' I did not attempt more than to convey to the other actors the idea of their characters. Settled the alteration of nights with Webster and settled his scene plot of Richard with him.

Marked the sides of a book of 'King Richard II.' Went over words of the two first acts of same.

November 20*th.*—Othello.

———— 21*st.*—Acted Macbeth, most nobly, never better. Called. Forster came into my room. I was quite hysterical from weakness and fatigue. He showed me some charming lines on my reading at Rugby. At his request sent a brief notice of the occurrence.

November 23*rd.*—Acted Cassius, tried to carry through the burning spirit of the impatient republican. Called. As I passed the stage-box, the gentleman near it uttered loud in my ear, "God bless you!" That was worth the audience.

November 24*th.*—Went to Mortlake through a most fearful storm that made me feel for the coachman. Arrived there, received a very cordial welcome from Henry Taylor. In the course of the afternoon, a neighbour of theirs, Mrs. Cameron, an East Indian, and a most unreserved enthusiast, came in, and Spring Rice and his wife made our party. I enjoyed the evening. Henry Taylor read a very sweet poem to 'Virginia,' which I read afterwards to myself. Read Katie's lines to Mrs. H. Taylor, who seemed much interested in my Katie. Coming home through a very fine night.

November 25*th.*—Werner.

——— 27*th.*—Acted Hamlet in my very, very best manner; it is the last time but one I shall ever appear in this wonderful character. I felt it, and that to many, to most, it would be the last time they would ever see me in it. I acted with that feeling; I never acted better. I felt my allegiance to Shakespeare, the glorious, the divine. Was called and welcomed with enthusiasm.

November 28*th.*—Richelieu. 30*th.*—Lear.

December 2*nd.*—Richard II.

——— 4*th.*—My first thought was the wish of many happy returns of this day to my dear, dear sister and friend, God bless her. And in my prayers my unworthy lips muttered entreaties for her continuance (it is our instinct so to do), in happiness on earth. God bless her. Acted Wolsey.

December 5*th.*—Am now sunk into the habit of late rising, half-past eight, which leaves me no time for anything before a ten o'clock rehearsal. The excitement of my system I have not time to lull, and thus day after day alternates between languor and feverish endeavour. What a mode of blindly, and, as it were, furiously, fretting and struggling through life! For so it is.

Wilkins called. I wished to give him this one parting order to please him, poor fellow. He spoke to me of having seen all my first nights of characters, except two; talked of George Barker, of his great wealth, which made me reflect. I was in the enjoyment of a very excellent income for a bachelor, I think £1000 a year, when he could scarcely have had more than £150, if so much. He is said to be now worth £10,000 per annum, and I not more than £1,200. I am not at all dissatisfied, discontented, or repining at this disposition of things. I only pray that my income may be maintained. I am grateful for it. As I reflect, look back on my past life, the thought of being rich, the ambition to be so, never once entered into my mind. I was most anxious to be independent; and, after having purchased my brother's company, thought of retiring (1829), on what I then, without children, regarded as independence, £400 per annum. God sent us children (His blessing be on them), and all my plans were altered. Still I could not think of wealth for them, as they came fast and dear, but diminished my own means to secure them by insurances the means of education and subsistence in case of my death. Thus I am what the world

would call a poor man. I trust, in reality, a contented and grateful one.

December 7th.—Macbeth. *9th.*—King John.

——— 10*th.*—Dined at the Athenæum with Cattermole. Saw Fonblanque, Stokes, and Professor Sedgwick, who came up to be introduced to me.

December 11*th.*—Acted King Henry IV. and Mr. Oakley, taking much pains with them—they both seemed to have a strong effect upon the audience. Called, and led on Mrs. Warner. Forster came into my room, quite elated with the effect of the comedy.

December 12*th.*—Virginius.

——— 13*th.*—I went to Kensal Green; my thoughts were all upon the past; my mind filled with the pictures of my two sweet blessed children as they looked in life and in death to me. Blessed, blessed beings! The future, too, had its share in the current of my thoughts, the past has taught me to fear; and therefore I have little of cheerfulness or confidence in anticipating what may be to come. A funeral was going to the chapel as I went up the walk, and I had to linger about reading the senseless epitaphs of esquires (!) and Major-Generals, &c., and Mr.'s, in impatience at the vanity which seems to survive the creature. A boy was the chief mourner at the funeral—a son, I presume, following in the course of things his parent to the grave. Alas, how bitter is the grief, when that natural order is inverted! When they were gone the attendant went with me to the vault, and knowing what I came to look on, went before me to the spot. There they lay—all that is earthly of my sweet innocent children—side by side, the coffins of my beloved Nina, of my darling Joan. My heart is sad to despondency as I think upon their destinies, the bright rich bud struck off its stem in all its health and beauty, and the more ripened flower in all its healthful promise blighted and drooping rapidly into the earth. My confidence in the future is overcast with fear. I can but pray to God for good to all my dear ones in this world, and a blessed reunion in an after-life. May my bones be laid with those I have been to visit this day in our quiet home of Sherborne, and may my faults and vices be so far forgiven that our spirits may have communion and participated bliss in another state of being. Amen.

December 15*th.*—Forster came in to call for me—went together to dine at Dickens's. The Fox's and Paxton were there. Fox is always the same, intelligent and philosophic. Paxton was new to me, a self-educated man—from a mere gardener. I was delighted with him; his account of his nurture of the Victoria Lily, a water-plant (river), was one of the most interesting narratives I ever listened to; an explanation of one of Nature's miracles that more and more lifted up one's heart to God and made one ask, "And are not Thy laws miracles enough?" Who would ask for their suspension to satisfy themselves of Thy will? Passed a very pleasant evening.

December 16*th.*—King John.

——— 17*th.*—Went out in carriage, and called to leave a note and card at Lord John Russell's; called on the Sheils—saw them. Sheil* showed me the Waterloo medal by Pistrucci, a splendid piece of work. He gave me the direction of the parcel in the Duke's own hand with the false spelling of "*Imediate.*" They set out for Florence on Saturday. Dressed, and Talfourd called for me and we went to Judge Vaughan Williams to dine. Met Bourne, who had called here in the morning, Lord de Ros, Judge Park, and some pleasing men. From thence went to Mr. Liddell's, and with his party to the Westminster Play; it was the 'Andria,' well acted in some parts; Davus, Pamphilo, Chremes, good. Prologue, complimentary to the defunct Adelaide and some worthies of worth. Epilogue, a fair laugh at the Peace Convention. Saw there, Milman, Lord Lansdowne, and some to whom I was introduced; went to the Liddells afterwards—introduced to Mrs. L., very beautiful and pleasing. From thence with the Judge to Talfourd's; saw Lady T. as usual, Procters, Pollocks, Dickens, Kenyon, Fladgate, Maclise, Pickersgill, Roberts, C. Landseer, Chittys, Forster, Mrs. H. Twiss. Left soon.

December 18*th.*—Henry IV., Oakley. 19*th.*—Richelieu. 21*st.*—Wolsey.

December 22*nd.*—Sheil called and sat some time. Shall I *ever* see him again? I fear never. I have ever retained a most

* The Right Honourable Richard Lalor Shiel was at this time Master of the Mint in Lord John Russell's administration. A proof of the great Waterloo medal had probably been sent to the Duke of Wellington, and returned by him to the Master of the Mint. The medal was never issued.—Ed.

affectionate regard for him and great admiration of his brilliant powers. Though separated by the character of our respective pursuits, he has ever been a faithful friend. God bless him.

December 23*rd.*—Henry IV., Oakley.

——— 24*th to* 29*th.*—[Spent Christmas with family at Sherborne.]

London, December 30*th.*—Lear.

December 31*st.*—Acted Henry IV. and Oakley. The year is closed. As I look back upon it, it appears to me a bewildering rugged view, where many objects are confusedly seen, but as yet my mind is not equal to contemplate and regard them in this regular succession. My first born, my beloved Nina, faded from before me; and my sweet Jonathan was granted to my heart. O God, let my soul be grateful, in submission to Thy decrees and in the full belief of Thy divine goodness. Amen.

1851.

[Sentence prefixed:]

The business of life is to learn; it is our pride resents the offer to teach us, our indolence declines it.

London, January 1*st.*—Acted Cardinal Richelieu. 2*nd.*—King John.

January 3*rd.*—Acted Virginius, one of the most brilliant and powerful performances of the character I have ever given. I did indeed "gore my own thoughts" to do it, for my own Katie was in my mind, as in one part the tears streamed down my cheeks; and, in another she who is among the blest, beloved one! Such is a player's mind and heart! Called.

January 6*th.*—Macbeth. 7*th.*—Stranger. 8*th.*—Wolsey. 9*th.*—Richelieu. 10*th.*—Henry IV., Oakley.

January 11*th.*—Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Pollock * and dear Miss Herries, whom I like so much. Met Kenneth Macaulay,

* Now Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock: at No. 21, Torrington Square. The print of Macready was that engraved from Thorburn's miniature, and published by Holloway in 1844.—Ed.

the handsome boy, now a fine, lusty, middle-aged man. A pleasing cheerful day. Saw my print in the drawing-room, a welcome in itself!

January 13*th*.—Lear. 14*th*.—Werner. 15*th*.—Shylock.

——— 16*th*.—Acted Virginius, for the last time, as I have scarcely ever—no, never—acted it before; with discrimination, energy, and pathos, exceeding any former effort. The audience were greatly excited. Called.

Wrote to Forster, inclosing him "the part" of Virginius and the parchment I have always used in the second act, in the performance of the character. I was deeply impressed by the reflection that in this character—which has seemed one of those exclusively my own, which has been unvaryingly powerful in its effects upon my audience since the first night, in 1820, when I carried them by storm, when Richard Jones came round from the front of the theatre, Covent Garden, into our dressing-room and, laying his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed, "Well, my dear boy, you have done it now!"—that I should never appear in this again, and now I have done it, and done with it! I was much affected during the evening, very much, something with a partial feeling of sorrow at parting with an old friend, for such this character has been to me, and, alas, no trace of it remains. The thought, the practice, the deep emotion conjured up, the pictures grouped so repeatedly throughout the work, live now only in memory. Alas, for the player, who really has made his calling an art, as I can stand up before all men and say I have done!

January 15*th*.—Dined with Justice Coleridge, to meet the Wordsworth Memorial Sub-Committee. Before dinner, whilst looking at some Christmas books, I asked, "Have you seen Ruskin's Christmas Book? It is charming." "Indeed." "Oh!" I went on, "it is a most delightful book." Mr. J. Coleridge observed, "Do not you know him? This is Mr. Ruskin." And I was introduced. I like the family very much, and passed a pleasant cheerful day. Robertson was there. Boxall and Manby called in at lodgings.

January 20*th*.—Cassius. 21*st*.—Henry IV., Oakley.

——— 22*nd*.—Acted Iago with a vigour and discrimination that I have never surpassed, if ever equalled. I do not think I ever acted it so powerfully.

That last performance of Iago was, in my mind, a commentary on the text, an elucidation, and opening out of the profound conception of that great creative mind, that almost divine intelligence, Shakespeare, which has not been given efore in the inward feeling of the part: the selfishness, sensuality, and delight in the exercise of his own intellectual power I have never seen in Cooke or Young, nor read of in Henderson, as being so developed. I don't believe from what I saw of them, that they penetrated beyond the surface of the part, which they displayed cleverly enough and effectively. But what is the difference to an audience? To how many among them does the deep reflection, the toil of thought, carried out into the most animated and energetic personation, speak its own necessary course of labour? By how many among them is the "poor" player, who devotes himself to his art, appreciated—where are the intelligences capable of understanding his author or himself?

London, January 23rd.—Benedick.

January 24th.—Acted Brutus as I never—no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of dialogue, or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The tenderness, the reluctance to deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart, and natural grandeur of soul, I never so perfectly, so consciously, portrayed before. I think the audience felt it.

January 26th.—Found at lodgings a note from Mitchell offering me the St. James's Theatre free for my benefit. I wrote to him to thank him very warmly for it.

January 27th.—Acted Othello. It was very curious how extremely nervous I was of acting before my children; many tears I shed in thinking of them, and of the dear one who would have been their companion. I was most anxious to act my very best. I tried to do so, but am not sure that I succeeded. The audience were cold, and, as Mr. Howe observed, "slow."

I fought up, and I think I acted well, but I cannot think the play gave satisfaction. Called.

January 28th.—Wolsey.

——— *29th.*—Acted Hamlet; certainly in a manner equal to any former performance of the part I have ever given, if not, on the whole, exceeding in power, consistency, grace, and

general truth all I have ever achieved. I was possessed with the feeling of the character. The character has been a sort of love with me. The press has been slow to acknowledge my realisation of the man, of the mind, of the nature of this beautiful conception, because they have not understood it. Bowes, a critic far beyond the many who write here, observed to me, "Yours is the only intelligible Hamlet I ever saw," and this, Forster, Charles Knight, and White enthusiastically admitted to-night. I was gratified by their excitement. I have in Hamlet worked against prejudice and against stubborn ignorance, and it has been a labour of love with me.

Beautiful Hamlet, farewell, farewell! There was no alloy to our last parting. Called, and most fervently received.

January 30th.—Richelieu. 31*st.*—Macbeth.

February 3rd.—Acted King Lear, certainly in a superior style to what I ever did before. Power, passion, discrimination, tenderness, constantly kept in mind. Called at the fall of curtain and went forward, lingering to see if the audience expected me to speak; it seemed as if they did not, and I left the stage. They called again, and after some time I had to appear again. After waiting some time the noise subsided, and I said: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—The period of my theatrical engagements is reached this evening, but, as my advertisements have signified, there is yet one occasion more on which I have to appear before you, and to that, the last performance in which I shall ever hope to strive for your approbation, I reserve the expression of the few words of acknowledgment and regret that I may desire and endeavour to offer you, my true, patient, and long approved friends." This was kindly received. White, Talfourd, Dickens, Forster, Willmott, Manby, Webster, came up to my room. I do not know how many letters were waiting me, and almost all on the subject of places for my benefit.

My theatrical engagement is concluded. My professional life may be said to be ended. I have only to act one night more for my own benefit, in regard to which I am bound to no man; I have acquitted myself of my dues—I am free! Nearly fifty-eight years of my life are numbered: that life was begun in a very mediocre position—mere respectability; my father maintained a good character as an honest and a liberal man;

my mother was a woman of good family, of superior intellect, excellent heart, and of high character, but at ten years of age I lost her counsel and example. My heart's thanks are constantly offered to God Almighty for the share of good He has permitted to be allotted to me in this life. I have attained the loftiest position in the art to which my destiny directed me, have gained the respect of the honoured and respected, and the friendship of the highly gifted, amiable, and distinguished. My education, my habits, my turn of mind did not suggest to me the thought of amassing wealth, or I might have been rich; I have what I trust will prove competence, and most grateful am I for its possession. My home is one of comfort and of love, and I look towards it with cheerfulness and delightful security of heart, and most gratefully and earnestly do I bless the name and thank the bounty of Almighty God, Who has vouchsafed such an indulgence to me, undeserving as I have been, and sinner as I am. Blessed be His name. Amen.

February 4th.—Read a long review of my professional character in *The Times*, kind and complimentary, whilst taking the analytic process to prove its own truth.

February 5th.—Worked at my parting address to my audience. I fear I cannot make it the direct, simple, sensible composition that I desire so much.

Forster called. He told me of the offer of Mr. Phelps, thinking my night was postponed for want of a company, to close his theatre and place his company at my disposal. It does him great honour.

February 11th.—Webster came and offered £5 for every dress; there were twenty-five, but I withdrew the armour. The deduction of this would of course reduce the sum total, and therefore I said if you give me the round sum of £100 I shall be satisfied. To that he instantly agreed and, I think, has a very excellent bargain, but he met me in a very gentlemanlike tone. I am glad to be rid of the clothes, &c., and glad to have the £100 in my pocket.

Dined with Mrs. Dickens. Walked home; note from Kenyon.

Tried to think on the subject of my dinner speech. It seems that the tickets are in active request already, and that the room will not contain the applicants.

February 12*th.*—A very grateful note from Phelps acknowledging my Richelieu's order.

[*February* 17*th.*—Read Hamlet at Cambridge.]

[——— 18*th.*—Read Hamlet at Oxford.]

[——— 21*st.*—Read Hamlet at Eton.]

——— 24*th.*—Went to Kensal Green; looked on the coffins that inclose the remains of my two blessed children. Bless them.

February 25*th.*—Read over Macbeth for the last time as a player. Looked over the speeches I must try and deliver.

February 26*th.*—My first thought as I awoke was that this day was to be the close of my professional life. I meditated on it, and not one feeling of regret intermingled with the placid satisfaction accompanying my performance of every act, needfully preparative to the coming event, as I said to myself, "I shall never have to do this again." My audience I think of with affectionate respect; they have shown actual attachment to me, and, "loving my fellow-men," I part from them with regret and think of them with gratitude. Note from Dickens, inclosing one from Miss Coutts, wishing a box or five stalls. Arranged affairs for the business of the day, a formidable one before me. Before I rose I went over, according to my wont, what I had to say this evening, and thought over the subject-matter of my dinner address.

Went to the theatre. Dressed in the room which I had fitted up for myself when manager and lessee of the theatre, and, as I heard the shouts and cries of the assembled crowds at the doors, thought, with thankfulness to God, on the time when I listened to those sounds with a nervous and fretful feeling, my fortune and my children's weal depending on the result of my undertaking. Acted Macbeth as I never, never before acted it; with a reality, a vigour, a truth, a dignity that I never before threw into my delineation of this favourite character. I felt everything, everything I did, and of course the audience felt with me. I rose with the play, and the last scene was a real climax. I did not see who assisted me to my room, I believe it was Mr. Simpson of Birmingham. I dressed as rapidly as I could and, thinking of what I had to do, gave notice of "being ready," that dear old Willmott might, according to his wish, clear the entrance for me. I thought over what I had to say

and went forward. To attempt any description of the state of the house, of the wild enthusiasm of applause, every little portion of the vast assembly in motion, the prolongation, the deafening cheers, would be useless. After waiting for a time that I have never in my experience seen approached, I advanced. On my first entrance, before I began Macbeth, whilst standing to receive the enthusiastic greetings of my friends, the audience, the thought occurred to me of the presence of my children, and that for a minute overcame me; but I soon recovered myself into self-possession, and assumed Macbeth returning from his triumph. On the occasion of my address I was deeply touched by the fervent, the unbounded expression of attachment from all before me, but preserved my self-possession. I addressed them in these words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—My last theatrical part is played, and, in accordance with long-established usage, I appear once more before you.

"Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for as I look back upon my long professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in mortifying emergencies.

"I have therefore been desirous of offering you, in my own character, my parting acknowledgments for the impartial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favours.

"The distance of more than five and thirty years has not dimmed my recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essays of my youth, and stimulated me to perseverance, when struggling hardly for equality of position against the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honoured.

"That encouragement helped to place me, in respect of privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors.

"With the growth of time your favour seemed to grow, and, undisturbed in my hold on your opinion, from year to year I found friends more thickly clustering round me.

"All I can advance to testify how justly I have appreciated the patronage thus liberally awarded me, is the devotion, throughout those years, of my best energies to your service.

"My ambition to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and taste, worthy of our country, and to have in it the plays of our divine Shakespeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unworthy presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will from henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever shall command.

"I have little more to say.

"By some the relation of an actor to his audience is considered as slight and transient. I do not feel it so.

"The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favourable sentiments towards me will live with life among my most grateful memories; and because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers rather than linger on the scene to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years.

"Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks; you will believe that I feel far more than I give utterance to.

"With sentiments of the deepest gratitude I take my leave, bidding you, Ladies and Gentlemen, in my past professional capacity, with regret, a last farewell."

This address was frequently interrupted by expressions of satisfaction and sympathy, and occasionally with the warmest applause; the picture of the theatre as I bowed repeatedly in returning my thanks to them was, in my experience, unprecedented. No actor has ever received such testimony of respect and regard in this country. My dear countryman Willmott, good old fellow, came into my room, Dickens, Jerdan, Mr. Hogarth, applying for the address; Bulwer Lytton, White, Forster, Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Oxenford, for the address; Lever and Norton from Manchester, whom I was delighted to

see, and whom I welcomed most cordially when I recognised them. Manby, &c., came in, all delighted with the evening, and pleased, as they expressed themselves, with the address. I gave one copy of it to Oxenford, and another to Hogarth, on the condition he sent slips to the other papers.

Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Lacy, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Gill, and Mr. Cooper came in; the persons present were amused at my kissing each of the ladies. I sent for Mr. W. West, at his request promised him my autograph, and gave him my order of the Bath, worn in Lord Townley. When they had gone, except Forster, I sent for Katie, Willie, my sisters, and Hetta, who came in to see me, of course excited and penetrated by what they had witnessed. I gave Hetta my riband of the Bath for Marianne. There was a crowd waiting to see me get into my cab, and they cheered me, kind hearts, as I drove off.

February 27th.—Rose rather late, but with a feeling of freedom and singular lightness, surprised that I had nothing exactly compulsory to do.

Applied myself to speech, with which I cannot satisfy myself; but unfortunately I am always ambitious of doing anything up to the highest mark. If it were possible, well, but——

March 1st.—Was quite overcome by weariness of nerve and spirit, my strength seemed beginning to give way under this unrespited excitement. Thought quite composedly over what I should say, resolved to confine myself to my thanks, &c. Dared not, with all the pains I had taken, venture on the matter I had prepared. Felt very nervous and uncomfortable. Dressed, and with dear Willie went to the London Tavern; waited with Mark Lemon, whom we found there, till Dickens came. Lemon and Willie then went to the Hall of Commerce, and Dickens and myself after a time followed them. Saw Bulwer there, Quin, Lord Clanricarde, Lord Warde, who asked to be introduced to me. I sat between Bulwer and Bunsen. The hall was splendid in its numbers and admirable in its arrangement. The occurrence will be noticed in the prints. I was delighted to learn, in Van de Weyer's speech, that George Sand had published her book (the 'Château des Désertes') inscribed to me.

The list of stewards for Macready's farewell dinner, most of whom attended it, consisted of the following names:

His Excellency M. Van de Weyer.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.
The Earl of Fitzhardinge.
The Hon. Mr. Justice Talfourd.
Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P.
Charles Babbage, Esq.
The Rev. W. H. Brookfield.
The Rev. W. G. Cookesley.
John Payne Collier, Esq.
Hon. Keppel Craven.
John T. Delane, Esq.
Charles Dickens, Esq.
Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A.
The Right Hon. C. T. D'Eyncourt, M.P.
W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P.
John Forster, Esq.
Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, Bart.
John Heywood, Esq., M.P.
Philip Henry Howard, Esq., M.P.
The Rev. William Harness.
S. C. Hall, Esq.
Douglas Jerrold, Esq.
A. W. Kinglake, Esq.
Charles Knight, Esq.
Charles Kemble, Esq.
John Kenyon, Esq.
The Hon. Spencer Lyttelton.
Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.
Mark Lemon, Esq.
D. M. Maclise, Esq., R.A.
R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.*
Sir Roderick Murchison.
The Right. Hon. T. Babington Macaulay.†
W. Frederick Pollock, Esq.‡
Joseph Paxton, Esq.

* Now Lord Houghton. † Afterwards Lord Macaulay.
‡ Now Sir Frederick Pollock.

Bryan Waller Procter, Esq.
Samuel Phelps, Esq.
Doctor Quin.
David Roberts, Esq., R.A.
Samuel Rogers, Esq.
E. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq.
Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.
Augustus Stafford, Esq., M.P.
Alfred Tennyson, Esq.
W. M. Thackeray, Esq.
The Rev. James White.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Wilson.
Benjamin Webster, Esq.
Eliot Warburton, Esq.
Charles Young, Esq.

The card of admission bore a facsimile of the well-known signature of Charles Dickens (in its largest size), who undertook the management of the dinner. Upwards of six hundred tickets were issued, and the accommodation of the London Tavern proving insufficient for so large a number of guests, the actual scene of the banquet was transferred to the neighbouring Hall of Commerce.

The dinner took place under the presidency of Sir. E. L. Bulwer; but a previous request had been made by him to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, that he would be pleased to take the Chair on the occasion; a most gracious and considerate reply was returned to this application through the usual official channel of communication in the Royal Household, to the effect that it would be impossible for His Royal Highness to take the Chair at a dinner of personal compliment to an individual, however eminent and excellent; pointing out that His Royal Highness had never appeared in public on such occasions, except in the advocacy of institutions of great and general public importance; but adding that, in the actual instance, Sir E. L. Bulwer's commendations of Mr. Macready were entirely appreciated, as well as the efforts made by him for the purification and elevation of the stage.

Among those present at the dinner whose names do not

appear in the list of stewards, were the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Dufferin, Lord William Graham, Sir G. Back, Mr. C. Leslie, R.A., Mr. S. Hart, R.A., Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, Q.C., Mr. A. Fonblanque, Mr. J. Cattermole, Sir E. Ryan, Serjeant Adams, Mr. R. S. Rintoul, Mr. C. J. Herries, Mr. P. Cunningham, Mr. J. H. Parry,* Mr. G. Bentinck, Mr. J. Wallack, Mr. F. Stone, Mr. H. Colburn, Dr. Mackay, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. John Leech, Mr. T. Chitty, Mr. W. Boxall,† Mr. Willmott, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Evans, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Frith, A.R.A., Mr. Egg, A.R.A., Mr. Ward, A.R.A., Mr. Oxenford, Mr. Raymond, Mr. H. P. Smith, Mr. Zouch Troughton, Mr. Colnaghi, Dr. Winslow, Mr. Lowne, Mr. Gruneisen, Mr. Dudley Costello. The following account of the speeches appeared in *The Times*, and proceeding as they did from so many distinguished persons, and embodying as they do so much valuable criticism upon and illustration of Macready's career, they are given without abridgment:

The Chairman gave the healths of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family, which were received with the usual demonstrations of loyalty.

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of "The Army and Navy," observed that the drama was under very great obligation to the army, three of our great dramatical writers having been connected with that profession. Ben Jonson served with the army in Flanders; Steele, the father of our serious comedy, had been a trooper in the Guards; and Farquhar owed many of his happiest recollections to the time when he was a lieutenant under Lord Orrery. (Cheers.) He did not remember that the navy had, in former times, contributed its quota to our dramatic literature, but one of the most brilliant wits of the present day, who had given to the stage some of the most sparkling and enduring of English dramas—he meant Mr. Douglas Jerrold—had been connected with the navy. (Hear, hear.) For the rest, one thing was perfectly certain—that had it not been for the navy, in conjunction with the army, our play-loving neighbours, the French, might have made England itself the subject of a very disagreeable tragedy. (Laughter.)

The toast was briefly acknowledged by Lieutenant-General

* Now Serjeant Parry. † Now Sir William Boxall, R.A.

Sir J. Wilson on behalf of the army, and by Captain Sir G. Back for the navy.

The Chairman then rose, and said,—Gentlemen, when I glance through this vast hall, and feel how weak and indistinct is my voice, I feel that I must frankly throw myself on your indulgence, and intreat your most patient and courteous attention while I approach that subject which unites to-day an assembly so remarkable for the numbers and distinction of those who compose it. We are met to do honour to an eminent man, who retires into private life after those services to the public which are always most felt at the moment we are about to lose them. (Hear, hear.) There are many among you far better qualified than I am to speak critically of the merits of Mr. Macready as an actor; but placed as I am in this chair, I feel that I should justly disappoint you if I did not seek to give some utterance to those sentiments of admiration of which you have made me the representative. Gentlemen, this morning I read in one of the literary journals some qualifying remarks as to the degree of Mr. Macready's genius; and now, as I recognise here many who are devoted to literature and art, I will ask them if I am not right in this doctrine—that the true measure of the genius of an artist is the degree of excellence to which he brings the art that he cultivates. (Hear, hear.) Judge of Mr. Macready by this test, and how great is that genius that will delight us no more ("Hear, hear," and cheers); for it is because it has so achieved what I will call the symmetry of art that its height and its breadth have been often forgotten. (Hear, hear.) We know that it is the uneven and irregular surface that strikes us as the largest, and the dimensions of a genius, like those of a building, are lost in the justness of its proportions (applause); and therefore it is that in recalling the surpassing excellence of our guest as an artistical performer, one is really at a loss to say in what line of character he has excelled the most. (Hear, hear.) The Titanic grandeur of Lear, the human debasement of Werner, the frank vivacity of Henry V., the gloomy and timorous guilt of King John, or that—his last—personation of Macbeth, in which it seemed to me that he conveyed a more exact notion of what Shakespeare designed than I can recollect to have read in the most profound of the German critics; for I take it, what Shakespeare meant

to represent in Macbeth was the kind of character which is most liable to be influenced by a belief in supernatural agencies—a man who is acutely sensitive to all impressions, who has a restless imagination more powerful than his will, who sees daggers in the air and ghosts in the banquet-hall, who has moral weakness and physical courage, and who—as our guest represented him—alternates perpetually between terror and daring—a trembler when opposed by his conscience, and a warrior when defied by his foe. (Loud cheering.) But in this, and in all that numberless crowd of characters which is too fresh in your memories for me to enumerate, we don't so much say, "How well this was spoken," or "How finely that was acted," but we feel within ourselves how true was the personation of the whole. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) Gentlemen, there is a word that is often applied to artists and to authors, and I think we always apply it improperly when we speak of a superior intellect—I mean the word 'versatile.' Now I think the proper word is 'comprehensive.' The man of genius does not vary and change, which is the meaning of the word versatile, but he has a mind sufficiently expanded to comprehend variety and change. If I can succeed in describing the circle, I can draw as many lines as I please from the centre straight to the circumference, but it must be upon the condition—for that is the mathematical law—that all these lines shall be equal one to the other, or it is not a circle that I describe. Now I do not say our guest is versatile; I say that he is comprehensive ("Hear, hear," and cheers); and the proof that he has mastered the most perfect form of the comprehensive faculty is this—that all the lines he has created within the range of his art are equal the one to the other. (Loud cheering.) And this, gentlemen, explains to us that originality which even his detractors have conceded to him. Every great actor has his manner, as every great writer has his style. (Hear, hear.) But the originality of our guest does not consist in his manner alone, but in his singular depth of thought. (Cheers.) He has not only accomplished the obvious and essential graces of the actor—the look, the gesture, the intonation, the stage play—but he has placed his study far deeper. He has sought to penetrate into the subtlest intentions of the poet, and made poetry itself the golden key to the secrets of the

human heart. (Cheers.) He was original because he never sought to be original, but to be truthful; because, in a word, he was as conscientious in his art as he is in his actions. (Loud cheering.) Gentlemen, there is one merit of our guest as an actor upon which if I were silent I should be indeed ungrateful. Many a great performer may attain to a high reputation if he restrains his talents to acting Shakespeare and the great writers of the past; but it is perfectly clear that in so doing he does not advance one inch the literature of his time. It has been the merit of our guest to recognise the truth that the actor has it in his power to assist in creating the writer. (Hear, hear.) He has identified himself with the living drama of his period, and by so doing he has half created it. (Cheers). Who does not recollect the rough and manly vigour of Tell, the simple grandeur of Virginius, or the exquisite sweetness and dignity and pathos with which he invested the self-sacrifice of Ion? (Loud cheering.) And who does not feel that but for him these great plays might never have obtained their hold upon the stage, or ranked among those masterpieces which this age will leave to posterity? (Renewed cheers.) And what charm and what grace, not their own, he has given to the lesser works of an inferior writer, it is not for me to say. (Loud and continued cheering.) But, gentlemen, all this, in which he has sought to rally round him the dramatic writers of his time, brings me at once from the merits of the actor to those of the manager.

I recall, gentlemen, that brief but glorious time when the drama of England appeared suddenly to revive and to promise a future that should be worthy of its past (hear, hear); when, by a union of all kindred arts, and the exercise of a taste that was at once gorgeous and severe, we saw the genius of Shakespeare properly embodied upon our stage, though I maintain that the ornament was never superior to the work. Just remember the manner in which the supernatural agency of the weird sisters was made apparent to our eye, in which the magic isle of Prospero rose before us in its mysterious and haunted beauty, and in which the knightly character of the hero of Agincourt received its true interpretation from the pomp of the feudal age, and you will own you could not strip the scene of these effects without stripping Shakespeare himself

of half the richness and depth of his conceptions. (Loud cheers.) But that was the least merit of that glorious management. Mr. Macready not only enriched the scene, but he purified the audience (hear, hear), and for the first time since the reign of Charles II. a father might have taken his daughters to a public theatre with as much safety from all that could shock decorum as if he had taken them to the house of a friend. (Cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers.) And for this reason the late lamented Bishop of Norwich made it a point to form the personal acquaintance of Mr. Macready, that he might thank him, as a prelate of the Church, for the good he had done to society. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I cannot recall that period without a sharp pang of indignant regret, for if that management had lasted some ten or twelve years I know that we should have established a permanent school for actors, a fresh and enduring field for dramatic poetry and wit, while we should have educated an audience up to feel that dramatic performances in their highest point of excellence had become an intellectual want, that could no more be dispensed with than the newspaper or the review. (Loud cheers.) And all this to be checked and put back for an age to come! Why? Because the public did not appreciate the experiment? Mr. Macready has told us that the public supported him nobly, and that his houses overflowed. Why then? Because of the enormous rent and exactions for a theatre which, even in the most prosperous seasons, made the exact difference between profit and loss. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, it is not now the occasion to speak of remedies for that state of things. Remedies there are, but they are for legislation to effect. They involve considerations with regard to those patents which are secured to certain houses for the purpose of maintaining in this metropolis the legitimate drama, and which I fear have proved the main obstacle to its success. (Hear, hear.) But these recollections belong to the past. The actor—the manager—are no more. Whom have we with us to-day? Something grander than actor or manager; to-day we have with us the man. (A loud and prolonged burst of cheering.) Gentlemen, to speak of those virtues which adorn a home, and are only known in secret, has always appeared to me to be out of place upon public occasions; but there are some virtues which cannot

be called private, which accompany a man everywhere, which are the essential part of his public character, and of these it becomes us to speak, for it is to these that we are met to do homage. I mean integrity, devotion to pure ends, and a high ambition, manly independence, and honour that never knew a stain. (Loud and general cheers.) Why should we disguise from ourselves that there are great prejudices to the profession of an actor? Who does not know that our noble guest has lived down every one such prejudice, not falling into the old weakness of the actor, and for which Garrick could not escape the sarcasm of Johnson, of hankering after the society and patronage of the great? (Hear, hear.) The great may have sought in him the accomplished gentleman, but he has never stooped his bold front as an Englishman to court any patronage meaner than the public, or to sue for the smiles with which fashion humiliates the genius it condescends to flatter. (Great cheering.) And therefore it is that he has so lifted up that profession to which he belongs into its proper rank amid the liberal arts; and therefore it is that in glancing over the list of our stewards we find every element of that aristocracy upon which he has never fawned unites to render him its tribute of respect. (Loud cheers.) The Ministers of foreign nations—men among the noblest of the peers of England—veterans of those professions of which honour is the life-spring—the chiefs of literature and science and art—ministers of the Church, sensible of the benefits he has bestowed upon society in banishing from the stage what had drawn upon it the censure of the pulpit—all are here, and all unite to enforce the truth, the great truth, which he leaves to those who come after him—that let a man but honour his calling, and the calling will soon be the honour of the man. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Gentlemen, I cannot better sum up all I would say than by the words which the Roman orator applied to the actor of his day; and I ask you if I may not say of our guest as Cicero said of Roscius—"He is a man who unites yet more of virtues than of talents, yet more of truth than of art, and who, having dignified the scene by the various portraitures of human life, dignifies yet more this assembly by the example of his own." (Great applause.) Gentlemen, the toast I am about to propose to you is connected with many sad associations, but not to-day. Later

and long will be cherished whatever may be sad of those mingled feelings that accompany this farewell—later, when night after night we shall miss from the play-bill the old familiar name, and feel that one source of elevated delight is lost to us for ever. (Hear, hear.) To-day let us only rejoice that he whom we so prize and admire is no worn-out veteran retiring to a rest he can no longer enjoy (cheers)—that he leaves us in the prime of his powers, with many years to come, in the course of nature, of that dignified leisure for which every public man must have sighed in the midst of his triumphs; and though we cannot say of him that his

> "way of life
> Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,"

yet we can say that he has prematurely obtained

> "that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

(cheers); and postponing for this night all selfish regrets, not thinking of the darkness that is to follow, but of the brightness of the sun that is to set, I call upon you to drink, with full glasses and full hearts, "Health, happiness, and long life to William Macready."

The toast was drunk by the company upstanding, and was followed by rapturous cheers, which were renewed and continued for some moments.

Mr. Macready, on rising, was received with a fresh outburst of cheering and the waving of handkerchiefs. He said—I rise to thank you, I should say to attempt to thank you, for I feel the task is far beyond my power. What can I say in reply to all that the kindly feeling of my friend has dictated? I have not the skill to arrange and dress in attractive language the thoughts that press upon me, and my incompetency may perhaps appear like a want of sensibility to your kindness, for we are taught to believe that out of the heart's fulness the mouth speaks. But my difficulty, let me assure you, is a contradiction to this moral. (Cheers.) I have to thank my friend, your distinguished chairman, for proposing my health to you, and for the eloquence—may I not add the brilliant fancy?—with which he has enriched and graced his subject. But that we may readily expect from him who in the wide and discursive range

of his genius touches nothing that he does not adorn. ("Hear," and cheers.) I have to thank you for the cordiality and—if I may without presumption say so—the enthusiasm with which the compliment proposed has been received, and for the honour —never to be forgotten—that you have conferred on me by making me your guest to-day. Never before have I been so oppressed with a sense of my deficiency as at this moment, looking on this assemblage of sympathising friends, crowded here to offer me the spontaneous testimony of their regard. I observe among you many who for years have been the encouraging companions of my course; and there are present, too, those who have cheered even my earliest efforts. To all who have united in this crowning tribute, so far beyond my dues or expectations—to my old friends, the friends of many years, who welcomed me with hopeful greeting in the morning of my professional life, and to the younger ones who now gather round to shed more brightness on my setting, I should wish to pour forth the abundant expression of my gratitude. (Loud cheering.) You are not, I think, aware of the full extent of my obligations to you. Independent of the substantial benefits due to a liberal appreciation of my exertions, my very position in society is determined by the stamp which your approbation has set upon my humble efforts (cheers); and let me unhesitatingly affirm that, without undervaluing the accident of birth or titular distinction, I would not exchange the grateful pride of your good opinion, which you have given me the right to cherish, for any favour or advancement that the more privileged in station could receive. (Great cheering.) I really am too much oppressed, too much overcome to attempt to detain you long; but with the reflection, and under the conviction, that our drama, the noblest in the world, can never lose its place from our stage while the English language lasts, I will venture to express one parting hope—that the rising actors may keep the loftiest look, may hold the most elevated views of the duties of their calling. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) I would hope that they will strive to elevate their art, and also to raise themselves above the level of the player's easy life to public regard and distinction by a faithful ministry to the genius of our incomparable Shakespeare. (Cheers.) To effect this creditable

purpose they must bring resolute energy and unfaltering labour to their work; they must be content "to spurn delights and live laborious days;" they must remember that whate'er is excellent in art must spring from labour and endurance.

> "Deep the oak
> Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure
> That hopes to lift its branches to the sky."

(Loud applause.) This, gentlemen, I can assure you was the doctrine of our own Siddons and of the great Talma (hear), and this is the faith I have ever held as one of their humblest disciples. Of my direction of the two patent theatres, on which my friend has so kindly dilated, I wish to say but little. The preamble of their patents recites, as a condition of their grant, that the theatres shall be instituted for the promotion of virtue and to be instructive to the human race. I think these are the words. I can only say that it was my ambition, to the best of my ability, to obey that injunction ("Hear, hear," and cheers); and, believing in the principle that property has its duties as well as its rights, I conceived that the proprietors should have co-operated with me. (Loud and general cries of "Hear.") They thought otherwise, and I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish, on disadvantageous terms, my half-achieved enterprise. Others will take up this uncompleted work, and if inquiry were set on foot for one best qualified to undertake the task, I should seek him in the theatre which, by eight years' labour he has, from the most degraded condition, raised high in public estimation, not only as regards the intelligence and respectability of his audiences, but by the learned and tasteful spirit of his productions. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I shall not detain you longer. All that I could desire, and far more than I ever could expect, you have conferred upon me in the honour you have done me to-day. It will be a memory that must remain as an actual possession to me and mine which nothing in life can take from us. The repetition of thanks adds little to their force, and therefore, deeply as I am already obliged to you, I must draw still further on your indulgence. You have had faith in my zeal for your service; you will, I am sure, continue that faith in my gratitude for the value you have set

upon it. With a heart more full than the glass I hold, I return you my most grateful thanks, and have the honour of drinking all your healths.

[Mr. Macready, who had displayed considerable emotion during some portions of his address, then resumed his seat amid most enthusiastic cheering.]

Mr. C. Dickens, in proposing the next toast, said it appeared to him that there were three great requisites essential to the realisation of a scene so unusual and so splendid as that which they then witnessed. The first, and he must say that very difficult, requisite, was a man possessing that strong hold on the general remembrance, that indisputable claim on the general regard and esteem, which was possessed by his dear and much valued friend their guest. (Cheers.) The second requisite was the presence of a body of entertainers—a great multitude of hosts—as cheerful and good-humoured, under some personal inconveniences (cries of "No, no," and a laugh), as warm-hearted and as nobly in earnest as those whom he had the privilege then to address. The third, and certainly not the least of those requisites, was a president who, less by his social position—which might come by inheritance, or by his fortune, which might be adventitiously won or accidentally lost (a laugh)—than by his comprehensive genius, might fitly represent at once the best part of that to which honour was done, and the best part of those who united in the doing of it. (Cheers.) Such a president he thought they had found in their Chairman of to-night (loud cheers), and it was their Chairman's health that he had to propose (Renewed cheers). Many of those who heard him were no doubt present at the memorable scene on Wednesday night, when that great vision which had been a delight and a lesson—very often, he dared say, a support and a comfort—to them, which had for many years improved and charmed them, and to which they had looked for an elevated relief from the labours of their lives, faded from their sight for ever. (Cheers.) He would not stop to inquire whether their guest might or might not have looked forward, through rather too long a period for them, to some remote and distant time when he might possibly bear some far-off likeness to a certain Spanish Archbishop whom Gil Blas once served. (Laughter.) Nor would he stop to inquire

whether it was a reasonable disposition in the audience of Wednesday to seize upon the words—

> "And I have bought
> Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
> Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast aside so soon"—

but he would venture to intimate to those whom he addressed how in his own mind he mainly connected that occasion with the present. When he looked round on the vast assemblage of Wednesday, and observed the huge pit hushed into stillness on the rising of the curtain, and when he saw the misty, surging gallery —where men in their shirtsleeves were at first striking out their arms like strong swimmers (laughter)—become still water in a moment, and remain so through the play, it suggested to him something besides the trustworthiness of an English crowd, and the delusion under which those persons laboured who disparaged and maligned such an assembly. It suggested to him that in meeting here to-night they undertook to represent something of the all-pervading feeling of that crowd through all its intermediate degrees, from the full-dressed lady with sparkling diamonds in the proscenium box to the half-undressed gentleman (great laughter) who was biding his time for taking some refreshment in the back row of the gallery. (Renewed laughter.) He considered that no one whom they could possibly place in the chair could so well head that comprehensive representation, and could so well give a crowning grace to their festivities, as one whose comprehensive genius had in his various works embraced them all (hear, hear), and who had in his dramatic genius enchanted and enthralled them all at once. (Cheers.) It was not for him to recall on that occasion what he had seen and known in the byegone times of Mr. Macready's management, of the steady friendship of Sir Bulwer Lytton for their guest, of the association of his pen with the earliest successes of those days, or of his zealous and untiring services; but he might be permitted to say—what indeed in any public mention of Sir Bulwer Lytton he could never repress—that in the path they both trod he had uniformly found him from the first the most generous of men (cheers), quick to encourage, slow to disparage (hear, hear), ever anxious to assert the order

of which he was so bright an ornament, and never condescending to shuffle it off and leave it outside state-rooms as a Mussulman might leave his slippers outside a mosque. (Laughter.) There was a popular prejudice, a kind of superstition to the effect that authors were not a particularly united body (a laugh), and were not devotedly and inseparably attached to one another. (Laughter.) He (Mr. Dickens) was afraid he must concede just a grain or so of truth to that superstition; but this he knew—that there hardly could be, or could have been among the followers of literature, a man higher above those little grudges and jealousies which sometimes disfigured its brightness for a moment than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. (Hear, hear.) He had the very strongest reasons at this time to bear his testimony to Sir Bulwer Lytton's great consideration for evils which were sometimes attendant upon literature, though not upon him; for, in conjunction with some others who were present, he (Mr. Dickens) had just embarked with their chairman in a design for smoothing the rugged way of young labourers both in literature and the fine arts, and for cheering, but by no eleemosynary means, the declining years of meritorious age. (Cheers.) If that project prospered, as he believed it would, and as he knew it ought to do, it would be an honour to England where there was now a reproach upon her, and it would have originated in the sympathy and consideration of their chairman, having been first brought into practical operation by the unstinted gift of his intellect and labour, and endowed from its very cradle by his munificent generosity. (Cheers.) There were many among them who would no doubt have each his own favourite reason for drinking their chairman's health with acclamation, resting his claim probably upon some one of his diversified successes. According to the nature of their reading, some of them might the more naturally connect him with prose—others with poetry; one might associate him with comedy—another with the romantic passions of the stage, and his assertion of worthy ambition and earnest struggles against those twin gaolers of the human heart—low birth and iron fortune. The taste of one might lead him to contemplate Rienzi and the streets of Rome; another's, the rebuilt and repeopled ruins of Pompeii; another's, the touching history of the fireside where

the Caxton family—so far a picture to them all—learnt how to discipline their natures and to tame their wild hopes down. (Loud cheers.) But however various those feelings and reasons might be, sure he was that with one accord all would swell the greeting with which they would receive "The health of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton."

The toast was drunk with loud cheering, and was briefly acknowledged by the chairman, who observed that the compliment was the more gratifying to him as it proceeded from an assemblage comprising so many of his own fellow-labourers.

M. Van de Weyer, in proposing "The Artists, and Sir Charles Eastlake," said he was grateful to the chairman for having entrusted this duty to him, because he considered that a compliment was thus paid to the country he represented—a country upon which the cultivation of art had thrown an immortal lustre, and which, since the restoration of its independence, had witnessed with just national pride the glorious revival of its ancient school. (Cheers.) He might observe that the genius of that great dramatic artist to whom they had assembled to pay their tribute of admiration had recently received a just homage from the greatest living French prose writer, George Sand, who had placed—to use her own expression—under the protection of his great name and of his friendship, her own views upon dramatic art. It must be to them, as it was to him, a source of extreme gratification to see in that assembly the most eminent representatives of art in all its various branches. They knew how all the arts were linked together, and when dramatic poetry was united with painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, it offered to man the most ennobling pleasure his mind could enjoy. (Hear, hear.) He might be allowed to make one incidental remark on this subject. No foreigner could visit the English theatres without being struck with the extraordinary talent, the real genius, the richness of imagination, the picturesqueness of the colouring, and the beauty of the architecture displayed by the artist in scenic decorations—the last of which qualities he must say he had often wished to see transferred from the stage to the streets of that metropolis (laughter and cheers), where there were certainly some architectural enormities, which weighed as

heavily upon the soil as no doubt they did upon the consciences of the mistaken artists who perpetrated them. (Great laughter.) He had, since he had been in England, heard many doleful lamentations on the decay of British art, but he was not one of those who shared in that feeling. Was there, he asked, any school of painting which, in less than a century of existence, had produced so many eminent artists as the English? Among the dead they had Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilkie, and many others. Among the living they had Eastlake, with his brilliant colouring and exquisite taste; Landseer, whose pictures were poems (cheers); Maclise, whose translations from Shakespeare were in the memory of all; Stanfield, whose pictures were full of life and freshness; Leslie, the worthy interpreter of Cervantes, of Sterne, and of Goldsmith; and Turner, whose genius had inspired the pages of the most eloquent moral and religious book ever published in this or any other age. (Cheers.) He thought, then, it would be seen that there were talent and genius in the English school equal to the greatest requirements of art.

Sir C. Eastlake, in acknowledging the toast, expressed his concurrence in the recommendation of his Excellency that the architectural scenery sometimes exhibited on the stage should be imitated in the streets of the metropolis. (Cheers and laughter.) He bore his testimony to the admiration he had uniformly heard expressed by the artists of this country of the judicious representations which Mr. Macready had promoted.

Mr. John Forster, in proposing the next toast, "Dramatic Literature," observed that it was peculiarly the glory of Mr. Macready's career that his name was equally allied with present and past dramatic literature, and that it would hereafter be associated with a long line of original poetic creations which first derived form from the inspiration of his art. After referring to the connection of Mr. Macready, as an actor, with the dramas of Lord Byron, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Justice Talfourd (whose judicial duties prevented him from attending), Mr. Procter, the Rev. Mr. White, Mr. Sheil, Miss Mitford, Douglas Jerrold, and others, Mr. Forster stated that his friend the Poet Laureate, Alfred Tennyson, had intrusted him with a few lines of poetry addressed to their distinguished

guest, which with the permission of the assembly he would read. (Loud cries of "Read, read.") Mr. Forster proceeded to read the following lines, which were received with much applause:

Farewell, Macready, since to-night we part;
Full-handed thunders often have confessed
Thy power, well-used to move the public breast.
We thank thee with our voice, and from the heart.
Farewell, Macready, since this night we part;
Go, take thine honours home; rank with the best,
Garrick and statelier Kemble, and the rest
Who made a nation purer through their Art.
Thine is it that our drama did not die,
Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime,
And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.
Farewell, Macready; moral, grave, sublime;
Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years, on thee.

The Chairman said, they were honoured by the presence of the representative of a country to which they were indebted for the profoundest analytical criticisms of Shakespeare—he alluded to the Prussian Minister, Chevalier Bunsen (cheers): and he begged to propose, "The German exponents of Shakespeare," in connection with that distinguished individual.

Chevalier Bunsen responded to the toast in the following words:—Much as I must wish that there was present on this occasion one of the surviving heroes of our literature, to whom Germany owes the distinguished honour which has been done to her dramatic writers and critics, I am free to confess that I am proud it has fallen to my lot to be, on such an occurrence, the feeble, but sincere, interpreter of our national feelings. Sir, that honour is great and precious, coming as it does from such a man, addressing such an assembly, and on such an occasion. Gentlemen, the modern literature of Germany was nurtured by the English muse, and the genius of William Shakespeare watched over her cradle. He is not a true German who does not gratefully acknowledge that fact. (Cheers.) When, after one century of bloody internal wars, and another of benumbment, about eighty years ago the national spirit of Germany had gathered strength to look around, he found himself in the fetters of the most conventional poetry and taste which ever has weighed upon poor humanity since the days of China and Byzance—oratorical

prose in rhyme, rhetoric screwed up to poetry, civilised galvanism mistaken for the rhythm of organic life. It was under such circumstances that the first of our intellectual giants, Lessing, arose, and in pure classical German proved that our models must be looked for somewhere else, and particularly in the dramatic art. Lessing pointed to two great constellations —the Athenian Theatre and William Shakespeare. He did more—he united with a great and genial actor, Schröder, at Hamburgh, to give Germany a national theatre fashioned after those models. When one decade later the immortal author of our greatest national drama—of *Faust*—when the bright star of Goethe rose on the horizon, his dramatic creed was the same: Æschylus and Sophocles and William Shakespeare for ever! (Cheers.) Again, when a few decades later, towards the beginning of this century, that noble pair of brothers, Frederick and William Schlegel, began to apply the united force of genius, philosophy, and poetry to the creation of a comprehensive system of poetical and artistic criticism, considering all real and lasting productions of art, not as an accidental kaleidoscopic variety of forms, but as a link in the chain of the development of mind; and when their common friend, Ludwig Tiek, opened his delightful, both creative and critical, vein, for the same object, who was the hero in whose name and to whose honour they broke down the idols of conventional poetry and condemned to eternal oblivion all sham and unreality? Who was the hero who inspired both Goethe and Schiller and the followers of the romantic school but William Shakespeare and his theatre? This name of Shakespeare, then, was not the fashion of an age; it was not the hue and cry of a school of metaphysic philosophers or the whim of critical poets. No, sir, it was no more or less than the adequate expression of the deepest national feeling: it was the organ and echo of the universal voice of love and admiration with which the Anglo-Saxon mind, in its native abode, reverently hailed the great kindred genius of England, as the poetical hero of the Germanic race. (Cheers.) It is, above all, the instinctive love and admiration which has made Shakespeare the most popular name, and his dramas the most universally read poetical works among 40,000,000 of Germans. The distinguished editor of *Shakespeare*—who in our age has given to

England and to the world the genuine text of that author and carried out the right principles of its interpretation—says somewhere most truly, "The foundation of a right understanding of Shakespeare is love"—reverent love, of course, as every true love is. Well, I think we Germans do love Shakespeare, and we love him reverently. We do not love him for this or for that, but we love him best for being what he is. We do not admire him for a happy simile here or a striking observation there; none of which, beautiful as they may be as part of a whole, would make him, as we think, a poet—much less the king of all dramatic writers of the world. We love, above all, his grand poetical conceptions and the truthful manner in which he does justice to them. We see in every piece of his an artistic reproduction of those eternal laws which, in spite of many apparent contradictions, and through all antagonistic forces, regulate always in the end the national, and very often the individual, destinies of mankind. To represent them in action is the divine privilege of the dramatic genius. This being our conception of Shakespeare, and this the relation his immortal works bear to our present national literature, you will think me sincere in saying, what you praise us for is nothing but the deep acknowledgment of our eternal obligations to your and the world's greatest dramatist—the voice of our grateful and reverent love to our saving and inspiring hero. I beg your pardon for having been so prolix on this point, but all I have said bears even directly upon the occasion of our festive meeting on this day. For, sir, I confess I have never been able to understand how one can love "Shakespeare's Plays" without feeling the most lively interest for the national theatre on which his dramas are to be represented, and the highest regards for the great actor. (Cheers.) The great actor is infinitely more necessary to reproduce the author's idea of a play than a good musical director is required for the understanding of a great musical composition. You can set tunes and harmonies to notes, but not words and sentences to declamation. And what can you prescribe for action? The great actor is the real *hypophetes* of the prophet, the best interpreter of his meaning, and nothing less than his whole person, his body, mind, and soul, are required for performing that great task. In the age in which we live it is not the question whether we are to have

a national theatre or not. The question only is, whether the theatre is to be conducted by libretto-makers and mechanical or mercantile managers, or whether it is to be regulated by first-rate men both of intellect and of moral courage. The question is whether we shall allow it to be disgraced into a slave of fashion and low amusement, or whether it is to be upheld as a high intellectual and moral school, nourished by the best feelings of the nation, or worthy of the support of an enlightened national Government. Gentlemen, I think we all agree about this alternative. It is our cordial agreement on this question which has collected us also to-day around our justly honoured guest. The German literature and nation have long decided that question in the same way. I have already mentioned that Lessing allied himself with Schröder, the celebrated German actor of his time. In the same manner Goethe dedicated a great part of his long, laborious, and self-devoted life to creating and maintaining a national theatre, and so did Ludwig Tiek for many years at Dresden and Berlin. I think that precious as their time was it was well bestowed upon this great object: and I cannot allow this occasion to pass without mentioning a fact directly bearing upon this occasion, that when Ludwig Tiek was, in 1817, in London, he was struck by a young actor then only beginning to appear before the public. He did not see him in a Shakespearian play—the particular object of his devoted attention, but in a now-forgotten drama of the day, in a character neither attractive nor deeply poetical. But, nevertheless, he was struck by that young actor in the midst of the splendid constellations which then shone on the English stage. "If this young man," Tiek says, in his dramaturgic letters of 1817, "goes on as he has begun, he will become one of the most eminent actors of the age." The young man's name was William Macready. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, there remains nothing more for me than to pay personally the tribute of sincere admiration and gratitude to him by whose side I have to-day the distinguished honour to sit. Having watched him attentively during the ten years I have had the happiness to spend in this country, I do not know whether I admire him more as a man who has made me understand Macbeth and Hamlet—and above all Lear—better than I ever understood them before, or as the high-minded

manager, and as the man of character who has often staked his very existence on his great and noble object, which was—to raise the standard of his art, to elevate the English actor, and to purify and ennoble the national stage. And I finally wish you joy, gentlemen, that you have celebrated the retirement of this man from the stage in a manner which honours both him and yourselves, and which is full of European and universal interest; and I conclude by expressing my deep-felt gratitude for having associated me with your feelings. (Cheers.)

Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., proposed "The Stage," connecting with it the name of Mr. C. Kemble, as one of the representatives of the past, and of Mr. Phelps, as one of the representatives of the future—the latter gentleman, he observed, having redeemed Sadler's Wells from clowns and waterworks (hear, hear), and made it a not unworthy shrine of Shakespeare, and a pledge of what the drama would be before the impulse which had been given to it by Mr. Macready was exhausted.

Mr. C. Kemble presented himself to respond to the toast, when the whole company rose and cheered in the most enthusiastic manner for some moments. When silence had been restored, he said: Until he sat down to dinner he had not the least expectation that such a compliment would have been paid to him, and when he saw himself surrounded by so many men eminent in literature, science, and art, they could not be surprised that he felt utterly at a loss for words adequately to express his thanks. He would not attempt what he felt to be impossible, but he entreated them to believe that he was not the less deeply sensible of, nor the less highly flattered by, the very signal favour they had conferred upon him. (Cheers.)

Loud cries were raised for Mr. Phelps, but it was announced by the chairman that that gentleman had left the room.

Mr. Thackeray proposed "The health of Mrs. Macready and her family," which was briefly acknowledged by Mr. Macready.

The toast of "The Ladies" was proposed by Lord Dufferin, and the chairman then quitted the chair; and the company separated shortly before twelve o'clock.

London to Sherborne, March 2nd.—Came away with my dear children and sister. Read the *Observer* and the *Examiner*.

Was in very great spirits, very thankful. Reached home in good time and found all well. Thank God. Passed a happy evening with them, talking over what had so recently passed as a bright dream before us, and went to bed grateful and, I must say, happy in my home and my heart.

March 10th.—Sherborne to London.

London, March 11th.—Dined with Kenyon, who, against my urgent request, had a party. Abbott Lawrence, Count Strzelecki, Booth (of Board of Trade), Sir George Back, Procter, Dr. Bright F. Goldsmid, and Forster.

March 12th.—Went to Dickens's to dinner. Met Bulwer Lytton, Mark Lemon, D. Jerrold, Egg, Forster, &c. The day was given up to the business of the performance, and amusing it was to notice their many grounds of debate, and assurances of success. Mr. Egg thought that Willmott as prompter might put them too much into conventional habits.

March 13th.—Dined with Procters. Met Bulwer Lytton, Christie, Lady Eastlake, Miss Hay, Forster.

March 14th.—Dined with the Pollocks:* and read the rest of George Sand's 'Château des Desertes.'

March 16th.—Went out to Mortlake, called on Henry Taylor. He read the preface to "Killing no Murder," a royalist pamphlet addressed to Oliver Cromwell, and some passages from it. Mrs. H. Taylor and Spedding arrived, and I passed a very agreeable evening. Gave Spedding a seat in the carriage to come home.

March 18th.—Called on dear old Mr. Rogers. *Heu! quantum mutatus.* I shall never see him again. He talked much and I sat long. He talked much of poetry, quoting passages, and citing from his own. He spoke of sonnets, to which he has a great dislike, and thought them the Procrustean bed for thought. He sent his love twice to Catherine, and seemed, as I parted from him, to have the persuasion that it was for the last time. I turned as I left the room, and his two hands were lifted up to his head in the action of benediction on me.

March 19th.—As I review the circumstances of this last visit of mine to London, the notice is forced on me of the respect and regard universally manifested towards me. I have felt no embarrassment in the presence of men the most distinguished,

* Now at 59, Montagu Square.—Ed.

and have been addressed and treated by them as on a footing of most perfect equality. Though experiencing usually much courtesy, I have never felt this independence of position before. I can look my fellow-men, whatever their station, in the face and assert my equality. I am most grateful for this feeling, which is among the blessings for which my gratitude refers to Almighty God.

Winchester, March 21*st.*—My income this year I reckon at £1,285, my expenses at £882, leaving my balance for Willie's college terms, &c., £403.

Sherborne, March 22*nd.*

April 21*st.*—Went with Willie to the soirée of the Sherborne Literary and Scientific Institution. Saw Messrs. Ffooks, Highmore, Falwasser, Willmott, &c. Amused with the proceedings, and shall take an interest in the society.

London, May 3*rd.*—Went to the Exhibition. Was struck with the splendour of the view on reaching the centre, looking round at the transepts, and up and down the cross. The most beautiful single objects were the park trees growing within the building, the *coup d'œil* was very striking, very imposing, the detail very surprising, very beautiful. With all its extraordinary magnificence my feeling was, that if I had not seen it, I should not have regretted it very much. The good effect it produced on my mind was, it showed me the utter absurdity of any individual prizing himself for what he may possess of rich and rare, when there is such a world of wealth beyond the very richest and most powerful, whose utmost means must look insignificant compared with what can constantly be brought to outshine it by the industry of man. Learn content and humility.

Went to the Royal Academy Exhibition. Delighted with much that I saw; Maclise's Caxton is the picture of the year. E. Landseer has a most brilliant fancy of Titania and Bottom, and some excellent things besides. Herbert, one small powerful figure of Daniel. Ward very good, Stanfield and Frith. An unknown name, Faed, very good. The Exhibition I think beyond any of its precursors. Much excellence, and lowest the level above preceding years. Went home to dress having seen Stanfield, Hart, Herbert, Maclise, Bulwer, Dickens, &c.

Returned to Academy, saw Van de Weyer, Lord Londesborough, Lord Carlisle, Milman, Sir R. Murchison, &c.

As usual, the effect of the pictures, at first distinct, bright, and warm in their clear outline and glow of colour, the thought of the superior intelligences assembled there, the music and the festive feeling of the hour, were most delightful. The gradual closing in of the evening dimming more and more the clearness of the subjects, until at length the outlines were lost, the expression obscured, and the rich prominences of each were so many beautiful interspersed masses of colour, memories only to the spectator of the stories so charmingly told, that seemed now clouded from his view. In an instant the rising of the gas gave, as by an enchanter's wand, the objects of our former admiration back to the delighted sense in all the brilliancy of light. There is nothing more delightful than the enjoyment of this scene. The usual routine was passed. The Prince spoke very well; Lord John but so so; Macaulay indifferently, for such men. The Duke as usual. To our astonishment and I may say horror, Eastlake, in associating literature with the arts, mentioned the names of Dickens, myself, and Bulwer. I could have sunk into the earth. Dickens was for the first time on such an occasion completely taken aback; he rose, as did I, thinking to cover myself under his speech. Bulwer would not. Dickens made a very fair reply, and we sat down. I was called on to rise. Oh God! I was compelled; and said a few words, I know not what, about being urged by Dickens and others, and about my debt to the pictorial art, &c. I cannot remember anything, except that I was terribly distressed. The evening passed off, however, very pleasantly, and Talfourd and myself agreed to go and take tea at the Athenæum. I was putting on my coat, as the Duke of Newcastle came up and shook hands with me very cordially, joining in conversation with us. We went to the Club. Then Edwin Landseer came in and sat with us very pleasantly. Saw Thackeray for a moment as I was passing out.

May 4th.—Forster called, went with him to Rogers. Found the old man very cheerful, thinner than when I last saw him, but in very good spirits. He told all his stories "over again." Exhorted the three bachelors to get married; spoke of Scott, Byron, and Moore, and of his own poetry, quoting us a

particularly fine line—"Their very shadows consecrate the ground."

I was interested by Tom Taylor's account of his studies. Spedding is a most pleasing person. Took leave of dear old Rogers once more. I think indeed for the last time. I cannot make out his character. He is surely good-natured, with philanthropic and religious feelings, but his fondness for saying a sharp thing shakes one's certainty in him: his apparent desire, too, to produce effect, I think, sometimes awakens doubts of his sincerity in some minds. Dined with Dickens. Maclise and Forster were there. Dickens related a *mot* of Jerrold's: P. Cunningham's stating that he had been eating a strange dinner, calves' tails, Jerrold observed, "Extremes meet."

Sherborne, Sunday, May 11th.—Walked out with Willie, intending to go to church at the little village near, and then walk in to Sir W. Medlycott's. The morning was deliciously beautiful, and we both enjoyed it. The church was closed, no service; we examined its exterior, and walked a different way through Poynington and home by the Bath Road. Never have I felt more deeply and purely, the loveliness of nature and the bounty of God to me and mine; beauty everywhere and impressing every sense. O God, let me never fail to be sensible of Thy unspeakable goodness.

May 31st.—Letters informing me that a paragraph had appeared in *Daily News* and *Shipping Gazette*, stating that it was intended to bring me forward as a candidate for the Tower Hamlets, which made me laugh most heartily.

Sunday, June 1st.—Read newspaper, in it saw a paragraph from the *Daily News*, stating that it was the intention of some persons to put me in nomination as Member of the Tower Hamlets. I was amused very much, and showed it to Catherine and Letitia; Catherine would wish the project might be realised; Letitia thought (as I do) that even if there was probability of success, such a measure was not to be desired or entered upon.

Read prayers to the family and servants.

June 5th.—Heard of the death of my very dear friend, nearly one of my oldest friends—one who clung to me in all his elevation—dear Richard Sheil. Another gone, another to teach me how slight is the barrier, how short a distance from me, that separates me from another state of existence.

June 26*th.*—Wrote to Pollock, sending for Mr. Johnson, who will go to meet him. Wrote to Eeles, to Bradbury and Evans, to Colnaghi with cheque for £9 11*s.* 6*d.*, to Forster. Played at cricket an hour with the boys. The heat was extreme, and I find, upon experiment, that fifty-eight cannot do the work of eighteen. I do not feel my mind old, but my breath and body are unequal to extra exertion. Very much tired.

July 15*th.*—Waited for the arrival of the Pollocks, who at last came.* Walked in the garden till time to dress for dinner. A cheerful evening.

July 19*th.*—Miss Herries and Mrs. Pollock wished me to read. I read the beginning of the fifth book of 'Paradise Lost,' they were much affected. Some passages of Wordsworth, &c.

Sunday, July 20*th.*—Went with our guests and Katie to Milborne Port Church, Sir William Medlycott was fortunately at the church door and led us to seats.

Walked in the garden at Ven, with Sir William and Pollock. We lunched or dined there, and passed the time pleasantly enough till the carriage was ready at three. Returned home.

Mrs. Pollock spoke to me about a visit to them in London, but that I cannot see in the future of things, much, so very much, as I like them.

August 17*th.*—Read the paper, in which was a long and able article on Mr. McFarlane's pamphlet against Gladstone's disclosures of Neapolitan infamy and tyranny: a very affecting account of the two or three last years of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. His silence for such a length of time is one of the most deeply affecting instances of human suffering I have ever met with. God help us! There surely cannot be an end to all here, or all, who have innocently suffered, from the blessed Jesus downward, have existed for sorrow without comfort, and seemingly without cause. But He who made us must have His own purposes. Let us wait and adore. Amen.

September 18*th.*—Mr. Hallett called, wishing me to be President of the Literary and Scientific Institute of this year. I wished to serve the Society, but required time for my answer.

* During Macready's residence at Sherborne, the nearest railway station to it, in coming from London, was at Frome, a distance of about twenty-two miles, along a hilly country road.—Ed.

September 25*th.*—Mr. Hallett called for my answer to be President of the Literary and Scientific Society. I talked with Catherine about it, and felt that it was my duty to do my best in such a cause. I assented, and spoke to Mr. Hallett about a lecture, &c., which he thought would suit the Society, on the poetry of the poor.

December 31*st.*—It is very late as I begin to enter my parting words to the eventful year on this its record of my thoughts, feelings, and sufferings. Continued my work, too late begun, upon my account books. Heard Walter part of his lesson. Read in English History with Willie, and afterwards, in French, Thierry's 'Conquête d'Angleterre,' with Willie and Katie. Took a warm bath. Received gardener's character. Sat with Catherine, who, thank God, seems better. Not quite well after dinner. Rested in her room. Read French and geography with my adult class. Heard Walter his lessons. Looked at the paper. Continued my books and partially arranged my accounts. It is very late. Adieu to 1851, one of the most eventful years of my eventful life. For all, thank God, thank God, thank God. Amen.

The entry in Macready's diary for the last day of 1851, might serve as a specimen of the greater number of those made by him at Sherborne. His life ceased to be eventful except in thought, feeling, and suffering. The details indicated in it were those of his daily life. He continued to give anxious and unremitting attention to his pecuniary affairs, for the sake of those depending upon him. He dedicated much time, more indeed than was good for them or for himself, to the minute personal superintendence of the general education, and of the various lessons of his children. His own state of health required great care and consideration. His desire for occupation and his habitual reliance upon his own judgment, led him to take an active part in the domestic management of his household. His wife's health was not strong, and the first great sorrow which fell upon him in his retirement, was already beginning to cast its shadow before it. His general schemes for extending the benefits of

education to the people among whom he had cast his lot, were getting into practical work. Through all, and above all, he maintained his deep and pious sense of thankfulness for all the good he had enjoyed and was enjoying.

Macready's severance from the stage was complete. The white hood worn by him in 'Philip Van Artevelde' was the only theatrical trapping which survived at Sherborne. His wife had treasured it up, as a solitary relic belonging to a character in which she especially admired him: the one thing she had asked for and kept as a remembrance of his great performances. She gave it to Lady Pollock (then Mrs. Pollock) upon the occasion of her first visit to Macready in Dorsetshire (as recorded by him in July 1851), and it now remains in her possession.

Into Macready's retreat, however, the memories of his past career, and the devotion of the many persons who were attached to him, could not fail to follow him, and he received remarkable expressions of regard and admiration from different quarters.

Charles Sumner (10th December, 1850) wrote from Boston (United States): "You will stand out hereafter as the last great actor of the English stage. It must be so; and I rejoice that, associated with that position will be so much of private worth and general culture, as we admire in you. Of you we may say what Cicero said in his oration for Sextius, of the great Roman actor Æsopus, that he chose the noblest parts both as an actor, and a citizen. *Meherculé, semper partium in republicâ, tanquam in scenâ, optimarum.* I cannot do more than to wish for you the success in future fame which attended Æsopus."

Dr. Liddell, now Dean of Christ Church and then Head Master of Westminster School, writing to Macready on 3rd March, 1851, and alluding to his farewell dinner, said: "I should very much like to have been one of the clergy who attended on Saturday to express by their presence their thanks to one who had done so much for elevating the drama to its own high and noble office. But all efforts to get tickets were for me at least in vain."

Macready had also at this time many other letters from clergymen, testifying respect for his character as a man and a

Christian, and admiration for his genius; and thanking him for the example of fine elocution, found so useful to them in the pulpit, as well as for his exertions in elevating the dignity, the art, and the moral purity of the theatre. Nor did such expressions of esteem cease to be given when the immediate occasion of Macready's retirement had passed away. After his decease, similar testimonies were renewed, and one correspondent, personally a stranger to him and to his family, wrote to his widow:

"As a former London clergyman, I always looked up to two men as doing more good in their respective spheres of action, than any others that could be named at that time. I mean Melville and your late husband. Few perhaps have ever raised the standard of Christian duties among the young intellect of London so successfully as these two men. It was a real grief to very many that Macready's health and strength did not hold out to a much later period of his life, so great was the good that he was then carrying on. However, Dorset is a high testimony to his usefulness, though the sphere was not so wide or distinguished as in London. That he reached more than the Psalmist's threescore years and ten in such high honour and esteem must be the greatest consolation of his family under the loss you are now deploring."

A letter from George Wightwick, whose friendly professional offices prepared Sherborne House for Macready's reception, affords a signal example, among many, of the enthusiasm excited by the great actor on the stage which afterwards led, as in other cases, to a fervent and lasting friendship in private life:

April 5th 1851.,

My Dearest Macready,—It must have been in the year 1818 that I went one evening to Covent Garden Theatre to see Miss O'Neill in '*Jane Shore*.' She was the exclusive object of my crush into the crowded pit of that vast theatre. An actor in a suit of humble brown, appeared as one Dumont. His first tone came over my ear with an influence to prove than an extraordinary sympathy was at once elicited, and permanently confirmed. The scene with Hastings, in which Dumont disarms the imperious nobleman, made me feel that the man in the "humble brown suit" was, in a certain sense (so far as the expression may be used, without debasement to him), myself; every yearning that I had for what was noble in nature and true in art, was illustrated in him.

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And year after year did this feeling grow in its obstinate strength, with all the penalties which must be paid for pleasure such as mine. There was an orchestra and a burning row of lamps between us. How I longed to over-

leap them. Fortunately, my respect and deference was great as my longing; and the latter, as I trust you will allow, was at length and by modest degrees, inoffensively gratified. You know how, and I think you must also be aware how delightfully to myself. Little, however, did I imagine that I should ever be to you what your gentle kindness has permitted me to become. The conduct and the courtesy of a gentleman, so far as they could be shown in the occasional communion of ordinary acquaintance, I felt would be manifested to me; and of this alone I should have been sufficiently proud, but the affectionate responses of a closely knitted friendship, were delights which I could not now so dearly appreciate, if I had in the first instance arrogantly reckoned on them as probable. I wish you distinctly to understand and believe this; because I wish you equally to be assured that, having what I desired, I value it as if the desired "having" were still to be obtained. "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale it." I shall ever be as anxious to keep it as I was, formerly, earnest to acquire it. Though, "Love casteth out fear," it is, or should be, ever most conservative of the original respect, which put itself under the care of deferential delicacy.

Well, the yearning was first felt in 1818, thirty-three years ago, and on the 3rd of March, 1851, I am one of the family party at your birthday dinner in the retirement-home I have assisted to prepare for you, playing hearth games with your boys and girls. Never was the consummation of original hope and earnest wish more complete than in my present possession of your regard. Heaven preserve it to me, for it is most precious! and in all respects wholesome to my "state of man," except that it perhaps inclines a little to make me proud.

As a public man I believe none had ever so great a share of admiration's heart; as a private gentleman I am convinced no one has a greater number of devoted friends. With many, with most indeed, you will hereafter in this world, have but occasional communion, nor will I regret that it can only be occasional with me, since I regard all good and true things as only begun in this life to be consummated in the life which will have no ending.

Your truly affectionate,

GEORGE WIGHTWICK.

Macready's work in the cause of education at Sherborne, and his general desire to do good to those around him, can only be well described by those who were personally acquainted with them, and who took part with him in the practical execution of his benevolent schemes.

He devoted himself almost exclusively to labours of kindness and usefulness; his charity was so extensive that, although his left hand knew not what his right hand did, it was impossible that it should escape observation, even beyond the sphere of the recipients of his bounty; and while thus engaged in relieving distress in the neighbourhood of his new home, he continued to remit money to old pensioners elsewhere up to the day of his death. He would himself visit the sick and poor, and

ascertain their necessities, and if he thought they were not sufficiently cared for he would send to them his own medical attendant.

But his great interest was in the cause of education, especially among the poorer classes, which he developed at the cost of incessant personal exertion and mainly at his own expense. He established a night-school which he conducted himself, and in which he was assisted by voluntary teachers from among the gentlemen and tradesmen of the town, who attended in turns; but he was himself never absent from his post, except under very urgent necessity. After a time, some of his friends raised a subscription in order to relieve Macready of a part of the burden which his own zeal in the cause had brought upon himself. Yet although his own contribution to it had not been ever less than £100 a year, he was so fond of the night-school that he accepted this aid as a proof of the estimation in which his work was held, and as an additional fund, but not in case of his own payments. On one occasion, when driving over to the neighbouring town of Yeovil on matters of business connected with the Sherborne Institution, his companion jokingly remarked that a country fly was a sorry conveyance for the great tragedian, and that he ought to keep his own carriage and pair; he said, "Ah, but then I must give up my night-school."

A most valuable testimony to the importance of Macready's educational work at Sherborne was given in an official report made by the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, at that time one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools:

"The best evening school which I have seen is that at Sherborne, managed, and in great measure taught, by Mr. W. C. Macready, whose name needs no distinctive synonym. It was held, when I visited it last September, in an ample and well-lighted room, copiously provided with the usual apparatus of instruction. It was attended by upwards of eighty youths, of ages varying from ten to twenty years, but averaging thirteen, and all engaged till evening in laborious employments. Their attendance appeared to be spontaneous, regular, and cheerful; their demeanour docile; their attainment, practical and intelligent in kind, and of satisfactory amount. But there was something in that institution still more impressive than its efficiency. That a gentleman who retired not many years ago from a sphere of prominency in name, in person, and in character, where he was always greeted with acclamations of esteem such as, once tasted, it must be difficult to exchange for a more silent homage, should now, at a vigorous—not far advanced—but still

advancing age, be found punctually devoting some hours of several evenings a week to teaching the children of a few Dorsetshire labourers the humblest rudiments of that language whose sublimest creations his genius had for years been accustomed to interpret to successive thousands of cultivated listeners; this is a fact of which the moral significance deserves a better exposition than I can venture to attempt. I have met with many sermons, pamphlets, orations on the duty of instructing the poor; but here was a homily in action which I congratulate myself on having witnessed, and which, while I do not presume to distrust its quiet usefulness by anything so incongruous as applause, I think it may, in many ways, be profitable to recall." *

Sherborne was not less indebted to Macready for the revival, direction, and strenuous support of its Literary Institution, which had fallen into abeyance and was in danger of total extinction. By his exertions and frequent assistance the lectures given to its members were renewed. Dickens, Thackeray, Forster, James White, Wightwick, Bellew, the present Editor, and other friends of Macready, visited him and were glad to support him in his endeavour to restore animation to the Institution in which he took so strong an interest; and these gratuitous lectures from time to time occasioned what in some instances appeared to be almost fabulous additions to its formerly scanty funds, and rendered possible the formation of a library, which was further augmented by gifts of books from Macready and his friends. Sometimes too he would himself give a Shakesperian reading, which attracted the whole neighbourhood, and largely recruited the pecuniary resources of the Institution.

There were also established Institution Classes; and other Institutions in adjoining towns and counties were induced to associate themselves in the movement. For several years annual competitive examinations were held, and prizes were awarded of considerable value. Many country gentlemen took a kindly interest in this work, and encouraged it by their aid and presence. But no one took Macready's place when he left Sherborne, and the Institution again languished for want of due support.

Soon after his arrival in Sherborne, a gentleman, soliciting subscriptions for the British Schools, happened to make his

* Report of Committee of Council on Education, 1859-60. (Extract from Report for year 1859, by Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield.)

first call on Macready, and informed him of a deficiency existing in their funds. "Let me see the statement," said Macready; and having examined the account shown to him, he went to his desk and drew a cheque for the whole of the deficiency, which amounted to £38.

The friend and partner in Macready's good works at Sherborne, from whose recollections the preceding account of them is chiefly drawn, adds, "His memory is still fresh among us, and will live here as long as his public fame endures in the world at large; and children's children will be taught to speak with love and reverence of Mr. Macready."

Two things especially had attracted Macready to Sherborne: one, the expected advantages of its ancient grammar-school for the education of his sons; the other, the interesting and roomy old dwelling-house which, at a moderate rent, received his then large family, and gave ample space for the display of his books, his prints, and his other works of art.

Sherborne House is described in Hutchins' 'Dorsetshire' (vol. iv., p. 136) as "a large, handsome, freestone mansion in St. Swithin's Street, erected chiefly by Henry Seymour Portman, Esq., who, about 1720, left it to his nephew, Francis Seymour (brother of Edward, Duke of Somerset).

"The staircase was painted by Sir James Thornhill. It is said that Mr. Portman at first intended this only as a half-way house between his Dorset and Somerset estates, and that when he afterwards proposed to give it to his lady for her residence after his decease, she refused to accept for her jointure-house what was at first designed as an inn, *i.e.*, an occasional resting-place between Bryanston and Orchard. The architect was a Mr. Bastard, of Sherborne."

The difficulties of divided authority, which must always to some extent exist when schoolboys live at home in their parents' house in the same town with their school, were felt probably in their highest degree in Macready's family. He had strong opinions on matters of conduct, discipline, and education, and had been all his life accustomed to see his own views enforced; and long before other sad reasons came into operation which would have rendered the contiguity of the school under any circumstances useless, it had ceased to be of any benefit to him.

The house, however, led to no disappointment, and was singularly well fitted for its intended objects. It stood enclosed in its own grounds; a little retiring from the road in front of it, over which there was an uninterrupted prospect of a pretty Dorsetshire landscape. The style of the building is a favourable specimen of a period when good models were studied and carefully followed; and when architects were content to consider the light and comforts of the interior of a house as among the first matters deserving their attention, and the front is a good piece of plain *renaissance* work. Large gates closed either end of a short carriage-drive, or sweep, through a small garden before the house. The centre of the ground floor was occupied by an ample entrance-hall, paved with squares of black and white marble, the scene of various readings by Macready to large invited audiences. On the left was a dining-room, pannelled in dark wood. On the right was the library (a remarkably light and cheerful room), which contained in handsome cases his collection of books. This was a good and varied one, in English, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian works, but was not especially rich in dramatic literature.

The library was sometimes the scene of private readings to favoured guests, never to be forgotten by the few who had the privilege of hearing Shakespeare and Milton interpreted by all the art of a life spent upon the study of them. Macready would, on these occasions, often begin in a low tone, as if oppressed by the weight of his undertaking. His voice would gradually rise into power, like the sun breaking through a fog, until he sent it forth in its full volume of sound. Its music would then sink and rise in varied cadences and intonations, and it was as if the various stops of a fine organ were being by turns employed at the will of a great player, calling into action the full power of the instrument in a rich and magnificent combination of all its qualities.

Macready has, in more than one recorded opinion, refused to recognise the reading of a play before a public audience as an equivalent for its performance in the usual manner upon the stage; nevertheless he set the highest value upon reading as the best mode of gaining real and profound knowledge of a great poet's works. In a letter to his kinswoman, Mrs. Larden (*née* Lydia Bucknill), written in the second year of his re-

sidence at Sherborne, he dwelt emphatically on the importance of reading out for the understanding of Shakespeare and Milton.

"Except in a guess at the genuine reading of a doubtful passage, the explanation of obsolete terms, or the description of antique usages, notes to a good poet are impertinent. The *art of reading* is the key to the real understanding of Shakespeare—of Milton—of all that is great. Looking into peculiarities will not help a student; he begins at the wrong end. The best idea he will get, for example, of Hamlet, from a book, is from the 'Wilhelm Meister' of Goethe; Goethe writes as if he felt the man's inmost feelings, and as if he would impart those feelings in reading the book to any one. I know of no other critic who writes on Shakespeare as a great actor and critic would write if he could. What critic will help you to feel Milton? Addison is the best, but his reader must bring a great deal to his aid." (26th August, 1852.)

Besides the rooms already described at Sherborne House, there was a quaint apartment on the ground-floor at the back of the entrance-hall, which went familiarly under the name of the "*salle*." It had been elevated from baser domestic uses to the rank of a family sitting-room, under Wightwick's hands, and was the habitual abiding place for the younger members of the household. Upstairs a handsome drawing-room, Macready's own room, and a large guest's bed-chamber occupied the front on the first floor; and these rooms were approached through a lobby, decorated in Pompeian style, which went well in accordance with the semi-classical architecture of the mansion.

Behind the house was a large old-fashioned walled garden, with turf and flower-beds, passing into a kitchen-garden and orchard, and then into a paddock. It was in this garden that Macready took much of his out-door exercise, and in which he most loved to meditate.

The place was at once in the country and in the town. The town was at hand, but unseen, and a few steps of walking led into the fields.

Macready's absences from Sherborne, after he had settled there, were neither frequent nor long, but some of them were of a most sorrowful kind. In the September of the second year (1852) of his residence there, he accompanied his wife to

Plymouth, where she died; and he had to make again the journey to Kensal Green Cemetery—a melancholy visit, repeated the following year on the occasion of the death of his son Walter, and again in 1857 on the death of his son Henry, whose long trials of illness and suffering had made him most dear to his father. To this child he had been nurse, mother, and even physician, and to the last hoped for his restoration to health, after all expectation by others of recovery was gone.

He was, however, every year for a short time in London, but only on business, or on matters connected with his own health or that of his children; and he avoided any entrance into general society, seeking that only of friends whom he already knew and liked.

August 7th, 1852.—Macready thus noted the death of an old friend:—"To my deep grief perceived the notice of the death of dear Count D'Orsay. No one who knew him and had affections could help loving him. Where he liked he was most fascinating and captivating. It was impossible to be insensible to his graceful, frank, and most affectionate manner. I have reason to believe that he liked me, perhaps much, and I certainly entertained the most affectionate regard for him. He was the most brilliant, graceful, endearing man I ever saw—humorous, witty, and clear-headed. But the name of D'Orsay alone had a charm; even in the most distant cities of the United States all inquired with interest about him.

In 1854 the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, gave Macready's eldest son William a writership in Ceylon: an appointment in which he afterwards much distinguished himself, and gained the approbation and good-will of his official superiors and colleagues. To his second son, an Addiscombe cadetship for the military service of the East India Company had been previously given by Mr. Herries, when President of the Board of Control.

In 1855, Macready came up to London to take part in the dinner given to Thackeray on his departure to deliver his lectures in America; and he has recorded the visit under the date of 11th October, 1855:

"To London Tavern. Met there Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, Pollock, Stanfield, Murphy, Fladgate, Charles Knight, Longman, Judge Willes (who wished to know me), Russell Sturges,

W. Beckett, Leech, Mark Lemon, P. Cunningham, White, Bradbury, Evans, Roberts, Spedding, &c. The meeting was one of men most cordially disposed to be happy. All glad to meet and pay a tribute to a man of genius. The dinner was superb. My place was between Stanfield and Judge Willes, next to whom was Jerrold, Stanfield being on the left hand of Dickens, who was in the Chair. The dinner lasted about two hours, Dickens' speech was of course very good, but not his very best. Willes was surprised at the eloquence of Dickens. Albert Smith improvised a song with remarkable felicity, full of point and humour, on the event and observations of the evening. It was a great success."

In the following year there is the interesting record of a morning visit to the ruins of Covent Garden Theatre:

"*April 4th* 1856.—Passing by Covent Garden Theatre, I stopped the driver and directed him to the entrance. The *custos* made much objection to my entrance, but on giving my card and insisting that Mr. Gye would desire that I should have admittance, he yielded, and called a fireman to show me the interior. It was, as ruin ever is, a melancholy sight;* but it did not affect me. It was, not my theatre, the scene of my anxieties, my struggles, my trials, and my sufferings and my triumphs; that had long since been changed."

In the spring of 1856, Macready paid a short visit to Paris, where Dickens was then staying. He saw Ristori act, visited George Sand, in company with his friend Regnier of the Comédie Française, and witnessed part of the performance of her adaptation of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' which he notes as a failure.†

July 5th, 1856. He records the death of Young:

"Read with deep emotion the death of 'Charles Mayne Young, aged seventy-nine.' My struggle in professional life was against him, and for several years we were in rivalry together; disliking, of course, but still respecting one another. I am now the only one of the men who made up that artistic constellation at Covent Garden."

* Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire, 5th March, 1856.

† M. Delaunay, then a young actor at the Théâtre Français, was the Orlando, and the piece was otherwise well acted, but its inherent faults of construction made its success impossible.

And he returned to the subject on the following day:

"The news of Young's death yesterday depressed me more than those who had witnessed our contention for the prize of public favour could have conceived. I had a very sincere respect for him. No two men could have differed more in the character of their minds, in their tastes, pursuits, and dispositions; but his prudence, his consistency in his own peculiar views, and the uniform respectability of his conduct, engaged and held fast my esteem for him, from the time that the excitable feelings of immediate rivalry had passed away. I am thankful that I had the opportunity of proving that."

In 1857, Macready was in London in the beginning of the year, and assisted as a spectator at the private theatrical performances * given by Dickens at his residence, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, of which he wrote to Lady Pollock: "It was remarkably, extraordinarily clever, in all respects. The acting uncommonly good; I mean positively so, and rendered so much more effective by the general harmony of the party. I do not wonder at your having recourse to your cambric. The performance excited me very much."

Later in this year he attended the meeting of the Social Science Association at Birmingham, and paid a visit to an old Rugby schoolfellow, the Walhouse of early days, who, in 1812, took the name of Littleton, was Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1834, and in 1835 had been created Lord Hatherton. He gave also lectures at Bradford, Bridport, Weymouth, Blandford, and Reading; and spent part of the autumn at Charmouth, on the Dorsetshire coast, which he describes himself as leaving "with reluctance, and going back to the home which possesses the images of, and the associations with, so many lost ones."

The year 1858 was saddened by the death, in June, of Macready's daughter Lydia (Lillie), and it was followed in November by that of his "sister and friend," Letitia, which put an end to the longest companionship of his life; and again, and twice within six months, the mournful journey to London and the slow procession to Kensal Green Cemetery had to be made.

In the latter part of the year 1859 Macready left his

* 'The Frozen Deep,' by Wilkie Collins, and Buckstone's farce of 'Uncle John.'

seclusion at Sherborne to say farewell to his eldest son and his wife, on their departure from England on their returning to Ceylon; but during these years he continued, as always, devoted to his educational work, and was occasionally delivering lectures or readings at Sherborne and other places.

The beginning of the year 1860 was marked by preparations for leaving Sherborne, where the house to which he had retired from London had become too large for his now diminished family, and which had now so many sad associations connected with it; in Macready's own words, it was "mournful to look on the many empty seats around the once crowded table, and life had lost much of its charm in the absence of those whose presence once made its happiness." The move to Cheltenham now resolved upon was, therefore, in every way a desirable one.

He gave a final reading of 'Othello,' for the benefit of the Literary Institution, and, on the 27th of March, upon resigning the Presidency of the Institution, a handsome silver epergne was presented to him, with the unanimous vote of the members, expressing their regret at his departure and their grateful acknowledgments of the services rendered by him to the Society.

On the 30th of March, he took leave of his evening school, and has thus described the occasion:—"I gave to them the Bibles and distributed the prizes, received the kind boys' testimonial (a handsome silver paper-knife), addressed them and the assembly, Dr. Williams, and other friends. All spoke in most affectionate and regretful terms. Have I not reason to be grateful to God—and am I not so? Blessed be His name."

Macready's marriage with his second wife took place in 1860, and was celebrated at St. John's Church, Redland, Clifton, on the 3rd of April in that year. Mrs. Macready was the fifth daughter of Henry Spencer, Esquire, and a grand-daughter of Sir William Beechey, R.A., painter to George III. and Queen Charlotte. His residence for the remainder of his days was now fixed at Cheltenham, where a house in Wellington Square received him and his family, and where his life was from henceforth one of complete retirement. He enjoyed corresponding with old friends, and also occasional visits from them. Most of his time was spent in his library with his books, or in preparing for the evening readings, which were the delight of his domestic circle.

Macready's youngest son, Cecil Frederick Nevil, was born the 7th of May, 1862, and several years succeeded of much tranquil happiness.

The letters which now follow, in the order of their dates, have been selected from those written by Macready to the Editor, and to Lady Pollock, from the time of his retirement to Sherborne, until the time when he almost ceased to write at all:—

Sherborne, Dorset, February 6th, 1852.

My dear Pollock,—The date of your letter looks reproachfully at me. But I think I may justly deprecate any discontent with the long delay of my acknowledgment, in referring to the unhappy state in which your kind and welcome greeting found the inmates of our home, and in which so many of them have continued. Mrs. Macready's health is an incessant cause of anxiety to us. She is, I fear, wasting under a disorder which medical science has hitherto failed to reach. God knows to what issue it will come! But the alternations of hope and fear, and the needful attention even to the sustaining of her spirits, occupy much of each day, and will help to account for the heavy balance of correspondence against me. We have a sick room, too, upstairs; but we believe in the appearance of returning health, that comes to gladden that. It was a great pleasure to us in our unusually melancholy Christmas time to read of your happy gathering at dear Dickens's. I was with you all in spirit, and could afterwards in your account see the happy looks of the brilliant crowd and enjoy the gaiety of such a memorable evening. What shall I render you for all the delightful account of your delightful evening? What can Sherborne have to tell of itself that can be worth the listening to? All that has happened to raise a ripple on the dull surface of our stagnant life has been a sort of *soirée*, which I gave in the hall to the members of our little Mechanics' Institution, in the shape of a lecture on the influence of poetry on the mind, illustrating my discourse with two or three recitations, to which they listened with an earnestness of attention that very much interested me. I am quite sure you would have been deeply gratified in witnessing the decorous

manner, and, I may say, the gentlemanly feeling, that they evinced, without any occurrence to disturb the pleasant even tone of the entire ceremony. My poor wife, who was most anxious that it should come off, and who, I fancy, made herself temporarily better, that it should do so, sate upstairs, listening to catch any sound from below, and waiting, with efforts at patience, for a report of the proceedings. I am striving to improve the Institution, but my country neighbours have not much sympathy with the project of elevating the operative class. I trust that your solicitude for your brother has been happily relieved before this, and that he has recovered, or may hope to recover, the sight of his eye. My wife, sister, and Katie join with me in affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Pollock; and with every kindest wish,

I remain always and sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, February 19th, 1852.

This morning's post brings me, my dear Mrs. Pollock, your kind invitation, which extorts from me, one or two days earlier than my intention, the answer to your former welcome and interesting letter. But first—you will soon see in print my reasons for not accepting the pleasure you propose to me. I have given notice to the persons conducting the affairs of the Theatrical Fund of my inability to undertake the duties of Chairman at their festival. The state of Mrs. Macready's health keeps me in such constant anxiety, between such painful alternations of grasping at the shadow of any hope, and sinking under an almost numbing depression, that I really cannot bear to contemplate a responsibility, for which I see no prospect of the ability to prepare myself, and which, at the very last moment, I may be compelled to relinquish. It is not, therefore, probable that I shall leave home, at least citywards, for many a day, my presence being indispensable at home, and rendered more than ordinarily so (if there may be degrees in so positive a necessity) by the incapacitating illness of my suffering partner. But hope is the life of life; and I cannot help looking out beyond these present heavy months to the brighter

ones of summer, praying that they may bring health and cheerfulness again to our melancholy abode, and that with them you and Mr. Pollock and Julian will come to make the summer holiday, to which we bend our thoughts and straining eyes as one of the events of our year. You think we should not try to see beyond the present; but when that is dark, may we not do well to believe that the little gleam along the horizon's rim may have sunshine in it? If you could but know how ingenious and how pertinacious is hope to those, who, at sea, are longing for a sight of land, in proving and insisting that the fog-banks in their distance must be *terra firma*, you would concur in the reasonableness of our clinging to the belief, that the summer must be well with us, repaying us for much that, under such expectations, we are contented to undergo. Mrs. Macready sends her love to you, and participates with Katie and my sister and myself in all our summer plans.

I was very much amused with your description of the marionettes; it was so faithful that I saw them distinctly, as I remember them at Rome, where I used to give my nightly attendance at their theatre. On one occasion I recollect the *arlecchino* was exciting the bursts of laughter of the audience, when the tinkling of a bell was heard from the street—the performance suddenly stopped, the whole audience went down upon their knees, I, of course, among the rest ("At Rome," &c.), and till the sound of the bell had ceased to be heard, the silence was profound. I whispered to my neighbour, "What is that?" She answered, "It is the Lord." It was the Host being carried to a dying person.* I quite agree with you that our actors and actresses might take a lesson in unconsciousness that would greatly benefit their audiences from those earnest players. The mere recollection of them is a pleasure to me. I have been interrupted in my letter by a two hours' visit from an interesting person, who lectured at our little Institution last night on 'Milton as a Man,' and gave us a very eloquent discourse. He has just left me, but with little time to finish my letter, which, however, is already quite long enough. I was truly glad to hear that your good husband had quite recovered from his severe cold, of which Forster had informed me also. I wish he could enjoy the benefit of our mild and yet bracing

* This anecdote also occurs in the 'Reminiscences,' vol. i. p. 269.

air, but I trust he will when there is more shade and more need of it.

I cannot imagine how you can have possessed yourself with the idea that Gertrude was a participator in the murder of Hamlet. The random words in that moment of maddening excitement are not meant to couple the two acts of murder and marriage as crimes of his mother. The furious intimation of his father's fate is one of those evidences of penetration into the human heart, on which one cannot reason, one can only feel that Shakespeare's genius is above all laws of art. The words are inconsequent, they are unjustifiable, but they are what Hamlet would have said, and it would be a reasonable argument that, under similar circumstances, they must have been said, such actual truth of feeling is in their opposition to the truth of fact. I feel certain that I could satisfy you upon the point with the book before me, because then I could use Shakespeare's language in place of my own, which I have been more used to, and which I could apply so much more effectually to my argument. He, Hamlet, moreover, would not load his uncle with all those terms of obloquy and vituperation, if his mother merited her share of them. I have not time to write a more logical and sane reply to your question; but I will most gladly defer the discussion of the point until we can debate it in full synod here, and I am sure I shall satisfy you, for, I repeat, it is a matter to feel and not to reason on. Give my very kindest regards to your husband, of whom I hope to hear continued good accounts. I hate and fear all kinds of colds and coughs—I have too much reason.

Always believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

28, Berkely Square, Bristol, May 28th, 1852.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—As I look upon the date of your first letter, for there are two lying before me, I am disposed to repine and be angry with myself, that it should have been so very long since you heard from me. But in this life, there are few evils that do not carry some consoling reflections with them; and whilst I regret that the interval between my letters

should have been so long, I have a selfish satisfaction in learning that it seems so to you. How happy should I be if I had less grave reasons for my long silence, and that I had the direct confession of neglect and idleness to make, with the confidence I should at the same time have in your indulgence! But what may appear to distant friends an idle life is more engrossed by cares and occupations, where sickness is, than any but those who have experience of this sad condition of our existence can be aware of. There is no longer regularity or certain command of time, when that sickness, which keeps its attendants and watchers in constant agitation of hope and fear, has fixed itself in our abode. How often is the hour or hours, in which with lighter spirits any employment or amusement might be undertaken, given up to lonely silence, in which with the feeling that we cannot use our minds over others thoughts, we sit and brood over our own, recalling what has been enjoyed, or contemplating the possibility of what is to be feared! This has been my condition, and is yet to be: my only hope is God's indulgent mercy. I have had occupation too—in various ways: and perhaps it may seem strange, that I did not make my acknowledgment of your letter part of my occasional employment. My reason was, that others would be less considerate and indulgent than you, and that therefore I might be worldly wise in escaping reproach, where it was to be apprehended, and in availing myself of friendship's charity, where I was sure it would be extended.

You wish to know 'how we are going on:' my answer cannot be counted on for successive days; for the complexion of our life takes colour from my poor wife's varying state. At times we are encouraged to sanguine hope, and presently all the promise that had beguiled us seems taken from us. All are well at home except the one whose dangerous illness makes us even still more sensible how precious she is to us all. You will see by my date that I only repeat to you the substance of the reports I receive, which have been—not worse than I had reason to hope. And I did not thank you for remembering my birthday!—and yet I did, most fervently, as I read your letter, though the words were not written down. I am confident, you give me credit for so much. Now to convince you, that, though no written answer has been returned to your

letter, the subject of it has been in my mind, I am going to make a confession that will amuse you, although it is one of which I ought to be somewhat ashamed. Suppose me standing before you, with self-convicted looks, the deepest brick-dust blush that my complexion can take, and, at last, covering my face with my hands, groaning out the avowal, 'I had never read "Clarissa Harlowe!"' How I have got through nearly sixty years of existence without this needful qualification for admission into intelligent society and yet passed muster, must appear so strange to you, that you will suspect me of making occasionally false pretences to an acquaintance that was above me. My conscience however acquits me of all such social swindling, for how I obtained so much information I cannot tell, but I was not only acquainted with the story in its general outline, but was familiar with several of the characters, and knew the particulars of some of the most interesting incidents. I suppose I must have listened with the affected indifference (disguising the deepest attention) of conscious ignorance, when the merits of the work have been discussed. You might however have suspected me of imposture, if I had replied to your reference upon the vague idea I had of the novel; and therefore to be honest, at the expense of my character for punctuality, I have read the eight volumes! How much therefore have I to be grateful to you for! It is really a satisfaction to have added to one's store of recollections and reflections, the maxims and the characters to which you have opened my eyes. In regard to that peculiar merit which you attribute to the book, viz., the womanly expression of womanly feeling in Clarissa, I am not quite so certain that it strikes one at the outset; and am almost persuaded to believe that we fall into the admission as we get involved in the interest of the events. It is rather, I think, a nice point to determine: certainly, my mind is not conclusively made up in respect to it. This however is sure, that I have great pleasure in acknowledging my obligation to you for the gratification of its perusal. Of the *dramatis personæ* I think Miss Howe, bating a little excess of woman's first tempter, is the most loveable. Clarissa is not to be pardoned for her inclining to such a perfectly detestable, I think disgusting, person as Lovelace—Iago I conceive a preferable character.

But I forget that I am wasting my paper, and your time if you condescend to read all this rambling stuff, and no word about pleasant, pretty Esther *—for she must be very pretty, having that beauty which irradiates even what might be formless and colourless, expressive of sweetness. My complaint against 'Bleak House' is the monthly interval. I have just read the June number and am impatient for July. I began this letter at Bristol, where I have been lecturing without, like Thelwall, "being pelted"—but am hardly yet quite certified that I may not have been guilty of deserving the tribute for my impertinence. Mrs. Macready has had several successive good days, and we believe, and try to persuade her, she must be on the way to recovery. Unhappily, she is not blessed with a hopeful disposition. Oh! what a boon of good was hope! What should we be without it? But I am really shocked to find myself thus unmercifully writing on. Give my very kindest regards to your husband, and tell him that his turn will come next, and that I will very soon inflict my tediousness on him.

I am always,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, July 5th, 1852.

My Dear Pollock,—What can it signify how I have been deterred so long from acknowledging your last letter if none of the blame of my delay can be imputed to defective will? I have been more busy than to you, bustling in the world, I may seem to have been; and the intervals of leisure accorded to me have been rendered of little avail by the state of low spirits, in which the sad prospects of our home have so constantly sunk me. I have been going to write to you—I cannot count the times—but repeatedly have found that I had not the heart. You will, I know, be glad to think that my handwriting is an evidence of change to brighter views; but I am compelled to cast a damp on all such friendly hopes. Mrs. Macready's state of health continues to occasion us the same anxiety, wearing down the

* Esther Summerson in 'Bleak House.'

elasticity of hope. We have a gleam of encouragement from this sunny weather; but our expectations have been so frequently disappointed that we now distrust these temporary indications of amendment, and can only give faith to what will seem almost a miraculous restoration. She desires her kindest regards to you and Mrs. Pollock, and wishes me to say that, to see this beautiful sunshine, and not to have you basking and idling in it, gives her additional cause of impatience with her unyielding malady. In every little respite from suffering her spirits rise, and we have looked forward through the year with such earnest hope, that the loss of this anticipated happiness is very keenly felt by her.

How much I participate in her regrets, and can but ill repress my repinings! I have had no holiday since I saw you, and this was to recompense me for my dreary year. To-day we have every door and window open, and here I sit as in a tent, only cooler, with those bright green fields and rich woods direct in prospect. It is quite a day to saunter in the shade, and talk about Shakespeare, and rake up all solacing and strengthening thoughts from the pages of the unfashionable poets. But we will hope this is to be, though now, unhappily for me, it is not.

Your letter to me was very interesting, though very much engrossed by politics. Now the question comes on—of what the country has to say to Lord Derby? for as yet no actual party stands up against him. The hostility to him is hypothetical, for he does not seem to me even yet to have distinctly stated what his purposes are, and therefore the question for or against must with many stand upon an "if"—with those who are not directly pledged to party. There are agents at work, which make the question of government of much less importance than it once was; powers in action, that will bear on mankind above the control of individual minds—the railways, the telegraph, the gold-fields, and the inevitably rapid rise of the colonies to importance. The genius to guide, and to abstain from intermeddling or obstructing, is what we seem (as I think) to want. If Lord Derby has the greatness of mind to act upon the lesson Colbert received of *laissez faire*, he will be equal to the time—and what greater praise could political genius achieve? But it is much to expect from ordinary politicians,

who rarely appreciate the merit of knowing how to rely on what Calhoun termed "masterly inactivity."

We have no contest in our county: but a candidate from Sherborne has started for Brighton, to the amusement of all his townsmen. If he succeeds, I think I shall start at the next election. Let me not forget to ask you, if you think Mr. Babbage likely to be able to assist me in recommending for a lecture on some scientific subject, some able man, whose style is popular, and whose charge would be moderate, for our little Literary Institution: its session begins in October next, and continues through the winter. It is an association in which I take great interest, and for the advancement of which I find great difficulty in awakening any ardour among our slow people. Time is rushing away with me, though 'Bleak House' makes the months appear long. I suppose you see poor Forster, who, I think, must be getting better. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Pollock—a most unwilling remembrance,

And believe me always
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Plymouth, September 23rd, 1852.

My dear Pollock,—The event so long dreaded has come to pass. It is God's will, and to this thought and to the faith that there is mercy and good in all He purposes, I turn for support in an affliction and under a bereavement that takes the sunshine from my remaining life. I have neither heart nor words to dwell upon this subject.

You will say all that is most kind for me to your wife and to Miss Herries, and believe me always,

Your sincere friend,
W. C. Macready.

I go to London to-morrow.

Sherborne, Dorset, October 29th, 1852.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—My reading has been very little varied of late. The time I have had out of school hours has been given to correspondence and the perusal of authors who

deal but little with works of the imagination. I am therefore left far behind by the reading world, not even being acquainted with the merits of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which every one seems to have read. I have not seen Guizot upon Shakespeare, which, if you send to me, I will read as speedily as I can, and return it in reasonable time. Though I must confess to you I do not often derive much pleasure from the endeavours of critical writers to explain to us their own ideas of that unapproachable genius, or to teach us what should be ours. I think Dumas, with all the extravagant enthusiasm of his nature, yet gives but a truthful summing-up of the universal qualities with which that mind was stored. When I have looked on Niagara, which I have done as often in my life as I could, and with an actually fascinated delight, I have felt it to be an impertinence to attempt its description; and nothing that I have ever seen on the subject has shaken my conviction. My opinions on the all but miraculous power of Shakespeare are very similar. He has always appeared to me to be nearest in affinity to the creative mind of anything earthly; and I am disposed to believe that persons in writing upon him are less anxious to diffuse and make more manifest his glories, than to gain a little lustre to themselves by coming within the wide circle of his radiance. This is not a very good spirit, you will think, in which to examine the judgment of M. Guizot. Of all that I have read on Shakespeare I prefer, though even then with some reservations, Goethe's remarks on Hamlet in his 'Wilhelm Meister.' Let me thank you, for I am idly rambling on, for your most kind inquiries. We are wearing time away in a monotonous, but I hope not altogether an unimproving manner. The health of our home is, thank God, good, and day succeeds day with but little change in each to distinguish it. I am far from complaining of this settled quiet, which perhaps some might term gloom: as I cannot recall the past, it is my chief indulgence to enjoy its memories. Our weather is cold and damp, and the autumn leaves are taking their deepest tints and baffling the labours of the gardener to keep his walks clear. Remember me with every kindest expression of regard to your husband; and with my sister's and Katie's best love, believe me ever,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, March 15th, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—For these five or six days past I have put off, to the next, my purpose, long delayed, of writing to you, in the hope that the rheumatism, which has incapacitated me, would give way to patience, and the more active remedies I have been trying. To-day I am out of pain; but am rebuked, whilst I am gratified, by the arrival of your undeserved and most kind token of remembrance.

You may readily conceive with what hesitation I now speak of a future in this life. Uncertainty and doubt are ever present to me in every promise. But still among those "whispers," that hope gives of "promised pleasure," I have listened with the greatest delight to that which repeats the probability that my friend Pollock and yourself will make your *villegiatura* with us for at least some part of the summer. So much has befallen us, since you were here, to cast shadows on our walls, that I cannot hold out to either of you any allurement beyond "the air and skies," which we think have health in their breezes. If for these, and our rural walks, you would literally domesticate with us for a time, it would greatly add to the enjoyment of my summer. My Katie will be at home to pour out raptures about her Eden to you, and I will go back to Shakespeare for the disentanglement of any knotty critical question that may divide and perplex us. For any effect that I once might have been able to lend his magic verse by the power of voice, the day is past. The instrument no longer obeys the master's hand. But this is not strange in a world of changes and decay. Will you then take your lodgings at Sherborne House, and, "greatly independent" of us for your amusement, will you give us the holiday we shall enjoy in your society? You will understand me, that I do not propose making strangers of you, and scarcely, in the general acceptation, visitors, but would wish, that you should make up your minds to our homely country home as yours.

My hand is slower than its wont, and there is Time's, which never has rheumatism, moving rapidly on to the post half-hour.

Of the two quotations from Shakespeare and Pope, I cannot but think each admirably adapted to the respective feeling of

the utterer, and doubt whether one was suggested by the other. But this may be matter of discussion hereafter. I think Collier has stumbled upon a very precious bundle of restorations, among which there may be mistakes of the ear and misreading of the handwriting, and, again, differences of opinion even on the truth. But from what I have read, I think the discovery a great boon to the readers of Shakespeare. I have seen Tennyson's corrections and additions, and think them very great improvements to a very noble ode.

Here is a second summons, you will say, in good time.

I was much interested by your account of Hare-Townsend, and Forster—but that too must be laid upon the same shelf with "the hand across the vast."

I shall be in London next month, but on a hurried visit of business. I shall not fail however to see you.

Remember me affectionately to your husband; and with my sister's love, and all due fulfilment of your messages, I hastily but most heartily subscribe myself,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, June 23rd, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—These two last days the aching of my eyes (from looking long on paper, and from the said eyes being so much the worse for wear) has obliged me to defer my acknowledgment of your interesting letter of the 12th–13th, which I had decided should be answered to-day without fail, when, lo! your brief note comes as a sort of reminder to me of my long delay. Well, but now I must settle this last account first. We have been counting on you for the first week in July; but shall be delighted to have you at your own time, for what is most agreeable and convenient to you both will be most in accordance with my wishes. You know it is a sort of "moated grange" to which you venture yourselves, and to which you give a pleasure, that its uncheery gloom cannot hope to reflect to you. Fix, therefore, your own date to your arrival, and I will mark it or "set" it with golden letters in my calendar.

Your account of the Cologne minstrels almost drew me up

to London: if I could have fashioned any excuse of a grave kind that would have justified me to myself in running away for three or four days, I certainly should have been found among the happy number who lent their ravished ears to the music you describe so enthusiastically, and which seems to reach my idea of the perfection of the power of harmony. But "fate has fast bound me," and I must be satisfied with listening to the birds around me, and finding melody in the cadences of Shakespeare's and Milton's lines. This is all the music that our Bœotian, not Arcadian, town can afford. You will let me know when we may expect you, how soon after the 7th of July. Katie and Willie are both with me, and the latter much improved in health by his absence. To-day is the first of summer we have had, and is really one which we might pass under heaven's roof. London will begin to feel very prison-like, I should imagine, if, as I hope it may, this weather continues. Our freer country air will then, I trust, be more welcome to you.

I remain ever,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Bournemouth, Hants, August 9th, 1853.

My dear Pollock, — In my desire to be furnished with abundant gifts to my adopted institution, for so the apathy of our Sherbornian magnates will justify me in calling it, I took advantage of yesterday's post to enclose a message of inquiry to you in my hasty acknowledgment of your's and Mrs. Pollock's kindness; and to-day I follow it with my apologies for pressing on you so startling an invitation in so abrupt a manner. This, however, I know you will readily excuse. Whether you will as readily feel disposed to come and tell my rustic friends who Dante was, what were his aims and objects of his life, and how they were frustrated, on what pinnacle of fame he stands, and what was the kind of work that placed him there—"that is the question." If my lungs had held good, and my head were equal to the employment, I should apply their powers in this way, and endeavour "to scatter plenty" of knowledge

among my less fortunate fellow-men. But I am a worn-out instrument, and have to content myself with the manifestation of my will.

I was very much interested by your remarks on the German Hamlet. With much attention to the various criticisms I have seen on Devrient, I am disposed to regard him as a very second-rate mind. You characterize his performance as "frigid and tiresome." There is a volume in those two words. The morbidly acute sensibility and sensitiveness of Hamlet to be frozen up and stagnated in a declaiming and attitudinising statue or automaton leaves room for no further remark, but induces me to submit to you, whether you have not conceded more to the actor than he can rightly claim in pronouncing "his understanding of the character to be correct." We apply these terms of praise (and they are high praise) erroneously, I think, to a man who, in his delivery, shows us he understands the words he is uttering. But to fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words, and thus possess oneself of the actual mind of the individual man, is the highest reach of the player's art, and is an achievement that I have discerned but in few. Kean—when under the impulse of his genius he seemed to *clutch* the whole idea of the man—was an extraordinary instance among those possessing the faculty of impersonation. But if he missed the character in his first attempt at conception, he never could recover it by study. Mrs. Siddons, in a loftier style and to a greater extent, had this intuitive power. Indeed, she was a marvel—I might almost say a miracle. John Kemble is greatly over-rated, I think, by the clever men who, in their first enthusiasm, caught a glimpse of the skirts of his glory. Neither in Hamlet, nor Macbeth, nor even in the passionate parts of Coriolanus did he give me the power of belief in him. He was very clever in points and magnificent in person. But what am I doing, and where have I been led?—reading you a dull discourse on matters that you must be very indifferent about. Well, as Falstaff says of himself I may say of the Prince of Denmark, "I have much more to say on behalf of that same Hamlet," but I cannot help smiling as I think of the much already said.

I grow very angry in turning to politics, and, hating war as

I do, cannot help wishing that crafty and grasping barbarian Czar may have his battalions pushed into the Pruth, Cronstadt and Odessa beaten about his ears, and some dexterous Orloff afterwards found to relieve mankind from his tyrannous machinations! You see what a sanguinary politician I am! I must admit a most cordial abhorrence of Russian Czars and Czarinas, from Peter the Brute, inclusive, down to this worthy descendant, who regards himself as having a mission to stop the march of human progress! *Quousque tandem?* I am looking for Forster in about a month, though he tells me he has fallen lame again since his return from Lillies.

I am ever always, dear Pollock,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, August 21st, 1853.

My dear Pollock,—I am very hardly driven for time, having been obliged to make the whole afternoon one of business, and my reluctance to lose another post (for I wished to write two days ago) will not let me defer to to-morrow what I can do, though so hastily, to-day.

Imprimis, will you be the medium for carrying my best thanks to Mrs. Pollock for the very elegant volume I received yesterday, which I shall always greatly prize and shall read — indeed, am reading.

Next, I have sent to Montagu Square two small books, one, Basil Montagu's 'Selections,' for Mrs. Pollock, and the other, Feltham's 'Resolves' for yourself, if you will gratify me by accepting it. There is much good thought in it, and therefore much to set you thinking. They are both very favourite books of mine, to which I very often recur.

Now, on the matter of the lecture, you take a more profound view of the subject than I desire. I should like my friends to be awakened to the fact of the existence of such a man as Dante—who, if they ever heard the word, is a myth to them! Now, for them to know there was such a person—to have an outline of his life—to know that he created a style of poem defying imitation—a rapid description of the plan of the work, &c., &c., would be a great gain to them, and might

tempt some of them to read his translated work, and would greatly assist them, in meeting with any mention of his name, to comprehend the purpose of its introduction. There must always be a beginning, and you might, in ruffling your feathers here, ascertain your strength of wing, and test your own powers in this very useful exercise of benevolence. Of the interest of the subject I have no doubt. The journey is a penance, I admit. In that particular you must weigh your powers of self-sacrifice, for I have not the effrontery to go beyond the assurance of what a gratification it would be to all of us, and what a valuable addition it would be on our list of lectures. Will your patriotism sustain you in the effort? I should like to include your name in our "honoured list" of gratuitous contributors.

Will you give me a line to Bournemouth, where my family still are, excepting Katie and Benvenuta? I go to them on Tuesday. Will you give my very kindest regards to Mrs. Pollock; and with my daughters' love to her, and mine to your children,

I remain always,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Bournemouth, Hants, August 26th, 1853.

My dear Pollock,—Your letter with its most gratifying prospect- soon I hope to consolidate into a promise—of your aid to our infant institution was welcomed by me last night with especial gratification. The information you would convey, and the enlightenment your discourse would give to our members on a subject of which at present they are in complete ignorance, would be most desirable. If you befriend us, I shall endeavour to awaken the attention of our hearers to this and subjects of similar interest, in anticipation of your visit.

Our session opens in October and extends to the next Easter.

Your sojourn in that delightful mountain tract calls up many delightful associations and memories, and makes me wish much—very much—that I could accompany you over Skiddaw and through Borrodale, and along those lovely lakes: but my ramblings of pleasure are over, and I must be content, which I am, with calling up the vision of the past, and "chewing the

food of sweet and bitter fancies" in "the sundry contemplation of my travels." See what it is to have been all one's life speaking others' language! It still clings to me, a vile habit, but one which I cannot hope to live to cure.

I return to-morrow to Sherborne. You will not forget my recommendation of this place to any friend needing a genial English climate.

I remain always and sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

My kind regards to Mr. Spedding.

Sherborne, Dorset, October 1st, 1853.

Your letter, my dear Mrs. Pollock, led me "away, away," among the hills and by the lake sides of that lovely region you seem to have been so well enjoying; and I could not forbear from thanking you indeed for your flattering wish that I had been of your party, though the chances of such indulgence seem passing altogether from me. It is in memory I must bring before me "the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood," for I see little prospect of my ever travelling again to them; but then, like poor Ruth, I may say, they "are all with me in my cell;" and when one paints in words, as you do, they return with all the vividness of colour and distinctness of form that the objects of a landscape receive from a bright shower of rain. There are very many things of beauty in the worlds of nature and of art that I had hoped to have been able to treasure up among those precious objects which once seen are possessed for ever; but the circle is narrowing around me, and I must be content to look out into the far distances beyond without the power of overstepping its bounds. Still it is delightful to sympathize with others' enjoyment, and exercise one's imagination in bodying forth their descriptions.

Willie sailed on Saturday evening last, and I fear had to encounter the awful gale on Sunday; but I trust by this time he is safe in Madeira. He was in very good spirits, and his health had been much benefited by his stay at Bournemouth, which place I liked better than any of the winter residences recommended to invalids that I have visited. But then it must be borne in mind that the weather was charming whilst I

was there. The soil is sand, through which the rain drains, as fast as it falls, therefore it is very dry. You are no doubt aware that the Consumptive Hospital is in course of building there. I have also been at a very out-of-the-way place called Salcombe, to the south of Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, where the aloe grows through the winter, and the geraniums are unprotected. I liked that as a residence for invalids very much; but fancy is so arbitrary on the choice of place, so much depending on the peculiar state of health, on the direction of the taste or humours and even accident, that I am reluctant to recommend, where the motive for seeking change is so serious a one. I have also been to inspect Falmouth; and I thought that the opposite village, called Flushing, was among the most desirable of all those places to which I had gone in search of climate.

Shall you not be your husband's companion, when "full of great aims and bent on bold emprise" he issues forth to enlighten our Dorsetshire boors? I enclose you the announcement of our next session for him, which you will please to give with my very kindest regards.

The line about which you inquire, is Knowles's: you will find it in the fifth act of 'Virginius.'

I have the loves of our round table to deliver to you, having faithfully distributed your messages to all.

With love to your little boys,

I remain,

Always and sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, January 3rd, 1854.

My dear Pollock,—It is a very great pleasure to have to thank you for the very elegant volume* which came to me by this morning's post, and I do so with the full enjoyment of possessing so pleasing a memorial of a highly valued friend, and with the prospect of much gratification in making acquaintance with its contents, and of profiting by its assistance in obtaining a better understanding of the original. It is beautifully got up, and in the glances I have taken I rejoice to

* The Editor's Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia.

find my old young friend Scharf entitling himself so justly to your praise.

We are undergoing the process of being snowed up or snowed in, which must be the result to us of this continued Polar weather. We have no strict Police nor strict authorities to keep our pavements clear of the daily accumulation, and must very soon be literally in a state of blockade.

I am in arrear of the world's news these many days, and do not know whether Turks or Russians are uppermost; but if wishes could in aught prevail, I should be glad the Czar were at the deepest bottom of either of his seas, Black or White.

With all the New Year's best and kindest greetings from all here to all with you,

I remain,
Always your sincere and attached friend,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, January 13th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I have been reposing these five or six weeks past in the belief that I should go to London in the latter part of January. You have added greatly to the inducements I have to desire the journey, but at the last moment I find myself unable to absent myself from home. I have written to some friends, who are contemplating their return to America, to know what extent of time will be granted to my chance and desire of seeing them, as at present I am bound down to home. Now you make my disappointment more bitter in proposing to me a pleasure I should so much covet, and yet which I cannot accept. Do you ever pass a little sweeper at a crossing, who replies to your assurance, that you have no money in your pocket, "Thank you, ma'am, all the same." Think of that effort of virtue in the poor little fellow's patience under the disappearance of the vision of the penny that he had seen in your face as you approached him, and you will be able to appreciate my regretful gratitude in thanking you for the pleasure I must relinquish. I fancy Johnny and Butty have hooping-cough, but it is not very serious. Johnny had your message, and returns you his best love; Katie and my

sister desire theirs, and with mine to your nursery; and kindest regards to your husband and Miss Maria Herries,

I remain,

Always and most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, May 19th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—It was my intention to have written to you this morning my thanks and lamentations in reply to the notice you so kindly sent me of the Cologne Choral Union. It was a message of despair to me—*ogni speranza* was excluded, as the fatal dates shut the door upon the last; but the kindness of your thought for me was not thrown away, and most truly did I feel obliged by your endeavour to assist my wishes. The impediments in my way may perhaps cause me more obstinately to desire to overcome them, but whatever may give rise to the intensely earnest longing I have to hear this music I know not; the fact is, I have never known an appetite so strong for the enjoyment of any work of art; but the thought of it must be stored in that repository of dreams, where a world of imagined delights and beauties have been laid up before. I shall never hear this touching harmony. Very, very warmly do I thank you for all you have said to me about my dear Katie, and this is only to be added to the grateful utterance of my acknowledgments to you and my friend Pollock for your attentions to her, which she fully appreciated and greatly enjoyed. In consequence of your report of the attention given to her music, I have written to her to-day, extending to her the permission to take some lessons in singing, and I make no doubt she will wish to consult you on the master to whom she should apply. I am not satisfied with the distinctness of her enunciation; and I am confident I am right in regard to the pure and spontaneous effect, if I express myself as I wish by that term, which I am anxious she should produce by singing the words as well as the air of her songs. One seldom hears anything of Prince Albert that does not raise one's opinion of his understanding: of human nature we cannot venture to say more, for princes are but men, but unhappily for

them and mankind, men will not think so. Will you say to Pollock, with my very kindest regards, that I have not heard from Milnes, nor is it necessary, if he has only mentioned the application to the county Members? The Bishop is my principal care, it is with him that I hope to smother Mr. Parsons. As I have but four days in town, I cannot be yet aware of what engagements Dickens may make for me, but if I have a vacant morning I shall be truly delighted in devoting it to the Abbey, and showing you a face radiant with expression.

Believe me,

Always most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, July 17th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Whilst you were writing to me your very pleasant letter, full of good news of your own home, and of interesting reports from the houses of your friends, I was directing to you and the select few that would care for such a remembrance, the newspaper account of our sayings and doings in our Institution's new home on the previous Monday. If you read it through, which I do not mean to imply was to be expected, you would not have passed, I feel confident, without a word or two of approval, perhaps of interested curiosity as to the speaker, the address of Mr. Avery. He is the Wesleyan minister here, and I assure you, in addressing that very association, stands in very bold relief by the side of all the Established Church parsons of our little town. Perhaps you will say that Methodist parsons are but a very poor return for your animated description of an evening spent between Sir Edward and Robert Lytton; but what am I to do? Fate, that has tossed my frail bark for so many, many years, has at last stranded it upon a bleak and barren shore, where Methodist parsons seem the only real flowers that bloom. I shall send you, when printed, a more faithful report, in which will be included Pollock's letter—published for the benefit of the anti-Institutionists, as well as for the reference of the good men and true. I anticipate great things from Robert Lytton, and am therefore gratified that he should bear

me in mind. Your defence or eulogy on Werter does not surprise me, for I can easily imagine the author of 'Wilhelm Meister' uttering profound truths in such simple phrase and evoked by such ordinary occurrences that they might readily escape less penetrating observers. Who was the Greek philosopher that, in a little homely cabin, called to those in the storm outside, "Come in, for here, too, there are gods!" Not every mind could feel and perceive the great truth—and so it often is with the deep humanity and sometimes divinity that lies beneath the surface of a simple saying. But you will say to me, why will you keep company with those dreadful Methodist parsons, for it is they who give you the habit of preaching? Well, I have done. The cat is as bad as his namesake for roaming about Verona's streets. He is a most independent gentleman. Next week I expect to be in town, and will not fail to make an early arrangement with you for a visit to the Abbey, and anything in the way there or from. Katie is very diligent, really so, in respect to her music—quite in earnest. She sends her love, with those of Auntie and the tribe's. With kindest regards to your husband,

I am always,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, August 5th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The pleasure and interest your letter afforded was deserving a more prompt acknowledgment, and therefore there is another sin of neglect added to the many that have gone before it, for which it is waste of time and paper to apologize. You have time to read, and to write too—I have time for neither. You have made me read 'The Forest Sanctuary,' which is another obligation in which I register myself your debtor, for it is beautiful exceedingly, awakening the loftiest, tenderest, and truest feelings. I say truest, in reference to the religious charity it inculcates, whilst the faith of the writer is evidently fixed as the martyrs. In the strength of Mrs. Heman's compositions I think the feminine characteristics of purity and grace are never out of sight—she gives

pictures of true heroism, but it is a woman's voice we seem to hear uttering the noblest and most touching sentiments. To me this is a great charm; and makes me place her so far before the semi-masculine cleverness of Miss Mitford, and give her the preference over the ponderous and often stately verse of Joanna Baillie. My pencil has been very active in reading 'The Forest Sanctuary,' and the volume remains on the table that I may go completely through it. The death of Leonor is beautiful, and that of Inez most touching, indeed it is a delightful book—to make one very sad. But I read the twentieth chapter of 'Zadig' after it, and that gave me consolation. I have never been able to penetrate into the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney. That has been reserved with other works that I wish to make acquaintance with, and that I intend to read; but believe, if ever I do, it will be in Heaven. Have you looked at the last cruel number of 'Hard Times.' The heart-breaking conclusion of it should justify our sending a round-robin remonstrance to Dickens. I have just returned from the *salle*, and brought a whole packet of loves to you from the whole party: among them Johnny sends his "best, best," and thinks you "very kind to give him his cat," and wishes you to be told, that "Tibby is very good." I cannot leave this family party without relating to you an evidence that Lillie gave yesterday of her proficiency in the study of natural history. Butty was saying that she "should like to have a mare." Lilly very confidently took her up—"Why, you don't know what a mare is!—A mare is an old she-horse, generally blind of one eye." Should not Owen have this description of the animal?

Believe me,
Always most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, Dorset, October 2nd, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I have been anxiously desiring to write to you, for I have been wishing very much to have news of you, most especially upon the health of my friend Pollock, of whom your late accounts have been very unsatis-

factory. Most earnestly do I hope that he has found at Tunbridge Wells an invigorating atmosphere, and that the languor, under which he was suffering at Lyme (with the distress of which I can so feelingly sympathize) has disappeared under the bracing effect of free air and a more open country. Since I despatched my hurried lines to you, I have parted with my dear Willie and, you may readily imagine, the preparation for such an event, the separation, and the subsequent need of repose of thought, would leave little time or disposition for employment of any other kind. I am here again, moving on in the old customary groove, downward and downward on the inclined plane, that leads to ——. How much I wish that I could, like you, extract amusement from British theatres, and criticism on journeymen playwrights. But I begin to find that retirement must be with me almost perfect vegetation. There is excellent sense in the exhortation of Burns, "Let us do or die;" for the torpid action of retirement or old age is a kind of lingering-out of existence, which I find "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." But I forget that I am intruding my complainings upon you, which are in truth merely repinings at my own incurable laziness, which allows time to pass so unimproved by me.

Did I tell you in my few lines from Lyme of the mistake you had fallen into in respect to Richard Cumberland and the publisher of the collected plays you had been devouring?—a man, who, if my memory does not betray me, was under prosecution for some questionable publications, and who took up the resolution of "reforming altogether" his previous mode of business upon his purchase of the copyright of—I think—'The Fatal Dowry.' What would Miss —— have said to you for so confounding the Terence and the Curll of our times! You will be pleased to know that Willie left England in excellent spirits, rejoicing in improved health, and cheerfully surveying the opening of a prospect to exertion before him. His berth on board a very fine ship was all, in point of convenience, he could desire, and he met one of his own term at Haileybury on board, bound for Calcutta. It was no uninteresting sign of the times to observe on board Lord Lothian, who has lately taken a double first class at Oxford, and who is now on his way to make a tour in India, and see himself the countries for which he may be called

to legislate—how very good! We have got a new vicar, on whom Katie and I are just going to call. Katie desires her best love to you, in which she is joined by Auntie, Johnny, and the tribe. Tyb is thriving. With love to the lesser ones,

I remain,
Sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

P.S.—Johnny desires me to say that "Pussy is very well, but once he was ill."

Sherborne, February 7th, 1855.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—That I am the most dilatory of your correspondents I feel certain, which would seem to argue one of the least grateful, but that I deny, in the Egyptian Queen's own language, "up to the hearing of the gods." You know I have confessed to you my failing: I am always busy, or seeming so, always oppressed with affairs, because I economize my time so ill, and am such a victim to the varying state of my spirits. I have been desiring to thank you especially for your last letter. On a previous occasion the interposition of your counsel preserved me from the sin of omitting to do what ought to be done, viz., giving the reading here which I had intended to give; and your last remonstrance on my angry purpose of quitting the Institution has made me sensible of the error of my ways, and satisfied me that it is my duty to remain and lend it all possible support. I cannot help laughing, regarding myself as a grey-haired Achilles, seized by the well-timed grasp of wisdom's goddess, and brought to a sense of duty by her admonition. You will doubtless remember Dryden's translation of the passage, with the two lines, the grandeur and beauty of which our friend Forster has always such delight in dwelling on:

> "He said; with surly faith believed her word,
> And in the sheath, reluctant, plunged the sword."

My faith is not surly, but hearty, entire, and in the best

humour; so there is no alloy to the satisfaction you will have in learning the success of your intervention.

I was very much interested in your account of Bobo's introduction to the mimic scene, and very glad to learn that his imagination was so impressed and kindled by the actions and passion brought under his observation.

From what you have told me of Robson, I think it is much to be regretted that he appeared after the schools of acting had been broken up. In the regular drama, you may rely upon it, with so much genius, limited as its range appears, he would have identified himself with certain characters, have grown into them, and have constituted an attractive strength in the play's representation; would have been, in short, unique in his assumption of peculiar parts, and have held a prominent place in a Shakesperian company of players.

You make me almost "sin in envy" that my children have not the opportunity of hearing Faraday. Whilst they are the subjects of my pen, let me not forget to tell you that they all sent their best loves from the dinner-table to-day, and Johnny his "best, best, very best." Tybalt (who has hurt his leg in a trap, we think,) was of the party.

Give my very kindest regards to your husband, and do not forget to inquire of him, if he does not intend to come and look after our Institution this year. Sherborne will be afraid to know herself, and will doubt her identity if she is to miss your annual visit.

I never read!—at least, not books that I can make themes of remark. They are not bad ones, such as they are, notwithstanding. 'The Captive Knight' was quite electric in its effect at Bristol.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Pollock,
Always most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

So Miss Rogers* is gone first!

* Sister of Samuel Rogers.

Sherborne, Dorset, March 26th, 1855.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The clock tells me that there are yet some quarters to run before my scholars come, and these I cannot use more agreeably to myself than in acknowledging your pleasant letter of the 10th—pleasant with one exception, the continued indisposition of your little Walter, with the recommendations of climate, &c., needful for his re-invigoration. I know I need not say that most fervently do I hope the sea air and the bracing breezes of Eastbourne will help to restore his spirits and strength. That real English beverage, ale, which had so much of both meat and drink in it, as perfectly justified Boniface's eulogistic character of it, is rarely to be met with now. I wish you would ask of your medical man if that genuine English beverage (or, failing that, superior *Stout*,) would not be a good assistant to his diet. I will have faith in the downs of Eastbourne and generous living if the grand recipe of cod-liver oil be not prescribed, and trust that you may be able to bring us good news of the result of all your care in the course of the summer, or bring him with you, which will be better still. Miss Spencer has left us, and I have gone into school again, but it is only for two hours a-day, and my pupils are not very troublesome. It does not seem to me likely that I shall re-visit London this season. I have been much about of late, and the arrear of work at home is very considerable. I find I have not 'Les Maîtres Sonneurs' among George Sand's works, but it can wait, as I have more to read and more to do than ever will be read or done in this world. My children are very well acquainted with the 'Abbot of Canterbury.' 'Percy's Reliques' is a sort of *bonne-bouche* that is occasionally taken down at the close of a *good day*, for especial enjoyment. An improvised story, generally by accident, recounting the consequence of some fault of omission or commission recently reported is usually the sequel to dessert. Our evening's reading now is 'Old Mortality.' When I read that romance on its appearance above thirty years ago I thought it, and as it has lived in my memory I have ever since considered it, the grandest and best of all that admirable novelist's works. My recurrence to it confirms the impression it then made on me. I am reading other books, which are not in your way—for we

must all have our peculiar tastes and opinions; and therefore, as the dear old nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet' says, "What they bid me say, I shall keep to myself."

Did you see in the *Examiner* the review of Owen Meredith's* poems? And did you read the extracts? If you did, I think you must have been struck with the presence of a genius in the deep thought remarkable in many of the lines.

I was very much interested the last day I dined with you in observing the various directions of men's minds with regard to the stirring wants of these days, the very different impressions made on each of us by the same occurrences. Some rejecting the representations of misconduct and imbecility in the management of our affairs, whilst others (alas! for me) have writhed and been unmanned by the statements furnished to us. If persons assume that right to judge, to determine for themselves on things of to-day's occurrence, what can be said of those who would persecute for opinion on religious questions? Churchmen may say they do not persecute now: no, they only disqualify, refuse to educate, sneer, and affect superiority to those who protest in a different mode from themselves. Johnny sends you his "best, best love." Lillie, Butty, Henry, their *bests*. Katie joins with Aunty in affectionate remembrances. She, Katie, is very industrious just at present, as I am going to be—soon. Give my very kindest regards to my friend Pollock, and always believe me, dear Mrs. Pollock,

Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

The Athenæum, September 9th, 1855.

My dear Pollock,—You sent me a most delightful letter, painting the cliffs and sunny slopes and dells and shadowy woods of an English Arcadia, redolent at once of the rich luxuriance of summer and the invigorating freshness of the channel breezes, that quite transported me back to Bonchurch and Ventnor; but with that Dioramic magician's power, who used to give us atmospheres at his will over those grand and

* The name under which Robert, Lord Lytton, first published.

lovely scenes of mountain and lake, that made a momentary doubt to us of our locality in the Regent's Park, you diffused a glow, and scattered halcyon tints over the landscape which I believe *may* have been there in compliment to Mrs. Pollock and you; but when I was lamenting the sufferings of the martyr in that isle of storms, I was undergoing worse fate than Master Stuart's—a martyrdom undeserved. That treacherous clerk, James White, promised me Madeira, and glad enough should I have been to have got to port—Oh! For Heaven's sake forgive me! I never should have been guilty of such an enormity, but that really I have an excuse for not being quite in my sound wits. I am here in London—in London alone; I have struggled down from Paddington through thickets of people, and hoped, on getting out of the wilderness, through which I have made my way, to find a comfortable dinner and the last week's papers here; and here I am, taking out my six guineas in pen, ink, and paper! The news-room, coffee-room, all are shut up! Is it not enough to drive a man to—make a bad pun! If I were not so savagely hungry, I would begin the story of the Pig and the Fawn, but in my present state I should go clean meat mad, and make a bite at the waiter. I will not however forget, in an after-dinner mood, to send you a faithful chronicle of the event. The state of my circumstances is such (what am I to do for a dinner—or some one to dine with?) that I could be tempted to appropriate your plot, get Warren to write words to it, and go back to the stage to act it myself. Remember me most kindly to your wife and to your belongings, and to the wife of James White; but as for the man, beware of him! he has played me a most scurvy trick. *Niger est, caveto!* you promise me the pendant to the Fawn—but when is that "some day," on which it is to be told, to come off? If I live through this hunger fit, and "come safe home, I shall yearly on the vigil (of this day) feast my friends, and say to-morrow is Saint —no, Duke—Humphrey." But that day may never come, which is no reason that you should not come; therefore if you would say when you will, it would make Sherborne look as sunny and pleasant as you describe Ventnor. Cannot you take us in your way home? (Apart to Mrs. Pollock—"Can he not, Mrs. Pollock?") I hope to hear that you can. Meanwhile, may the gods defend you from the Athenæum in the month of

September, and keep you out of London till the rest of the people return to it!

Ever always most truly yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, October 22nd, 1855.

My dear Pollock,—Very cordially indeed do I thank you for your kind remembrance of our little society in presenting to it the Proceedings of the Royal Institution. I have forwarded it, with an extract from your letter, to the Committee, who will no doubt express to you their sense of your interest in their well-doing. The volume I shall myself be disposed to borrow from their shelves, so full of information and interesting matter did it seem to me in the glance through it which I snatched before parting with it.

I believe we must look for the drama, if we really wish to find it, in that remote suburb of Islington.* It is only to-day I have again been renewing my intercourse with managers, having, after three weeks' endeavour to screw my courage to the sticking-place, and accept the office of Chairman at the anniversary of the General Theatrical Fund, cried craven, and confessed myself in substance, though not in actual terms—'too old, a cripple, and a coward.' It has been a reluctant surrender on my part, but I have not confidence in myself to undertake the responsibility. Katie is, I think, quite herself again; my sister has been ailing, but is better; Johnny is in love; all else quite well. We heard from Ceylon yesterday. I shall answer Mrs. Pollock's last letter soon. With kindest regards of all to all,

I am ever always,
Sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, June 20th, 1856.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—In a letter written to me "on Thursday morning" you make inquiry of me whether it is true that, in my youth, my action was redundant, and that I took

* Where Mr. Phelps was acting Shakespeare at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

extraordinary pains to chasten it? It is rather hard to give evidence on occurrences of so remote a date. Indeed, I must make myself quite certain whether I ever knew such a period as that of youth before I can answer your question. Of that, however, I will not at present treat, but inform you that there was a time when my action was redundant—when I was taught to attempt to imitate in gesture the action I might be relating, or to figure out some idea of the images of my speech. How was I made sensible of this offence against good taste? I very soon had misgivings suggested by my own observation of actual life. These became confirmed by remarking how sparingly, and therefore how effectively, Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation. In the beginning of one of the chapters of 'Peregrine Pickle' is the description of an actor (who must have been Quin) in Zanga, elaborately accompanying by gesture the narration of Alonzo's emotions on discovering and reading a letter: the absurdity is so apparent that I could not be blind to it, and applied the criticism to myself in various situations, which might have tempted me to something like the same extravagance. A line in the opening of one of the Cantos of Dante—I do not immediately remember it—made a deep impression on me in suggesting to me the dignity of repose; and so a theory became gradually formed in my mind, which was practically demonstrated to me to be a correct one, when I saw Talma act, whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study. Well, as my opinions were thus undergoing a transition, my practice moved in the same direction, and I adopted all the modes I could devise to acquire the power of exciting myself into the wildest emotions of passion, coercing my limbs to perfect stillness. I would lie down on the floor, or stand straight against a wall, or get my arms within a bandage, and, so pinioned or confined, repeat the most violent passages of Othello, Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, or whatever would require most energy and emotion; I would speak the most passionate bursts of rage under the supposed constraint of *whispering them* in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed, thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling—"Such was my process." Perhaps when I have the pleasure of seeing you I may make myself more intelligible, if

you desire further acquaintance with my youthful discipline. I was obliged also to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression—which was the most difficult of all—to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should say the muscles of the face, undisturbed, whilst intense passion would speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him. I do not think it difficult to act like Signora Ristori; it seems to me merely a melodramatic abandonment or lashing-up to a certain point of excitement. It is not so good as Rachel, nor to be compared with such acting as that of Siddons and O'Neill. But you will have cried, "Hold, enough!" long since. Will you give my love to your husband, and ask him for me the name of his optical instrument maker. I want to send some articles to be refitted, and, from Willie's enthusiasm about his telescope, I hope I may derive some benefit from his acquaintance. I have a great deal to tell you, if I had time to gossip, but I am sure here is more than sufficient for one post. All loves from home. Mine to your little boys.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

P.S.—Leontes does not read, but there are great effects in the acting. I wish I could like the Veronese, because I like Eastlake so much. Our country is certainly very beautiful, better than if on canvas.

Sherborne, July 14th, 1856.

My dear Pollock,—I have not thanked you for the address of your excellent optician, to whom I am about to apply to put some of my deranged instruments and playthings in order for me, if he will condescend to take them in hand, so that when you are here again (which ought rightfully to be in the autumn, and I do not see any good reason why it should not), you may deliver your astronomical lecture to the junior branches with

unobscured effect. I was very glad to read what you said of Ristori, because it was so nearly a reflection of my own thoughts. Perhaps you set her rather higher than I do. With a manifest consciousness of the presence of her audience, the fault Mrs. Pollock discriminately attributed to her, it is not possible for any one to be great (at least such is my opinion) in the theatrical art. Her heart could not have been in her words and action when she set her children to pray to Diana, and turned their backs to the statue of the goddess that their faces might be to the audience! I thought her not a bad declaimer, with a great deal of melodramatic energy and vehemence which, particularly in a foreign language, is apt to bewilder the judgment. I quite agree with you about the physical pain of the stage being always made subservient and auxiliary to some great moral effect—and even then to be delicately treated. But in its coarsest display there will always be a large portion of the audience upon whom it will tell. Even in Paris, when Parisian taste was purer in theatrical matters than (as I hear) it now is, I recollect when Miss Smithson, as Jane Shore, uttered the line, "I have not tasted food these three long days"—a deep murmur, perfectly audible, ran through the house—"*Oh, mon Dieu!*" But how have I run into all this idle gossip?—you have betrayed me into it. Adieu.

Ever most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, April 20th, 1857.

My dear Pollock,—I thank you very much for the papers of Maurice's College. I was interested deeply and delighted with them; as for him, he is one of my *heroes*. I cannot too personally express how much I honour him—indeed, envy him, I might almost say—but that there is no such alloy in the feeling with which he inspires me.

I have always thought, that there should be some sort of intellectual gauge for the privilege of the franchise—that money qualification for Members of Parliament and justices of the peace, by itself, is detestable.

I hope you have seen the account of the working of the

ballot in Australia. It has always been a persuasion of mine, that we shall learn the practical lessons of political economy from our off-shoots—from those who are not afraid to experimentalise, and who have no clogs of antique prejudice on their movements.

Believe me always and sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, December 2nd, 1857.

My Dear Pollock, — If I wait until I can find time to write you a letter in a deprecatory strain, Christmas must be long over before I shall be able to put my pen to paper. I have my hands full with the endeavour to stimulate Institutes, and the preparation for the close of the evening school's half year—a business, I assure you, of no little labour and responsibility. Now this does not give me time to couch in terms befitting its importance the great favour I have to ask of you. Therefore I must request you to add to that favour, if you grant it, the additional one of excusing the abruptness and ungracefulness of the mode in which I press it.

Will you permit me to name you as an executor to my will? There is but a small matter to devise, and the equal division of it leaves little chance of embarrassment.

I need not state the inducements there are to make me anxious about such an arrangement, nor could I touch upon them without approaching what might seem the language of flattery.

I should have a great deal of country news to relate, if I had time to tell it: but must confine my present letter to its one all-important request.

With all that is kindest from hence,

I am ever affectionately yours,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, March 4th, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Pollock, — Your inquiry tempts me to begin my reply with the ejaculation of one of the characters in a forgotten entertainment of the elder Mathews—"That child

will be the death of me!" I have exhausted the terms of denial, from simple asseveration to protestation "up to the hearing of the Gods," that I never—to my knowledge—saved a child from any greater peril than that of a whipping. That child has haunted me more frequently than his strangely fabricated monster did Frankenstein. But that mischief was of his own making, and to my phantom I may apply the words of Antonio:

> "How I found it, caught it, or came by it,
> What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
> I am to learn."

You give me a most delightful holiday to look forward to in the prospect of yours and my friend Pollock's visit to us at Whitsuntide. It will indeed light up the dreariness of our sober home; and I know Katie will rejoice in welcoming you both, no less than myself. You shall make your own terms in your requisitions upon my schoolmaster labours, by which, however, I am disposed to think little beyond general rules can be communicated.

I have very little time for reading, strange as it must seem. 'Aurora Leigh' I have at last read, and the greater part of Robert Lytton's last. I hope to talk them over with you here. Years, I fancy, do not heighten the relish for poetry; and yet, in my heart of heart, I love the acquaintances of my earlier days. The truly great and good is almost always simple; it rarely happens, I think, that a passage, which you are obliged to read over again for its perfect meaning, happens to be one that lives in your memory, as a monitor or an enjoyment. Carlyle's book I have not yet read, but have heard Katie's running comments on it, as she went through it. The measles have been through the house. Butty had no sooner recovered, than Katie next, and afterwards Johnny, took them; but all are well, thank God, quite well, and better, I think, than before their illness. My news from Madeira was more cheering, and we hope to see my son Willie and his wife in the summer here, previous to their return to Ceylon. But all my promised pleasures I hope for with irrepressible fears. Give my love to your husband, and believe me always,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

Sherborne, May 1st, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The only drawback to the satisfaction your letter brought with it is in the limit fixed to your stay with us; and if by postponement we might hope to prolong it, I should wish your visit to be longer in coming, and so longer in all ways. But if there be a necessity in this, as there is in so many earthly things, we must be, as I truly am, thankful for what is given. I shall be interested in learning the impression that your husband received from the performance of 'Henry V.' Perhaps I ought not to hazard an opinion; but from what has been omitted and what has been interpolated in the production of the Shakespearian plays at the Princess's Theatre, it has always seemed to me as if the text allowed to be spoken was more like a running commentary upon the spectacles exhibited, than the scenic arrangements an illustration of the text. It has however been popular, and the main end been answered. Perhaps I may see you before your flying visit. Katie and all, thank God, are pretty well. I am truly glad to hear such excellent accounts of Frederick, knowing well what a comfort it must be to both of you. "And our own children, in our eyes, are dearer than the sun."

I have been reading over part of the diary of my first entry on the management of Covent Garden Theatre. What work! and what unrelieved anxiety! The dullness of Sherborne is a sort of Elysium when contrasted with it. I am intending to read 'Adam Bede,' to which I have been urged by many earnest recommendations. Katie sends her best love—the others are out. With all that is kindest in remembrance,

I am always,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

Sherborne House, December 9th, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your handwriting was a pleasant sight to me this morning. I have had a question from you unanswered—for many weeks; but much to do and inertness in doing have from time to time put off my reply. You inquired where Mrs. Malaprop's admission of "the self-

impeachment" was taken from? I do not believe it to be an incorrect quotation, but an original *mal-à-propos* arrangement or selection. I am glad you have seen my Katie, and that you think well of her prospect or chance of becoming a good singer of music married to immortal verse—for merely playing upon a voice I do not call singing. In respect to the question that arises in your mind as to the cultivation of poetic art, in which the novelist's is to a certain degree included, being in frequent antagonism with the duties of self-control so wisely imposed on us, I should be disposed to answer in the affirmative. But I do not think the poet or novelist is likely to suffer so much from extreme sensitiveness as the player, who has no future to which he may appeal, and therefore suffers more from that irritability which the exercise of his art tends rather to cherish than to subdue. The poet, you are aware, is described of the *irritabile genus*, and is made so by having to excite in himself the emotions which in common life are better unknown or unfelt: the player has to awaken them much more frequently, and without the glorious immortality that compensates and richly rewards them.

I shall take with me many regrets away from this old house, hallowed as it is to memory by so much of love and so much of sorrow; but the work in this place grows too exacting upon me, and Johnny is now too old to be without boyish companions and an arena to strive in. I hope, too, that you and other friends will find Cheltenham more accessible and less dull than Sherborne, where the house and my school and some few neighbours are the sole attractions. With love to your husband,

Always and most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

Dunster, Somerset, April 8th, 1860.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your letter of March 19th, which I found at Sherborne on my return from London, lay on my table waiting the hoped-for half-hour that might furnish its answer, until I was obliged to leave home and dispose of it in my travelling-desk. Here it is before me, with your last forwarded to me from my late abode.

Had I had the good fortune to have found you at home, when I called in Montagu Square, you might have received intimations of contemplated changes in my family which would have considerably deadened the surprise of the recent announcement. But for writing I have had no time. That old excuse is still good for me. With the school and my surrender of it, a public reading, my house all the while in the active course of disfurnishing, business at Cheltenham and all around me, from early morning to a very late hour in the evening, I had not one five minutes at my command.

I am quite aware that the change I have made in my home may subject me to varieties of opinion; but I have, in deliberating upon it, satisfied myself that a judgment formed without knowledge of the conditions under which such a change has been decided on, cannot be worth attention. You have seen my home; but visitors cannot know the wants in a house where only plenty appears to them. You will live to find that your children, dear and intimate as they may be, still are not companions; and I hope in God you will never experience the loneliness of a widowed home.

My wife is dear Katie's most intimate friend, and both she and the other two children have been most anxious for the engagement that has been formed.

On the merits of her who has blessed me with her affection I would not dilate: it is enough to be grateful for the possession of them, and for the belief that my home will be much more cheerful, much better conducted, and in all respects much happier when she has the conduct of it. Of this I hope you will be a witness. There are, I know, as all the world does, imprudences in marriages, where the ages are disproportionate. From the many motives that have led on to this, in addition to the primary one of sober affection, I believe this will be found an exception to a general rule. I need scarcely say I have but one companion here, who reciprocates very cordially your good wishes.

Always and most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, June 11th, 1860.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The business of settling ourselves down in a new house, and in a strange place contracts very much the opportunities for correspondence; I should else have answered your inquiries about Cheltenham earlier. I presume you, who "have seen the cities and manners of many men," have not omitted Cheltenham in your wide survey. If so, you will not dissent from my opinion of its beauty. I do not think there is a town in England, or out of it, laid out with so much taste, such a continual intermixture of garden, villa, street, and avenue. The hills that encompass it are objects of interest and beauty, observable from almost every point; the conveniences of all kinds equal those of London, and with the shops and clubs and various institutions, give the promise of a residence answering the demands of the most fastidious. So much for Cheltenham itself. Of its society I can scarcely speak, having only seen the callers and the guests at dinners that have been given in welcome to us; but as far as I can form a judgment, I have been favourably impressed.

Our house is one, as Captain Bobadil would say, "somewhat of the smallest" after Sherborne, being, I think, not quite a quarter of its size, and it has cost us some trouble to squeeze ourselves and our appurtenances into it. Indeed, we have not been able to do this without curtailment, leaving behind us at Sherborne, for distribution by sale, some of the stock of our household goods, and sending others to London upon the same errand. We are now ensconced, each in several corners, and have no reason to complain of our accommodation, though a little cramped for room. We have a spare bed-room, and are able, with a little squeezing, to make up another single bed. Therefore, if you will at any time induce my good friend Pollock to make his holiday route by way of Cheltenham, you will know that our cabin doors will be ready to leap off their hinges to receive you both. I have besides a very good little housekeeper, who will take delight in trying to make you comfortable, and whom I should very much wish to know you both, as I should wish you, in becoming acquainted with her, to be satisfied of the reasons, over and above those which inclination might suggest, that led to this change in our family arrangements;

for I hear that in the "world" (which is a very limited circumference) I am rather hardly dealt with. Thank God, I can well afford it. As I have been prevented from writing much, I have been hindered from reading almost altogether. I fancy, beyond one or two articles in the Reviews, and Forster's 'Arrest of the Five Members,' I have read nothing since Christmas—at least I remember nothing. I hear George Eliot's book spoken of with praise, I may say universally, but it has been hitherto sealed to me. But I do intend—if I live—to resume my habits of study, as soon as ever I get my books in order. It is the fashion to desert Cheltenham in the summer on the plea that it is too hot; and, in submission to that irresistible law, people are already beginning to run away though it is so cold we have fires every day. We shall have the place all to ourselves soon, and then I will redeem lost time in the reading way. Remember me affectionately to Pollock, and with my wife's kind regards to you and him,

I remain,

Ever and always most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

Wellington Square, Cheltenham, January 12th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock, — The ranks of my friends are thinning so fast that it is a privilege particularly precious to find oneself not forgotten by the few that remain, and most of all by those held in the most affectionate regard. Many thanks for all your kind wishes, which are heartily reciprocated to you and yours. One important item that goes to make up earthly happiness I have of late been endeavouring to regain—health, and I begin to fear at my time of life it is unreasonable to expect it. The lesson therefore that is left me is to be grateful and content without it. I was in London for a day in the course of last month, but it was to seek advice for Johnny, who now, thank God, is sufficiently well to take his place among the skaters in the public gardens near us. I was tied to him while in town, and could not leave my hotel with him, so raw and foggy was the atmosphere. It was one of the "London fogs." I have not been in society since the middle of September, and feel nearly certain I shall never resume my

place in it, for I have much to do and but little time, as it seems to me, to do it in. I am glad to have so good an account of your boys. We have had in our house the ordinary run of colds, but all are now tolerably well. Katie is perseverance itself at her music, and Butty is enjoying her holidays. I have but a slight personal acquaintance with Mr. Theodore Martin, but what I saw of him I liked very much, and have received several courtesies from him. Mrs. Martin is very engaging and attractive, and I do not at all wonder at her making so pleasing an impression on you. You would be surprised to remark how entirely theatrical subjects have lost their interest with me. The past is as a dream, so little has been the result derived from it. I must not say there seems to be no stage now; but for a school of the theatrical art where must we look? I am far more interested in this pregnant question of the secession of the American States and the unity of Italy than in Mr. Smith's Drury Lane and Opera House. I am for Carlyle! Adieu, and with every kindest thought and wish,

Believe me to be,
Always most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, April 11th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock, — Your letter made me very desirous of getting up out of my arm-chair and setting off for London, but the effort to do so soon satisfied me of the impracticability of the scheme, and I had only to sink back again with the Psalmist's wish, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, then would I flee away," and spend two or three happy days in Montagu Square, and go to see M. Fechter act. The fact is, I am but a convalescent, and too much bound to pay attention to my state of health, and be strictly observant of rules laid down for me, to enjoy the freedom of wandering at will. I am sure I need not say, if it were in my power, with due regard to the strictness of my regulations, how happy I should be in accepting your kind invitation. I should go with a predisposition towards a favourable, indeed, a high, opinion of M. Fechter, from a criticism I read upon his performance of the

'Corsican Brothers,' discriminating, as he was reported to have done, with extraordinary nicety, the difference of manner and character in the brothers—a distinction which had not been made by the former representative. But I should prefer seeing the artist in the 'Oreste,' or 'Mahomet,' or 'Tancrede,' to seeing him act in English. It would be, I fancy, to me what, in reading, a good translation would convey—the substance and passion of the scene would be given, but minuter beauties and more subtle meaning belonging to the genius of the language must, I cannot but think, escape the apprehension of a foreigner. I thought thus of myself in contemplating a far easier task than Hamlet, viz., the performance of 'Oreste' with Rachel. In stating thus much I assure you I entertain a very high opinion of the power I believe M. Fechter to possess, and he is the only actor living that I would now think it worth my while to go and see. Indeed I would go if I were a moveable, but, as the world seems to be going on at a faster and faster rate, I become more and more stationary. I have not read the previous novel of Adam Bede; I cannot keep up with the speed of the reading world; I have indeed devoured Macaulay's fifth volume, and am now in my second perusal of 'Essays and Reviews.' I read the book so hastily the first time that I am obliged to go through it again to test the justice of the Episcopalian denunciations of it.

Madame, who is from home, would charge me, I know, with every kind message to you, and is very anxious to enjoy the acquaintance of one whose name has become a household word to her. Johnny struggles on against his Greek and Latin, and in spite of all some particles stick to him.

With kindest loves to your boys,

I am ever,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, May 9th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Your letter received this morning, with its requisition of an answer to such a question, threw me into a state of effervescence; and, if I had been as young as once I was and as energetic, I think I should have

jumped from my bed, where a sudden and severe attack of cold had laid me, and have fired off an essay—the "thousandth and oneth," I fancy—on the character of Hamlet! Unless I attempted such a work I could not satisfactorily answer your inquiry, that is, I could not prove to you the converse of your friend's suggestion. One of the highest compliments I ever received in the exercise of my art was paid me by a very jealous watcher over my acting, who had been familiar with all my contemporaries, including John Kemble; this was,—"Yours is the only intelligible Hamlet I have ever seen." Now, as this infers some reasoning in the preparation of the representation, and as I have conceived the excitement of that most excitable being to be carried to its highest pitch in the effect of the test he applied to the conscience of the king, it follows that I must differ the whole heaven from your friend. When you give me the opportunity—let me hope it may be in your promised visit to Cheltenham—I feel confident of winning you over to my opinion. Your arguer states that such a view would make "nonsense" of the dialogue that follows. This is rather a hard word. I should merely say in reply that such a remark could only come from one who took the surface of the words and did not feel the surge of passion that is underneath them. I will put by your letter carefully till I see you (which must be in Cheltenham, not in London), when I will discuss the matter with it in one hand, and the answer, Shakespeare, in the other. I cannot get well, and therefore cannot see M. Fechter, though not less obliged to you for wishing me to do so. Pray excuse the haste of my letter; if I had not written at once I might have delayed my writing long. With Mrs. Macready's kindest regards and Katie's best love,

I am always,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

13, Montpelier, Ilfracombe, N. Devon, June 24th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I will not belie you either as to age or intellect, or to any quality you possess, so far as to say that it does not become you. To your inquiry, I never did retain the words you quote, in the scene with Horatio and

Marcellus;* but I can readily conceive that any one upon whom I could impress the agitated and—may I say—exalted state of mind, that I endeavoured to convey to my auditors in that scene, might have carried away the belief, in the general effect, that those and other words of a light character were uttered. What a dream to me now is Hamlet!—and Macbeth, and Lear, and Iago, and Cassius, and others, in whose very being I seem to have lived, so much their thoughts and feelings were my own! How I should have enjoyed being at Stratford with you! I used always to turn aside, when near, in my professional wanderings, to make a pilgrimage at that shrine before which I shall never stand to meditate again! Alas! for that word "*never*." In a crowded city it cannot have half the solemnity that in this tranquillity it brings with it. We shall look forward to seeing you and Pollock at Cheltenham, D.V., in the autumn. Our stay in this beautiful place we expect will extend to two months. I am just now alone, Cecile and Benvenuta and Johnny being on a ramble over the hills. I must hope you will like one who has indeed shed so much of sunshine through a home that really needed enlivening.

Believe me ever,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, September 30th, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I too have been thinking, for the last two or three weeks, of writing to you in the fear that the autumn might pass away, and you forget the pleasing expectation you had warranted me in entertaining of seeing you here before the expiration of your, or rather your husband's holidays. But as you let me believe that I have now and then taken my turn in your recollections, I am encouraged to hope that you will not let the autumn pass without a visit to Cheltenham. Although we have shrunk, in respect to space, in our exchange of Sherborne for our present home, we can find room for the little gentleman and his nurse, who will not, I dare say, be very fastidious about

* At the end of the second act of 'Hamlet,' after the disappearance of the Ghost.

her limited accommodation. To you both what a contrast will this town of trim gardens, well-fitted for "retired leisure," be to the wild tracts of heathy moor and hill that you are now traversing! Many are the delightful memories associated in my mind with "the land of the mountain and the flood," and in nothing should I more delight than in giving a summer to another pedestrian tour in the Highlands. "But age with stealing steps hath clawed me in his clutch," and I can only recall in vivid picture to my imagination the "sounding cataract, the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, that were to me an appetite, a feeling, and a love" in years long past. But this enables me to accompany you in fancy in your ramblings and in my mind's eye to see the romantic landscape of your wanderings. You will not forget that we have some points of dispute left unsettled, "touching the Lord Hamlet," which I shall be very glad to enter on with you, either to be corrected of my error in judgment or to make good the truth of my conception. I am now engaged in reading 'Hamlet' to my family and some visitors, but the effort teaches me the unwelcome truth, that my reading days are past. With reference to the intolerance you allude to, I am weary of the dogmatism of sects and preachers who "deal damnation round the land" interchangeably with one another; but the passage from Casaubon,* which you quote, is especially amusing.

I am always,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, October 31st, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—With the concluding sentences of your welcome letter I must begin my acknowledgment of it, in expressing to you the deep disappointment which the postponement of your visit (let me have the consolation of so terming it) occasioned me. I had been looking forward to it so long, and had anticipated so many pleasant discussions and disputes (!) with you on subjects of art, politics, society,

* In which he speaks of "atheists and other wretches who do not believe in witchcraft."

—in fact, all the things of this world, and many others besides—that it left a blank in my thoughts and hopes difficult to describe. My life is monotonous here, though, thank God, not without its peculiar pleasures—those of retirement, and such as belong to the journey, rapidly declining, down the hill of life. Your visit was looked forward to as a delightful variety to my uniform course, gratifying in its own duration, and leaving memories as a compensation for its close. Well, let me hope to live on to a more auspicious arrangement.

I do not know how much to touch upon your notice of M. Fechter's performance without seeming to be ill-natured, which I do not wish to be. From the judgment I had formed upon the various critiques I had read, and the descriptions of him I had heard, I could not help thinking that, in your surprise at a foreigner doing so much with a masterpiece of our language, you were betrayed into giving him credit for more than he really could do. I longed to hear what you would say of his attempt at Othello. Your remarks do not much differ from what I had expected. Thank you for the copy of the play as interpreted by Fechter. It should not have been published. The real artist does not pre-engage your opinion by telling you what he is going to draw: if the tree, or rock, or man, or woman, do not describe themselves on the canvas, the writing underneath will not persuade us of the resemblance. His views of the subject show him to me to be a clever man, but altogether superficial in his power of investigation. He cannot perceive where the poet gives language to his creations, in his profound knowledge of the human heart, in direct contradiction of the feelings that oppress them. I would not use severe terms, but cannot find a truer word to express my sense of Mr. Fechter's conceptions, than to confess they appear to me shallow. There is frequent perversion of the author's meaning, and complete blindness as to the emotions of his characters—*e.g.*, the demission of his lofty nature to bestow a thought upon that miserable thing, Iago, when his great mind had made itself up to die! To me it was in the worst taste of a small melodramatic theatre.

A friend of mine in Paris, on whose judgment I place great reliance, as I do on yours, in answer to my inquiries,

informed me that he was regarded there as a clever melodramatic actor, but *un peu exagéré*. The appreciators of Talma are not likely to be insensible to the merits of a great theatrical artist. But for myself, I can only, as you are aware, offer an opinion on the direct points of the case, which the newspapers and Mr. Fechter's own publication lay before me.

We were all in great glee to see Frederick's name among the successful competitors for the Prince Consort's prizes at Eton. I congratulate heartily you and Pollock on the satisfaction you must have in his progress.

I am ever,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, February 8th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—I was indeed glad to see your handwriting again, although the announcement of the charades certified to me that you were all in good health, and in the best spirits. I think I detected the different actors through the disguises of the names, and should have been too glad to have assisted at the representation. I did not know how far my opinion on the Othello of Fechter, as I could judge of its conception from the copy you sent me, would agree with yours, but I fancy we should not be widely diverse in our judgments. I shrink from being regarded as a praiser of the time past, but certainly, from all I can collect, regard the present as destitute of all pretension to excellence in the higher works of the dramatic art. The American imbroglio gave me great uneasiness, and I look still with something like desponding anxiety to the termination of the struggle. I have not been well of late, and find that I do not shake off illness as I used to do.

I know the author of the books you recommend (which I shall get), and I know him to be one of the brightest spirits of his country. The portrait you allude to was taken in 1826—the character of William Tell—it is an exaggeration—certainly not good. My chances of seeing London again are few indeed. If I live, and have health and strength enough, I suppose I must try to have a glance at the Exhibition, the National one, I mean, when the first rush is over; but my future seems to me

so uncertain, that I promise myself nothing. There was never perhaps so universal a demonstration of sorrow as at the late Prince's death. How very beautiful, beautifully earnest, are Tennyson's lines in the inscription of the Idylls to his memory! I read very little now, except in school books with Johnny, and, during her holidays, with Butty. My chief business is to watch the flickering lamp of health, and nurse its lessening flame.

Believe me always, dear Mrs. Pollock,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, May 11th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—Many, many thanks to you for your kind congratulations. I do not know how far, at my advanced time of life, such an arrival may be really a subject greatly to rejoice in, but I am in principle an optimist, and am firm in the belief that the Disposer of all, knowing best what is best for us, so dispenses His gifts to us.

Thank God, my wife and her baby are doing as well as my most sanguine wishes could desire, and I need scarcely add that she is delighted with her little son.

I have read, and with very great pleasure, Henry Taylor's dramatic poem. The two scenes between Iolande and Orleans I thought very touching and very beautiful, and the characters sustained with excellent discrimination throughout the play.

If I should be able to visit London this year, it will be when there is a chance of being less jostled by the crowd at the Grand Exhibition than there could be at present; but I grow more and more like the limpet on the rock.

Fechter, I fancy, must be growing by degrees less in general opinion, which, upon the marvel of a foreigner doing so much, had given him credit for more than he really could do.

I cannot imagine the effect of painted sculpture, but to judge, one must of course see, and your approval staggers my preconceived notions. I am always,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

P.S.—Have you read 'Les Miserables?'

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, August 7th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—By this time I fancy you have put aside your maps and handbooks, having made out the track you intend to pursue in your autumnal holiday. May it give you both all the pleasure you can anticipate from it, and much more to boot! But will you let me inquire if Cheltenham comes within its outward or homeward course? Why I tease you with this inquiry is, that I am deferring the settlement of a domestic ceremony until I learn whether my friend Pollock and you can be present at it. I may say, with the most unchristian king, "I long to have this young one made a Christian." Now, if you were likely to pass this way, I would put off the naming of the young gentleman until your arrival, which for numbers of reasons needless to be recited, I should prefer to engaging a proxy. But with distance and limitation of time, I am aware we cannot, as St. Paul says, always "do the things we would." If you can do this, I feel assured it will be done; and if you cannot, I shall not less feel that all your wishes will be with us.

I have been taking Johnny to Tavistock to initiate him in discipline, which he never would get at home. I look in all the Eton reports for the possible mention of the sons of Cornelia. To-day is the birthday of my Willie, who has at last got his promotion, and is doing as well as his precarious health will allow him to do. I hope his younger brothers may turn out as conscientious and honourable men as he has shown himself.

I am always,
Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, January 9th, 1864.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—With all my heart do I reciprocate the good wishes that the season suggests, which you have so kindly expressed, for which I most truly thank you, and which I should have acknowledged some days since, if this intense frost, in its dissolution, had permitted a more active play of my fingers, and a release from the torpid state in which I seem to have been during the last few days. I cannot recollect

when I have been so sensible of the numbing effects of winter,—but at this, I suppose, I am not to wonder, as one of the changes which time in its course brings on. We were indeed glad to hear of Walter's success, though it caused us no surprise, for I look on your boys as sure of their advancement. I wish I knew or could practise your method of stimulating the dispositions of your children to work. I had thought that the mode of enticement by narrations, pictures, and suggestive means, would do, but experience has proved to me that this is too luxurious a system, and I have noticed success in dry and severe discipline (which you do not use), where my endeavours have been comparative failures.

I should like very much to make one of the audience at your play, but my visits to London, when made, are generally, if not always now, serious affairs. The stage has lost all its interest for me. I do not know the names of the new performers; and the praises I see lavished on the old ones, whom I do know, I cannot put faith in. I see no periodicals except *La Revue*, which comes every fortnight, and occasionally an *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly;* but I shall send for the December number of *Fraser* for the pleasure of reading your article. I have merely seen an abstract of Renan's book; but the opinions of others do not touch the faith in which I have satisfied myself, though I respect the sincerity of others, whatever shape it may assume. I never hear the name of Aubrey de Vere without deep interest, for he appeared to me one of the most engaging persons I ever held converse with. If he is happy in his full persuasion, who shall raise a question on it? I have not read, though I much wish to read, Froude, but my days are now so short, and I get so little done in them, that I despair of accomplishing that wish, with many others of a similar kind.

Yours most sincerely,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, May 7th, 1864.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—A certain space in life, a certain amount of duty to be done, is apportioned to each of us, and when that space has been occupied and our obligations to

duty discharged, the shelter of a quiet home has more of real respectability, I think, than the repeated returns to public life, which public characters too often make. I received applications both from the Stratford and London Committees to give a "taste of my quality" in whatever way I might think preferable; but as I could not show my devotion to the genius of Shakespeare with the power I once possessed, I would offer no unworthy incense at his shrine; and declined exhibiting myself at either celebration. The London affair has indeed proved a most ridiculous *fiasco*—it has "died indeed and made no sign." Of the present race of actors I may say, with the exception of three or four, I know nothing, and from the little I have seen, since I left London, the audiences seem to have changed with the performers. But has not this always been the case?—that the retired artist thinks his art deteriorated since he quitted the exercise of it? I fancy it must be so, and to the rising generation the same excitement will be kindled by the race to come, as was by that which has passed away. I envy you the privilege of attending those delightful lectures. My life is made up of reading and taking care of the remnant of health that is left to me, and so it must be now to the end, whenever that is to be.

I am always,
Most sincerely yours,
W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, October 23rd, 1864.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—From your late poetical intercourse, how can you with patience descend to the prosaic communications of one "infirm and old," whose highest efforts were to give voice to others' inspirations? You must look for a very dull and matter-of-fact reply to your very interesting letter. Of my home news all I have to tell you is, I am thankful to say, good. My parting with dear Butty was alleviated, as much as it could be, by the comfortable arrangements of her berth and the agreeable companions under whose protection she was placed. We had letters from herself, dated Malta, giving us a very cheerful account of her progress so

far, and news of her from Aden in a letter to some friends here, whose relatives had joined the packet at Suez. Our next advices from Ceylon we expect will announce to us her safe arrival. Your account of the friends, who must have made your *villeggiatura** so agreeable, awake many pleasing memories. I always think of Henry Taylor with undiminished admiration and regard, and Mrs. Cameron is one of those enthusiastic beings who take a strong hold on one's memory. Of Mr. Trollope I hear much, but unhappily have not had time to make acquaintance with his much-praised works. Tennyson is "himself alone" and almost in danger of being spoiled, I should imagine, by the universal homage that is paid to his genius.

You are quite correct in the assertion, that Tate's 'King Lear' was the only acting copy from the date of its production until the restoration of Shakespeare's tragedy at Covent Garden in 1838. Previous to that, I think in the year 1823, or a little later, the play, Tate's, was acted by Kean with the last scene of the original restored. I believe the elder Colman put out an alteration, but I question whether it was acted; certainly it did not hold its place on the stage. I find, upon further search, that Colman did make an alteration of the play. Here is all I can tell you of it:

"The History of King Lear. Altered from Shakespeare. Acted at Covent Garden. 8vo. 1768."

This is given under the works of George Colman. Powell must have been the actor who represented Lear, but it could not have enjoyed any popularity. Garrick adhered to Tate, and Kemble followed him in it.

Always,

Most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, November 5th, 1865.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—You have anticipated by some days a letter which I intended writing to you, and so have deprived it of the grace of seeming to be spontaneous. In

* At Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight.

other words, I have been waiting for the publication of Katie's book, a copy of which I have destined to you: the one sent to Henry Taylor was a presentation copy, and in advance of the public distribution, for which I am rather impatiently waiting. Moxon is the publisher. You will think it, I fancy, an improvement upon her former attempt. She received a very gratifying acknowledgment from the poet under whose auspices she commits her work to the public judgment.

You kindly wish to know how I am, and what I am doing. I can scarcely bring myself to a certainty as to how I am. I went to the seaside, Teignmouth, for a month, in September, but was obliged to come away before a fortnight had expired. Still I have as little to complain of, I believe, as most people of my age. In regard to my occupation I think of myself as very good-for-nothing, doing but little, and that little not well. 'Le Cheval'* I read, and thought it abounding in spirit, but I never could think French the language for poetry. There were passages in it that recalled to me Retzsch's outlines of Schiller's 'Pegasus,' with which I take it for granted you are well acquainted, and I only know through the artist's interpretation.

Are you aware who are the writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette?* There are some able hands upon it, and it has apparently good sources of information, to judge by the occasional quotations from it in the *Times*. There was, some weeks since, a notice or remembrance of myself in it—not in an unfriendly spirit.

Will you give my love to my friend Pollock, and tell him his little godson grows a monstrous big fellow? My reports from Ceylon are very good, and those around me here are all well, thank God. I do not expect to see London soon; I certainly should not see it without seeing you; but I must satisfy myself with assuring you that

I am,

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. Macready.

* By Victor Hugo.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, December 30th, 1866.

My dear Mrs. Pollock, — I lament to say that I do forget much that I wish and strive to remember; but the many happy hours which the blessing of friendship has cheered my life with, have stamped themselves too deeply on my memory ever to be obliterated.

There are many reasons to be given for my inertness as a correspondent, with which if I began to trouble you, my reply to your kind inquiries might prove little more than a series of lamentings and complainings. I rejoiced in your account of the activity of the ex-Chief Baron, but he is one of the wonders of his age; and whilst I forbear to envy his undiminished power of mind and body, I cannot but wish that my own youth had lasted as his does. It becomes an effort now to me to write. I mix but little with the world, and live chiefly in books. My hands, too, no longer remember their "cunning," so that a letter (as you may readily suppose from this specimen) becomes a task for me.

I remain,

Ever most sincerely yours,

W. C. Macready.

A Happy New Year to you all, and many, many of them.

6, Wellington Square, Cheltenham, November 14th, 1867.

My dear Mrs. Pollock,—The sight of your handwriting was a great pleasure to me, which I shall be glad to be able more readily to express; but I write with difficulty, and must limit my compliance with your kind wish to hear from me to the "few lines" your friendly consideration allows me to return for your more extended and interesting communications.

I am, thank God, better of late; but still fluctuate between ailing and convalescence, as I have done ever since the illness of last winter. My dear inmates are all tolerably well, and write in cordial wishes and affectionate regard to you and yours. I shall read the article in the *Quarterly*, though I fancy I shall have anticipated most of its matter by my perusal of the paper on 'Le Judaïsme' in the *Revue*.

My hand will not obey my wish, and so, with kind love to my friend Pollock, and very affectionate thought to yourself,

I remain, dear Mrs. Pollock,

Yours most sincerely,

This is a sorry sight ! * W. C. Macready.

The death of his daughter Catherine in 1869 gave Macready a profound shock, from which he never recovered. The ties of domestic affection between the father and daughter had been strengthened by much sympathy in temperament and in their tastes; and they had in no degree been loosened by Macready's second marriage, which added much to the happiness and comfort of his family, as well as to his own.

In the month of March of this year he went from Cheltenham to Plymouth with his wife to receive his daughter upon her return from Madeira, where she had been passing the winter for the benefit of her health. After twelve days of anxious waiting the vessel arrived by which she was expected to come home, but only to bring the story of her death on the voyage, and of the committal of her remains to the sea.

From this time he would frequently lament his inability to guide his pen and to write his own letters—a task from which he had never formerly retreated, even in the days of his busiest occupation.

The death of Dickens, in 1870, was another severe sorrow which pressed heavily on Macready. It was the loss of a constant and affectionate friendship of many years.

In his later years Macready would spend many hours daily in listening to reading, or would find amusement in resorting to the rich stores of his own memory, which to the last never failed him. On one occasion, after his powers had so much failed that it was long since he had been capable of holding or reading a book to himself, he said he had been reading 'Hamlet.' On some surprise being expressed, he touched his forehead, said "Here;" and when asked if he could recollect the whole play, he replied,—"Yes, every word, every pause, and the very pauses have eloquence."

* Macready's handwriting had now become very imperfect.

In the spring of 1871 Macready visited London in order to consult Sir Henry Thompson, from whose skill and excellent treatment he obtained great relief. After this the decay of strength was very gradual, and almost imperceptible. The same year brought another affliction in the death of his son William, in Ceylon. He left home for the last time in August, 1872, to spend a few weeks at Weston-super-Mare.

The last legible entries in his Diary, written with a trembling hand, are: "God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Lord, I believe: help Thou my unbelief."

The end was hastened by a slight bronchial attack, from which he had not strength to rally. After three days of confinement to his bed, without any apparent suffering, and retaining consciousness to the last, at eight o'clock on the morning of Sunday, 27th of April, 1873, he passed away without any sign to tell that he was gone.

The funeral took place at Kensal Green on the 4th of May, 1873. Macready had left minute instructions in writing to regulate all the proceedings. The coffin was brought from Cheltenham to the Great Western Hotel, where the mourners assembled before proceeding to the Cemetery. These were his sons, Jonathan Forster and Cecil Frederick Nevil; his widow's brothers, the Rev. Edward Spencer and Mr. William Spencer; his kinsman, the Rev. George Bucknill, of Rugby; Mr. Lowne; Mr. John Forster; the Rev. J. Fleming and Sir Frederick Pollock, his executors. A large assembly awaited the arrival of the procession at the chapel in the Cemetery. There were many well-known faces, and many members of the theatrical profession of the past and present generation. The service was read in the chapel by Mr. Fleming, and after the coffin had sunk slowly through the square opening in the pavement, which, in the case of interment in the vault beneath the chapel, represents the open grave, he spoke a few beautiful and affecting words of farewell. The coffin was deposited among those of the many dear ones of his family who already lay there, and, subsequently, Macready's own name was added to those upon the marble tablet previously placed in the chapel by himself, which is thus inscribed:—

"Ci Ribedremo."

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

BORN MARCH 3, 1793, DIED APRIL 27, 1873.

CATHERINE FRANCES, WIFE OF WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

BORN NOVEMBER 11, 1806, DIED SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

AND OF LETITIA MARGARET,

SISTER AND FRIEND OF WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

BORN DEC. 4, 1794, DIED NOV. 8, 1858.

IN THE SAME VAULT LIE THE REMAINS OF W. C. MACREADY'S CHILDREN.

HARRIET JOANNA . . . . . BORN JULY 13, 1837 . DIED NOV 25, 1840.

CHRISTINA LETITIA . . . . . BORN DEC. 26, 1830 . DIED FEB. 24, 1850.

WALTER FRANCIS SHEIL . . . BORN JUNE 27, 1840 . DIED FEB. 3, 1853.

HENRY FREDERICK BULWER . BORN DEC. 20, 1838 . DIED AUG. 12, 1857.

LYDIA JANE . . . . . BORN DEC. 26, 1842 . DIED JUNE 20, 1858.

ALSO TO THE MEMORY OF CATHERINE FRANCES BIRCH MACREADY,

SECOND DAUGHTER OF W. C. MACREADY.

BORN JULY 21, 1835, DIED AND BURIED AT SEA ON HER VOYAGE FROM MADEIRA, MARCH 24, 1869.

WILLIAM CHARLES, ELDEST SON OF W. C. MACREADY, BORN AUGUST 7, 1832, DIED NOVEMBER 26, 1871, AT PUTTALAM, CEYLON, AND WAS BURIED AT KANDY.

"THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,
THE BOSOM OF THEIR FATHER AND THEIR GOD."

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